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THE ORDEAL: SIM TAPPERTIT PRESIDING

By Robert D. Wilkie

See "An American Illustrator of Dickens" *page* 23

THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XVI. JANUARY 1920 No. 1

WHEN FOUND—

THREE of Dickens's books are either in the process of being filmed or promised in the near future. *Bleak House* is in the hands of The Ideal Film Co., with Miss Constance Collier as Lady Dedlock, whilst the same firm are to produce *The Pickwick Papers*. We hear also that *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, with a new ending by Mr. W. Walter Crotch is also likely to appear on the Cinema. The producers of *Bleak House* are searching for the house which Dickens described as the residence of Mr. Jarndyce which gave the title to the story, and wrote to *The Times* in the hope of discovering it. That it was at St. Albans, everybody who has read the book should know. But which was the identical house, if any, Dickens had in mind when he wrote the book, is, so far, only conjecture. It is a little strange that of the many correspondents who entered the fray in the newspapers, no one referred to the article in our last issue on Bleak Hall. Such is fame ! We revert to the question again in the present number in an article from that expert Dickens topographer, Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, who weighs up the evidence pro and con that he has been able to collect regarding the matter.

* * * * *

We were a little disappointed to learn that the producers of *Bleak House* should have chosen Staple Inn as the residence of Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer. If they were ignorant of the whereabouts of the house of that worthy, any Dickensian would have told them. Took's Court, or as Dickens called it, Cook's court still exists, and although it is a moot point which was Snagsby's House, there are at any rate, houses there which existed when Dickens sought a suitable home for the law stationer who played so prominent a part in the story, and one is still connected with the law. At any rate it wasn't in Staple Inn, and we believe it to be a fact that no law stationer ever was in business there. The only reference to Staple Inn in the book that we know of is that which states that Mr. Snagsby occasionally took walks on Sunday evenings through its silent courts.

* * * * *

It is remarkable what a lode-stone the name of Dickens still is and the kind of freemasonry which centres round it. A month or two ago an American actor, Mr. Walter Catlett, came to London to take up a part in one of the plays now running in the metropolis In a newspaper interview he casually mentioned that he was an enthusiastic lover of Dickens, and that he accepted the part offered him as much for the

chance of visiting the Dickens scenes in England as for anything else. Incidentally he has made a great success of his part and is very much talked about as the new American humourist. But his chance remark about his fondness for Dickens has made him as many personal friends—perhaps more—than has his clever acting. Naturally he sought out Mr. Bransby Williams, who, with ourselves, has had the pleasure of satisfying Mr. Catlett's desire to see some of the places associated with his favourite author. One or two trips have been taken in London and a few weeks ago a Sunday was spent in a trip through Kent: Chalk, Gravesend, Cooling, Rochester, Strood, Gads Hill and Cobham. Needless to say Mr. Catlett and his wife (who, bye-the-bye, is as keen a Dickensian as Mr. Catlett himself) had a most enjoyable, and to them, an astonishing time. If one place interested them more than another, perhaps it was the village of Cobham, so typical of rural England, and a spot, with its "Leather Bottle," which mirrors so faithfully the Pickwickian days that he knew so well through the study of the book. There is much for the Dickens enthusiast to see, on his first visit to England, and as Mr. Catlett is likely to be in London for many months to come he will have ample opportunities of realising his wishes.

* * * * *

Even in these days of sensations, labour troubles, the movies and other things to distract their attention from literature, says the *Boston* (U.S.A.) *Post*, Dickens has an attraction for many young people. Riding on an outward-bound Elevated train late yesterday afternoon a young woman sitting next to me seemed absorbed in a book so that she did not once take her eyes off its pages from the North station to Dudley Street. Looking over her shoulder I saw that the book was *David Copperfield*. Later in the day I had occasion to go to the Public Library in Copley Square and while waiting at the delivery desk for a book for myself I noticed a boy of about 12 years bearing away a copy of *Nicholas Nickleby*." "Oh, yes, Dickens's books are still in great demand," said a library attendant. "We have more calls for them every day than for some of the so-called latest 'best sellers.'"

* * * * *

A remark by Mr. Justice Shearman in the Divorce Court recently caused quite a little excitement in Dickensian circles. A woman in the box continually used the word "one" instead of "I." "He never considered one at all, and, considering one was unwell, one felt very seedy," she said. Asked by the counsel if she would use "I" instead of "one," the judge remarked "I was trying to recollect the character in Dickens who always talked like that." "The Daily Mail" took the matter up by asking its readers which was the character the Judge had in his mind. Several well-known Dickensians were consulted but no one could recall such a character. The method of speech is occasionally used by more than one character, and several such instances were quoted, but that was not what the judge meant. We respectfully suggested that the judge had made a little error, and when

someone had the brilliant idea of asking him to solve the mystery by naming the character himself, we were convinced about it when he said it was Betsey Prig. It is quite true that on one occasion, and a very notable occasion too, she said : " that it was quite aggravating enough to be made late when one was dropping for one's tea, without hearing on it again," but it cannot be said that she " always talked like that." There are other characters who might be said to fit equally as well ; but the occasional mode of speech was not a peculiarity with them.

* * * * *

In a letter to " The Times " on 28th November last, Mr. Walter Sichel said : " It is interesting to note the close ties between fact and fiction, and the characters of Dickens are indeed pregnant allegories. In your financial columns of to-day we are pleased to read that the Exchequer returns for the past week show that ' the revenue was nearly large enough to balance the expenditure,' the revenue being £22,833,363, and the expenditure £23,371,379. This, however, would scarcely have satisfied Mr. Micawber, who (allowing for the modest figures which a hard fate allowed him) once called such a situation misery. Further, we are glad to learn that ' a decrease of $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions in expenditure was a contributory factor.' Here young Mr. Jarndyce recurs irresistibly to the mind, for he always counted his little self-denials in extravagance as positive gains. When, moreover, we find that ' the maturities were about the same,' we are confronted with Mr. Mantalini and his ' Twopence halfpenny be demmed.' The whole passage, too, is redolent of Mrs. Gamp's triumphant commentary on Mrs. Harris's offspring. ' Which thrive it did, though bandy.' Progaganda should surely be devoted to such parallels, which make economics easy and even entertaining."

* * * * *

Devonshire House, which has just been sold, has its literary as well as its fashionable and political associations. When in 1805 Charles Dickens, with Bulwer Lytton, was endeavouring to establish the " Guild of Literature and Art," by the proceeds of a farce written by the former and a comedy by the latter, the Duke of Devonshire offered the use of his house in Piccadilly for the first representation, and in this princely way discharged all the expenses attending them. " Not So Bad As We Seem " was played for the first time at Devonshire house, in 1851, before the Queen and the Prince Consort, and as large an audience as could be accommodated. The farce was " Mr. Nightingale's Diary." The representation was a great success, and it was repeated several times in Hanover Square. Among the distinguished authors and artists who took part in the Devonshire House performance besides Dickens were Douglas Jerrold, John Leech, John Forster, Mark Lemon, R. H. Horne, John Tenniel, Augustus Egg, whilst the scenery was painted by the eminent R.A.'s Clarkson Stanfield, Sir Edwin Landseer and David Roberts.

* * * * *

It has been pointed out by some of our readers who collect

Dickensiana and rely upon our list for guidance, that it is very difficult and in some cases impossible, to obtain the newspapers containing these articles so long as three months after publication. We have therefore entered into an arrangement with Mr. Wm. Miller, the librarian to the Fellowship, by which readers can have a list of Dickensiana forwarded to them, at stated intervals to be agreed upon. Mr. Millar, whose address is 18 Ickburgh Road, Clapton, E.5, has very kindly undertaken to do this if stamped addressed postcards are sent him for the purpose.

* * * * *

Two new branches of the Dickens Fellowship have recently been formed: one at Eastbourne, through the instrumentality of Mr. F. J. Hansor who was associated with the Brighton branch in its early days. The other at Tewkesbury, which has its own Pickwickian associations. The Secretary of the latter is Mr. H. de Courcey Peach. Reports from each branch appear on another page.

* * * * *

The new Y.M.C.A. Settlement House in Sheffield, has hit upon the novel idea of giving the rooms names instead of numbers, and the names are all selected from *A Christmas Carol*. There's " Tiny Tim," " Marley," " Peter Cratchit," " Tupper," " Scrooge," " Old Fezziwig," "Christmas Past," and the rest of them all. An excellent and novel idea.

* * * * *

A friend asked us recently if we knew that there was a certain old-fashioned Inn in the village of Sarre in Kent where, it is stated " Dickens wrote some of his books." We know of the inn with its old oak-panelled rooms, and we also know that local tradition claims this Dickensian association; but we are unable to give any authority for it.

* * * * *

Miss Elaine Dickens, daughter of Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C. (the Common Serjeant for the City of London), and granddaughter of the famous novelist, was married at the Brompton Oratory on 18th November last to Major Alec Waley, M.C., R.E., of Portland Place, W. There was a great gathering of Dickens's descendants at the ceremony, and no fewer that eight of the novelist's great-grandchildren were present, some of them strewing flower petals before the bride as she left the church. Miss Dickens was given away by her father. Cardinal Bourne officiated at the choral service, and Sir Park Goff, who served during the war as honorary King's messenger, was best man.

* * * * *

Someone has been suggesting that an effort might be made by Spiritualists to solve *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* by securing a message, through a medium, from the spirit of the novelist himself. If the result were no better than that professed to have been obtained in Brattleboro (U.S.A.) many years ago, it would hardly be worth the trying. There, a medium was alleged to have taken down from the spirit pen of Dickens, the second half of his book and published it in conjunction with the first. It was a sorry performance.

* * * * *

" Hospital Blue," the Dickens Revue which made such a hit at

Hastings earlier in last year, when it was first produced in aid of the Charles Dickens Home, was revived again for one week in November last at the same place. It was even a greater success than it was on its original production, and we believe the funds of the Home will again benefit by a considerable sum. We congratulate Miss Maud G. Tyler and all her associates on the splendid performances, and the happy result of their labours.

* * * * *

Early in the New Year will be published Mr. Walter Crotch's new book on Dickens. It is entitled "The Touchstone of Dickens," and will comprise a selection of his fugitive articles which have appeared in various magazine and journals during the last few years.

* * * * *

In 1820 the Granby Head, Chatham, an old-fashioned inn, the site of which is now occupied by Barnard's Music Hall, was kept by a Thomas Weller, and bearing in mind Dickens's associations with Chatham in his early days there is little doubt that the Granby Head and its landlord were known to the author. This theory is put forward by Mr. Edwin Harris, of Rochester, who suggests that Thomas Weller may be the original of Tony Weller.

* * * * *

Mr. Edwin Drew has once more written to the papers to say "that Dickens took the name of 'Edwin Drood' from him." Mr. Drew evidently thinks that is so or he would not say it. But we often wonder why he thinks so. The landlord of the Falstaff Inn, opposite Gadshill bore the name of Trood which might have justified him, seeing that he was in close touch with the novelist, of claiming that his name also suggested Drood.

* * * * *

We often wonder whether Mr. Bernard Shaw will some day write us a book on Dickens? He has admitted more than once in print that he owes a great deal to the novelist and he frequently refers to the greatness and value of his writings. In his last volume of plays he speaks of "the prophetic works of Charles Dickens" in which "we were warned against many evils which have since come true." Yes, a book on Dickens, by Mr. Bernard Shaw would be unique and a joy.

* * * * *

The following appeared in "London Opinion," 4th October. 1919:—

> "Dickens's greatest novel, 'Donkey and Son,' is presented for the first time as a picture play."—*Great Falls Tribune.*

But "A Tale of Two Kitties" was really his greatest animal story.

* * * * *

Our readers, we are sure, will join us in congratulating Mr. J. W. T. Ley on his appointment to the assistant Editorship of "The Monmouthshire Post," the paper with which he has been associated for the last eight years.

THE EDITOR.

* *

THE WOMEN OF DICKENS

By ADA SHURMER

I.

SO many people have asserted that Dickens was not so successful with his women characters as with his men. As one of his most devoted admirers, I utterly deny the charge and hope to prove that such an accusation has no foundation in fact. But, first I want to take a preliminary canter into the realm of ghosts. I hope everyone in the Dickens Fellowship believes in ghosts ! The ghosts of Dickens are to be met with everywhere. I met Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk every day in Piccadilly. Once I met Mr. Micawber, also in Piccadilly. I have sat opposite Mr. Pickwick at a club dinner. Some time ago I nearly fell down before the Law Courts on beholding little Miss Flite tripping down the steps wearing the very same cape and pinched bonnet and carrying the same reticule stuffed with documents. I have been in an omnibus with Miss Betsey Trotwood, wearing the same bonnet with which she hit the doctor because Mrs. Copperfield's baby was not a girl.

Now the statement that Dickens did not know how to depict a really fine female character is entirely unfounded. It is to be remembered that all the heroism shown by both his women and men, was a quiet heroism and also quiet sacrifice, but all the more difficult to practise. If the readers of Dickens will take the trouble to go over his books again they will perhaps be surprised to find how many really fine women he has depicted. It is also asserted that he had a ready sneer for the old maid, and that his attitude to unmarried women was contemptuous. Those who remember Miss Abbey Potterson, Miss La Creevy and Miss Betsey Trotwood, will not believe that assertion either. Miss Trotwood, indeed, was a married woman as she had good reason to know. Her husband treated her so badly that she separated from him early in their married life, and for all practical purposes she was an unmarried woman. We have also to consider, in the times in which Dickens wrote, matrimony was the only career open to women. In those days girls were often sold to the highest bidder by match-making mammas, and if they did not manage to secure a man, or even an apology for one, they were labelled as more or less useless lumber, and relegated to the top shelf. It is little wonder then that marriage was eagerly competed for. Girls were often married at 15 or 17, on the shelf at 25 and old at 30. Not much time you see. If for hundreds of years matrimony had been the only career open to men they would have been falling over each other in their eager desire to get in, and then it would have been those men who failed who would have been labelled as " more or less useless lumber."

I would like to ask every woman who may read this article to compare the position of her sex now, with what it was in the time of Dickens. Now, almost every career is open to women, then there was practically none. I would also ask them to remember with gratitude that the

advantages women enjoy to-day have been gained at immense pains and labour by the members of that great movement known as "The Women's Movement," which has been going on for more than sixty years, not merely for the gaining of the vote, but for the bettering of woman's position everywhere.

Considering all these things, it is wonderful how little of the contempt, of which Dickens is accused, appears in his works. It may be that he over-estimated the woman who had fulfilled the then end and aim of a woman's existence, but that was the fault of the times, not his. He was, however, prominent in all forward movements in his own time, and doubtless would have been as much so now had he been living.

Rachel Wardle seems to have been one of his specimens of "men's lefts," yet Rachel must have had certain attractions, or surely she would not have captured the heart of such an accomplished lady killer as Mr. Tracy Tupman. She jilted him for Alfred Jingle, which proves her to have been an entirely senseless person, for Tupman would have made an excellent husband. However, the pen which could describe a Rachel Wardle could also depict a Miss La Creevy, the patient, cheerful, hard-working little minature painter, with never a frown or complaint. Wherever she went she brought sunshine, although she herself must have carried a heavy heart often, for she was very poor. The marriage between herself and Tim Linkinwater was ideal, it was delightful; what a cosy couple they must have made. By-the-by, Mrs. Nickleby was very much more like the traditional old maid than Miss La Creevy. I am sometimes tempted to wish that I had lived in that time that I might have been on Mrs. Linkinwater's visiting list. Another of Dickens's "men's lefts," was Miss Abbey Potterson, who kept an inn or public house by the river. Miss Abbey kept a most irreproachable house and always sent her men home to their wives early and sober, she befriended that most splendid girl, Lizzie Hexam, of whom more anon; and in fact all who deserved it. She could turn a man out of her place single-handed if he was obstreperous. It would have been a very dangerous thing to have pitied Miss Abbey for her single-blessedness. The next of his women, and one whom I love, was Edith Grainger; who, through the machinations of her unprincipled mother, was forced on Mr. Dombey. Edith is one of the finest (though perverted) characters in Dickens. She would have been a splendid woman if she had had a different mother, whom she reproached bitterly for her, Edith's, ruined life.

"The idea of you my daughter, addressing me in such language as that." Mothers of the Mrs. Skewton type are always violently agitated if they are reminded, however gently, that they are not quite perfect. Edith, as we all know, lived very unhappily with that skeleton in clothes, Dombey. But Florence was a great comfort to her, and it was in consequence of that softer mood which love always engenders, that decided Edith to make that appeal to the man whom, according to the common cant, "God had joined to her life."

"We are both," she said, "connected with death, each by a little child. Let us bear and forbear, so that in course of time, some friendship, some fitness for each other may arise between us. I will try to hope so, if you will make the endeavour."

One would have thought that such words as these would have moved any heart not absolutely dead to just or generous feeling, but the fossil whom she had, for her sins, married, was quite dead to both justice and generosity.

II.

The woman was the only one who suffered and who was left out in the cold by everybody. The way in which Dickens describes the scene where Edith makes her appeal, proves that he appreciated her fine character and was wholly on her side. He writes, "Blind idiot, rushing to a precipice, he thought he saw tears in her eyes—though none fell—and he exulted in the thought that he had brought them there."

The behaviour of Florence towards the woman through whom she had experienced the only happiness she had ever known, was execrable. There are many I presume, who would call Florence's extraordinary outburst of affection for the father who had never in one single instance shown her a father's love, natural ! I call it hideously unnatural, and Dickens himself in *Nicholas Nickleby* speaks very plainly about the absurdity of what is called natural affection. It is natural to show love to those who love and befriend us, and to show it to those who show us none is absurd.

In the case of Lady Dedlock I have very little to say, it is hard to forgive her deliberate deception of her splendid husband. If it could have coincided with Dickens's views to have turned Lady Dedlock's footsteps aside on that fatal night when she left her home, into the room where her stricken husband lay, stricken down for love of her, all might have been well. It would have been easy to have reunited them, because the only witness against her—Tulkinghorn, the lawyer, was dead, shot by the Frenchwoman. One's heart goes out in a great wave of sympathy to the still, silent figure of Sir Leicester in the library, to the agony of that noble heart. Lady Dedlock never realised what she possessed in the man she married. There can be no greater happiness in the world than to be the wife of a noble, high-minded, chivalrous man, as Sir Leicester undoubtedly was. Certainly Lady Dedlock did not deserve it.

The name of Esther Summerson comes naturally in connection with her mother, Lady Dedlock. Esther, who bore so bravely the stigma on her birth, who was the life and soul of the house of her guardian. Mr. Jarndyce, who had taken her under his special protection. Wherever Esther went she brought sunshine and sweetness ; a most unselfish character, always thinking of others, never of herself. In the neglected house of Mrs. Jellyby, who never saw anything nearer than Borrio-Boola Gha, Esther came to the rescue of Mrs. Jellyby's unhappy children and completely transformed the life of Caroline—Caddy as she was

called—the forlorn eldest daughter. Mr Jellyby would come home at nights and spend the most of his time with his " dejected head " against one or other of the walls of the house; there was the mark of his head on almost every wall in the lower part of the house. Esther brought renewed hope into the home of the drunken brickmaker when she was escorted thither by Mrs. Pardiggle and the five boys. Mrs. Pardiggle never could go into a room, large or small, without knocking down everything within range. On this occasion she sat on one stool and knocked down another. She immediately seemed to take the whole family into custody. The brickmaker was lying across the fireplace; he did not rise. He told Mrs. Pardiggle that he would save her the trouble of prying and cross-questioning. Is my daughter a' washin' ? yes, she is a-washin', you can taste the water and smell it and tell me how you would like beer instead. Don't I never mean for to go to church ? No, I don't never mean to go to church, the parson's too genteel for me. Who gave my wife that black eye ? I did, and if she says I didn't she's a lie. Mrs. Pardiggle swept out, knocking down in her transit everything she came near. Then Esther and Ada Clare approached timidly. Ada went up to the poor, unhappy, beaten wife who sat at the fireplace with a dead baby, a thin little body on her lap.

The poor mother was shading her bruised eye as if she would like to keep all signs of violence from the little thing on her lap. Ada and Esther took the little dead child off it's mother's knee, laid it tenderly on the bed and put clean things on the helpless thing, Esther spread her handkerchief over it's face, and after many kind gentle words to the unhappy mother and pressing some money into her hand, they left. When they turned to go they found that the brickmaker, who would not move for Mrs. Pardiggle, had got up from the floor and was standing outside. The daughter at the washtub had left off washing and was standing respectfully and quietly beside it. So much more successful is the power of love than patronage.

Consider the little girl called Charlie, who worked at the age of thirteen for a little brother and baby sister. The whole family was cared for by Mr. Jarndyce for Esther's sake. Esther's brave ride with Inspector Bucket to try to rescue her mother, Lady Dedlock, is also noteworthy. But happiness came to dear Esther when she married the kind young doctor, Allan Woodcourt. Esther was gentle and sweet, but it was the sweetness of strength.

The time of Dickens was—as regards a certain class of female—essentially a tearful time. Crying was a favourite weapon for the subjugating of obdurate husbands and, in Dickens's period, it never failed. The women who practised this seem to have been able to turn on tears like a spout and to turn them off again, when, with one eye on the victim, they saw they had won. Nothing is more disagreeable and wet-blanketty than a tearful woman. Somehow it was always good men who were completely knocked out of time by the too ready tears. Mr. Bumble, however, not being by any means a good man, was quite unmoved by Mrs. Bumble's tears; he told her that

tears were good for the head and that they washed the countenance, and he recommended her to "cry away." Those husbands who did not care a bit, escaped the deluge. The subject of age, and especially a woman's age, in Dickens's day, was also a very serious matter. It was a pity that age by itself should have been a disability, because it spoilt the lives of women and sometimes of men. If such undue importance were not given to the mere accumulation of years, and if so much time were not occupied in talking about it, we should all be much freer and happier. We may accuse each other of being over sensitive on this matter, but everyone is sensitive, and that is why they have so much to say about it. If it were not considered a disability and something to be concealed, we should have no hesitation in alluding to it. Mr. Bellamy, in his *Looking Backward*, maintains that extreme youth is not the time of real enjoyment; that the eagerness of youth, constantly looking forward to something in the future, prevents real enjoyment in the present, whereas at early middle age one lives almost entirely in the present. He contends that the time when real enjoyment begins is from about 40 onwards, and that then enjoyment is keener than at an earlier age. An eminent man, Bishop Potter, has written that, "The older we grow the younger we grow because as we grow older we develop faculties which the young do not possess, we lose as we grow older, but we gain as much as we lose." There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that life is not full of beauty and enjoyment and happiness for all of us at every period of our existence. The only complaint I have against Dickens is, that he seemed to find it impossible to bring any man and woman together without making them fall in love with each other. Friendship without sexual love seems not to have been understood by him. This propensity reaches its height of absurdity when he makes Smike fall in love with Kate Nickleby. When Dickens selected his characters from the middle and lower walks of life, he wrote of these with knowledge and what he says rang true. It was when he wrote of aristocrats that he lost himself, and did not do them anything like justice. Sir Leicester Dedlock, for instance, could not have come out so magnificently as he did in the most supreme moment of his life, if he had been the pompous idiot which Dickens represents him to have been in the beginning.

I hope my readers will not be shocked if I make a heroine of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*. She was a brave girl, who, at the risk of being beaten to death, saved Oliver. Twice she came in between him and Sikes and the Jew. She went to meet Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow in order to save him, and although she could not forsee that Sikes would murder her if he found it out, she did know that she would be beaten almost to death, if he did discover the part she played. Nancy was true to the brute; she did not give him away; the spy told lies as spies always do. Nancy was terribly sinned against; she never knew any other life than that of the streets and the thieves' den. In the most adverse circumstances she was strong, brave and true. What she would have been in more favourable circumstances it is

easy to imagine. "You're a pretty object," sneered Sikes, "for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!"

"I am, God help me," cried poor Nancy. "I thieved for you," she said to the Jew, "when I was only half as high as this," pointing to Oliver. "Well," hissed Fagin, "it is your living." "Yes, it is my living, and the wet, cold streets are my home, and you're the wretch that drove me there and that will keep me there till I die."

When Nancy went to see Rose Maylie in the interests of Oliver, that sweet and pure girl received her so very kindly and without a trace of condescension or drawing aside of skirts, that Nancy burst into tears and said, "Dear lady, if there were more like you, there would be fewer like me, there would indeed."

It would do some of us good to look down into London life in all its hideousness and then ask ourselves if it is not well that women have political power, in order to remedy, even a little, some social evils. It is up to all women to express the same sentiment in regard to those like poor Nancy. These women are our sisters, and it is our duty to help them. We do not hear so much bleating now-a-days about keeping our girls innocent by not telling them anything. They are innocent now but not ignorant. Well, we all know Nancy's ultimate fate and we know what it might have been had there been more women like Mrs. Maylie and Rose.

III.

One of the many splendid qualities of Dickens was his tender compassion for a class which receives scant pity. The shadow of this sin does not interfere with a man's social position in society, while it ostracises the woman.

Dickens hit straight from the shoulder about all social evils, and we do not realise yet what we owe to him. Miss Trotwood was a very fine woman, but wanted knowing; her adoption of David from a life of misery, and indeed her whole character, was as good as it was strong.

My two particular favourites, however, are Lizzie Hexam in *Our Mutual Friend* and Lucie Manette in *A Tale of Two Cities*. From the first meeting with Lizzie to the final consummation, we find her always acting a noble, unselfish part. First with her father whom she loved so fondly, and her selfish brother for whom she slaved that he might get an education which she herself longed to have. Her father was a riverside character who used to fish for dead bodies, but he was not a bad man. Then came her father's death and the break up of her little home. All through her noble, unselfish life we find her the strong, high-minded girl and woman. It was at the time of her father's death that Lizzie first met Eugene Wrayburn; he came on some legal business connected with the death of her father. Many people have considered Wrayburn a very fine fellow, but he had all the instincts of a scoundrel in him. He thought he was in love with Lizzie, but if his love had been worth anything he would have had some regard to her good name. She had to leave her quiet

room with the doll's dressmaker at Smith Square because Wrayburn would not cease his visits there. Every time she succeeded in securing a new place he followed her and she had to give that place up. If it had not been for her noble resistance he would have ruined her, and if it had not been for the final tragedy, which I will refer to later on, he would never have married her. It was exceedingly hard on Lizzie, because she loved him from the beginning and it is very hard to assume indifference in such a case. At last she found a situation in a paper-mill, somewhere on the river, and it was here that another of her numerous good deeds was done.

Dear Betty Higden, a poor hard-working woman and another heroine, kept herself independent in various humble ways, until she became too weak for work. She always kept concealed in her breast a sufficient sum of money to save herself from being buried by the parish. The poor thing, worn out with pain and hard work, wandered close to the place where Lizzie was working, crawled to the trunk of a tree and sank against it, tired out. It seemed to her as though she was at the foot of the Cross and she thought of Him who died upon it; then she knew no more until she saw the beautiful face of Lizzie bending over her. Lizzie tried to raise her, but she whispered "not yet" her voice so faint that Lizzie could hardly hear her. Betty however, managed to draw Lizzie's attention to the paper in her dress; she asked Lizzie to take care of it and try to get it into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed and implored Lizzie not to give it to the parish. "No, certainly not, nor let the parish touch me, nor so much as look at me."

"No, most faithfully."

"Now, dearie, raise me up," Very tenderly, very softly did Lizzie lift the weather-beaten grey head and "lifted her as high as heaven."

Shortly after this came the climax in Lizzie's brave life. Wrayburn again found her out and managed to let her know, and asked her to meet him. In fear that if he came to the mill, which would have meant ruin to her, Lizzie went to meet him, and implored him to go away or she would have to leave this place also.

"Mr. Wrayburn," she said, "if I thought, which I do not, that you would follow me about to wear me out, you would drive me to death, but you would not do it."

The two handsome faces looked into each other, then after a little more argument from him he left her. He went back along the river-side closely followed by Bradley Headstone. Eugene stopped for a few minutes by the riverside, asking himself why he was there and trying to make up his mind to be a man, when suddenly there came an awful crash and then another. This was Bradley Headstone's cowardly way of taking his revenge. Wrayburn turned to grapple with his assailant, but he was almost blinded by his own blood and fell senseless into the river. Lizzie, who was going home in the opposite direction, heard the splash, and did not hesitate a moment. "All the old instincts and experiences of her boating life with her father came back to her and without a moment's delay she ran to where the boats were kept. Her

practised hand soon enabled her to get one of them and launch it; she rowed very swiftly to the place from whence came the sound—she soon saw the body floating on the water." Perhaps the water had revived him a little for she saw him turn on his back and float. When she came up to the body and saw who it was, the banks rang to the cry she gave. But not for one moment did it stop her. She managed to fasten the body to her boat, then rowed swiftly to the bank. Then, unaided by anyone, she carried him, a dead weight, to the inn. During the long, long months that followed, all readers of Dickens will remember, Wrayburn lay between life and death. They were married before it was certain that Wrayburn would recover, as an act of expiation on his part, I presume. If I have not made the story of Lizzie too long, I would like to quote Wrayburn's own words to substantiate my statements as to his intentions. Speaking from his bed of pain to Mortimer Lightwood, he said, " Mortimer, while I lie here and when I have ceased to lie here, the perpetrator ' of this deed ' must never be brought to justice." " Eugene " exclaimed Mortimer, " her innocent reputation would suffer my friend, she would be punished, not I. I have wronged her enough in fact, have wronged her still more in intention. The man must never be pursued, don't think of avenging me, think only of hushing the story and protecting her. You can confuse the case and turn aside the circumstances, there is an enquiry on foot, stay it, divert it, yes, stay it, divert it. Don't let her be brought in question, the guilty man brought to justice would poison her name, Lizzie and my reparation before all, promise me."

" I do, Eugene, I promise you."

We all know how Wrayburn atoned for his bad behaviour.

Lucie Manette was the sweetest character in any of Dickens's books. From the beginning of the time when her father was restored to her from a life of solitary confinement extending over 18 years, to the time of her marriage and after, she devoted herself to the task of bringing him back to his mental life. Lucie did not know that her father lived, because her mother, having no hope that her husband would be restored to her, had allowed her daughter to think him dead. The mother died of the sorrow of her husband's fate while Lucie was very young. At the age of 19 she was informed by Mr. Lorry from Tellson's bank in Fleet Street, that her father was alive and was to be released very soon. Mr. Lorry asked her if she would like to go with him to Paris in the hope that seeing her so like her mother, some chord of memory might be struck which would, in a measure, help to restore him. I will not refer to the hurried visit to Paris, except to describe in part the interview between the father and daughter in his lonely prison. Eighteen years had deprived him of every scrap of memory and almost of the power of speech. If he were asked any questions by his gaolers, he took quite a long time to reply. He kept his senses, however, by making shoes. He had asked many times to be allowed to work at something, and after much delay, they brought him a shoemaker's bench and tools; even the gaolers were not allowed to speak

to him unless absolute necessity required it. Through her untiring love she succeeded in restoring him to himself, with only very occasional lapses, which in time ceased altogether.

I quote an instance here of a wife who fondly loved her husband, deliberately keeping from him a secret which was not her own, and her husband readily acquiescing in her action, because it is a lesson to husbands and wives that the code of honour is just the same for them as it is for the unmarried. Lucie would not betray the confidence reposed in her by Carton about his own ruined life. If a friend confides in a married man or woman, that which in no way concerns either of them it is the plain duty of that husband or wife to keep that confidence inviolate from each other and everyone else. The obligations of married people who receive confidences is exactly the same as those which govern people who are not married. These remarks refer to an interesting interview between Lucie and her husband, not long after their marriage. Darnay made some remarks about Sidney Carton which almost anyone might have made who only knew him from the surface. Afterwards, when the husband and wife were alone, Lucie said to him, "Dearest, I think Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you showed for him to-night."

"Indeed, why so?"

"That is what you are not to ask me, but I know he does." "If you know it," replied her husband, "that is quite enough."

"I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always and very lenient with his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart which he very seldom shows and that there are deep wounds in it, my dear; I have seen it bleed."

"I never thought of this," replied Darnay.

"My husband, it is so, I fear he can never be reclaimed, but I am sure he is capable of good things, great things even magnanimous things, and oh! my dearest, remember how strong we are in our happiness and how weak he is in his misery." "I will always remember it," replied Darnay deeply moved, "I will never forget it." How nobly Carton redeemed his wasted life all readers of *A Tale of Two Cities* know. When Lucie at last heard that her beloved husband had been taken to the Bastille and that he was in danger of being guillotined, the brave, strong heart broke down, and when Sidney Carton called, prior to his departure for Paris, where he had resolved to save Lucie's husband, by, if necessary, giving up his own life, he found her in a deadly swoon attended by Miss Pross and her two little children. Carton said to Miss Pross, "I am going away for ever, may I kiss her just once?"

Miss Pross at once consented, and Carton knelt by the couch where Lucie lay still unconscious. The children heard him murmur, "A life you love." Immediately he went away to fulfil his resolve to save Darnay's life, and did so by laying down his own on the scaffold.

CHARLES DICKENS

I.

O TO have known him, looked into his eyes,
The music of his laughter to have heard !
How would we treasure as some dear won prize
Were ours the memory of his spoken word !
Alas, for us such wish is futile, vain—
Yet does he truly live for us to-day
In all those well loved children of his brain
That still companion us upon life's way.
So human, vital, how their presence e'er
Breathes of the nature that did them conceive—
To charm, delight us, move to smile and tear,
And round us spells of subtlest magic weave.
Aye, he shall ever live, so great his art,
Through all these children of his brain and heart !

II.

They gather round us by the fireside—
Sweet Nell, and Paul, poor Pip and Tiny Tim ;
We meet them on life's journeys far and wide—
Micawber, Pickwick, Betsey Trotwood grim,
His best loved child, dear David Copperfield ;
And Oliver and Smike beset with fears—
How to their swift appeal our spirits yield,
How do they move to laughter or to tears !
" Caricatures," you call them ? Nay, not so—
Mankind as seen through comprehending eyes—
" Types," maybe, that we all of us do know,
And knowing them can we not sympathize
(As did the tender heart within his breast)
More keenly with the suffering and oppressed ?

III.

He loved the masses ; with their weal and woe
His deep-felt sympathy was swift and sure ;
To sham and falseness a relentless foe,
He only scourged that he might help to cure.
His humor, genial as the noonday sun,
Quickens our pulses like some cordial fine.
" The common people "—thus 'twas said of One—
Our Master—" heard him gladly." By this sign,
And that he first loved us, how sure the sway
Over our hearts our Dickens holds—his name
The magic " open sesame " to-day
Of dear delights enduring as his fame ;
And for that greatest gift, broad as the sea,
We love him most—his great humanity.

LOUELLA C POOLE.

The Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

THE DROOD MYSTERY

A REPLY TO MR. J. CUMING WALTERS

By MARY KAVANAGH

I.

WHEN the mind has accustomed itself for a long time to regard any subject from a particular point of view, it must inevitably experience a certain difficulty at first, in adapting itself to a new perspective. This is perhaps the reason why Mr. Cuming Walters shows himself so curiously lacking in appreciation of my leading theories on the great Dickens problem, and why he also fails to recognise that they are as well founded and logically worked out as theories can be of which absolute proofs are not available.

In the last issue of *The Dickensian* Mr. Walters, commenting on my lately published brochure, " A New Solution of the Mystery of Edwin Drood," makes a statement concerning my mode of working out the problem, which I think I may set down without prejudice as altogether erroneous. " I have a habit," he says, " of setting forth as an unquestioned fact that which yet remains to be proved,," and " the inexperienced reader," writes Mr. Walters, " may be rushed along to her conclusion by accepting unverified statements as undisputed and true." Of the wild impetuosity which thus generally distinguishes my methods Mr. Walters affords only one instance and it is this, that when Mr. Datchery orders, and waits, for a pint of sherry, I take it as a matter of course that when it came he drank it ! Mr. Walter's evasion of the issue is ingenious and amusing. It leads one to speculate a little curiously as to how the ladylike and " sewerely proper " Miss Helena Landless-Datchery contrived to rid herself of that pint of sherry. Did she pour it out of the window when the waiter had retired or did she leave it behind for that functionary to discover in the confident expectation that his good sense would lead him to swallow down his surprise, and discreetly hold his peace ?

However Mr. Walters may be disposed to explain away the difficulty I perhaps, should not object to concede him his point if the appetiser in question were the only thing in the way of his Helena Landless theory : but generous measures of beer and wine appear to me so thoroughly in keeping with the idea of Mr. Datchery, that I am afraid it would need a very brilliant argument to make me doubt the consumption of that particular pint of sherry. Datchery strikes me as being not only a man, but a man in the prime of life, a mellow well-seasoned specimen of the sex, whose robust and decided masculinity could be neither becomingly nor successfully attempted by a young and dainty maiden.

It is true that Datchery does not in any particular instance violently outrage a womanly character ; but his dress, his speech, his whole bearing are so opposed to all one's ideas of feminine grace and attractiveness, that without a glaring offence against artistic propriety, Dickens could not have allotted to Helena Landless the role of Datchery. But

while Mr. Walters' theory appears to me untenable, he may undoubtedly claim credit for having brought forward an interesting circumstance concerning Helena Landless which, but for him, might have remained unnoticed indefinitely. In Mr. Walter's opinion Helena's habit of sporting Neville's attire in play leads to the conclusion that she meant to be found in masculine disguise at some point or other of the story; and in truth her confidence on this subject to Mr. Crisparkle will bear no other interpretation. But does not the circumstance that it was Neville she was used to personate, taken in conjunction with her extraordinary resemblance to him, and the painful situation in which we find him placed, indicate as clearly that it was this unhappy brother's part she was designed to play?

Neville's nerve was broken, and he had a great horror of Jasper, who was bent on pursuing him to the death. What then could his devoted sister do for him, more worthy of her love and courage, than to take his place, and meet in his stead the trying ordeal of Jasper's unrelenting persecution?

The circumstances being such as we find them, a spirited girl like Helena might well play her brother's part, young and delicately like her as he was, without stepping far beyond the bounds of her womanly sphere and character, and without offending past hope of forgiveness the acute sensibilities of the China Shepherdess.

II.

Mr. Walters can scarcely be said to grapple with my theories. He fails to advance one solid argument to show why they may not be allowed to stand; and this on the part of so astute and practised a controversialist is significant and distinctly gratifying, for it may be taken for granted that if Mr. Walters discovered any serious flaw or fatal weakness in my conclusions, he would not hesitate to bring it forward. But being unable to demolish my theories he takes a negative standpoint and complains that I have not proved them. "But the trouble with Miss Kavanagh's theory is that she requires too many preliminary concessions, that she demands too much of our credulity," and he gives an instance, "We are asked to grant that Edwin escapes, and that somehow he is carried away on a ship." If Mr. Walters will take the trouble to read over this part of my solution more attentively, I think he will see that I have not asked my readers to admit Edwin's escape without some very cogent reasons for it. How does Mr. Walters propose to explain the point of those awkward seizures to which Jasper was subject if they were not intended to foil his plan? He had taken opium the evening before the day of the attempted murder, and was therefore due to fall into a "daze"—one clear chance for his victim. Then in the near neighbourhood of the vault was the "Travellers' Twopenny," the haunt of sailors, and not very far off from the scene of action were the docks. Add to all this that Princess Puffer, who knew many of the sailors, and who was Jasper's enemy, and Edwin's friend, was lodging in the tavern on the night of Christmas Eve. Here are surely a set of circumstances opening

the way, quite simply and artistically, and without the least straining of probability for Edwin's escape, and for his escape by sea ; and this was doubtless effected through the agency of honest Lobley, who afterwards became his devoted friend and servant. Edwin *could* have so escaped. Is it likely that Dickens created the opportunity only to neglect it ? Even had the various circumstances in question grouped themselves together accidentally, he would have felt obliged in some measure to adapt his purpose to them. Stevenson, in one of his letters, relates how on starting *Weir of Hermiston*, he meant that his hero should pay the death penalty, to be pronounced against him by his own father, but remembering afterwards the existence of the redoubtable " black brothers of Cauldstaneslap," who had an interest in " Erchie's " escape, and who were men not likely to be foiled in any enterprise they attempted, he determined upon a rescue—just because the circumstances pointed that way. A writer may desire to throw dust in his reader's eyes, but that is very different from giving them the impression that he is not making the most of his material, and that they could have handled the subject better in his place.

" We are to grant," goes no Mr. Walters, " that in a few months he not only became a thorough and efficient sailor, but rose to the rank of naval lieutenant ! we are to grant that this naval lieutenant wore a moustache for the purpose of disguise, and in open defiance of the King's regulations." Pause a little, Mr. Walters, you are running away with conclusions ! I certainly never said that Edwin rose to the rank of naval lieutenant, but only that he returned to England *in the character* of a naval lieutenant, a very different thing ! and since, according to his own statement, he was retired from the service, he could, I presume, mount a moustache if it so pleased him, without infringing the King's regulations. Besides the moustache he must have worn a wig and eyebrows to match ; and as this disguise would have altered greatly the expression of his countenance, it would have been sufficient for his every purpose.

There is surely nothing improbable, nothing to strain anyone's credulity in all this.

III.

Mr. Walters fails to see that Edwin and Rosa were attached ; and if, having read the book for about the fiftieth time, as he tells us, he still fails to see it, I feel rather hopeless of being able to convince him. He will admit, however, that neither Rosa nor Edwin ever expressed any real dissatisfaction with one another personally. So far as their words can be taken as a proof of it the discontent they felt in their engagement was owing to the circumstance that it was pre-arranged, and that they found themselves in consequence " cut off from choice " as Edwin expressed it to Jasper, in the most important matter of their lives. He, like all men, claimed the right to pay his court to whom he would, and she, like all girls, desired to be wooed and won : each felt uncomfortably too, the grievance of the other. Edwin resented his being thrust upon Rosa and Rosa her being thrust upon Edwin. But

at the parting scene they showed a certain tender and wistful solicitude for one another, not far removed from genuine affection, and genuine regret: and Edwin wept in his room that night for Rosa, and she occupied the stronghold—and that is a strong word—of his heart.

So much the story makes perfectly clear; but one's imagination may, I suppose, be allowed to go a little further, and assume that such tenderness as each had felt for the other was drawn out and intensified by Edwin's misfortunes. His mysterious fate must have greatly moved the soft heart of Rosa, and we know that pity is akin to love. Edwin's perils and sufferings, too, would have fixed in his heart the gentle image of Rosa, and awakened in him a strong desire to win her love. Then came the necessity for returning in disguise, and what lover could resist so good a chance? He came back, found her ripe for his influence, and won her in a moment, for the magnetic attraction which drew her to "Tartar" was really due to the fact which she did not herself consciously recognise, that he was really Edwin Drood.

All this is delicate and true psychology of which no great novelist need be ashamed. Indeed there is no "mystery" story I know of in which the "working up" is less artificial, and in which truth and nature are so little sacrificed to sensational effect.

Yet of sensation there would have been enough, and that of the most thrilling kind. Dickens must have had an eye to stage possibilities when he planned the return of Edwin in disguise: nothing could well be happier whether from the dramatic or sentimental standpoint. Who would not wish to follow out to its happy conclusion the wooing of "Tartar," to witness his dramatic revelation of himself to his enemy and to Rosa, and to be present at that happy Christmas which Dickens knew so well how to paint, the fitting wind up of a series of circumstances full of vivid sensation and human interest, of mirth and pathos, all of them certain to hold the attention breathless, and all of them highly characteristic of the great human heart of Dickens.

Mr. Walters admits that the plot as outlined by me is an attractive one: it is, indeed, so attractive, that I believe we must attribute the conception of it to an imagination greater than mine.

I should like to thank Mr. Walters for his cordial appreciation of my Jasper theory. I am not without hope that further consideration will reconcile him to my other views. It is of course a mistake to imagine, as some people do, that *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* does not lend itself to elucidation. The plot as it stands is well advanced, and ought to furnish all or most of the clues necessary to its complete solution. It will be admitted that I have evolved a charming, and truly Dickensian tale from the materials at my disposal, and I have not done my work partially. I have brought together all the pieces of the puzzle, and shown them to fit into one another with ease and exactness, as though made for the purpose. If then I am confident in my conclusions let not the circumstance be set down to presumption, but let it rather be referred to a modest avoidance on my part of the one and only alternative left me, that of believing myself a better story teller than Charles Dickens.

DICKENS'S STYLE

AN IMPORTANT DECLARATION

By J. W. T. LEY

WE are so used to hearing Dickens's style decried by a certain class of people, that a recent declaration by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is very refreshing. He was writing about Addison in "The Observer," and he wrote: "Anyone laying down the latest biography or the latest novel, and turning from it to pick up Cobbett's 'Rural Rites,' or Thomas Paine's 'Rights of Man,' or some obscure story by Maria Edgeworth, may relish the change or disrelish it; he cannot miss to perceive that he is dealing with folk who had a serious sense of the dignity of English, and were at considerable pains to do something which the modern author has treated as negligible."

And then Sir Arthur proceeded: "Some blame this upon Dickens and his influence, which is absurd. Let anyone study, for a test, the seventeenth chapter of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and (setting aside one flagrant misuse of the word 'aggravate'), he must feel himself in company with a writer who knows the old tradition and delights in it."

This surely is extremely interesting, coming from such an authority. The truth, of course, is that the class of people to whom we referred just now are not critics at all, but "superior folk"—prigs is the proper word—who are prejudiced because Dickens is popular with the non-literary masses. The favourite of a cult, it appears, must be (in the opinion of that cult) superior to the favourite of the masses. There is the more educated critic, for whom the "Saturday Review" has long been the spokesman, who is against Dickens mainly because he never attended a public school, or studied the classics at Oxford.

The truth is that Dickens's style is, on the whole, sound. It is conscientious as was everything he ever did. True, he was "only a reporter" when he first wrote books, but the English of our journalists eighty years ago was certainly less "journalistic" than it is to-day. They were nearer to the great masters than we are, for one thing, and they were not in such a tearing hurry as we are, for another thing.

And critics are apt to overlook one very important fact. It is true that Dickens was "only a reporter" (though he was one of the best), and it is true that he was—comparatively—uneducated; but the education he had gathered for himself had well equipped him for his life's work. He knew Shakespeare and Addison intimately, and Goldsmith was as familiar. Fielding and Smollett had been his most constant companions almost from babyhood. Up to the time he began to write these authors were really his only mentors. It would be impossible for the style of a conscientious writer, fed entirely on such food, to be mere "journalese." That is the fact, of course, and one is grateful to a man like Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch for a little frank speaking.

AN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATOR OF DICKENS

By AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT

OUT in the city of Newton, U.S.A., there is a collection of water colour sketches of scenes from Dickens that is worthy of having a page devoted to it in *The Dickensian*.

These sketches were painted by the late Robert D. Wilkie, a native New Englander and a man who was in his day a painter of more than ordinary ability, and a teacher of painting. He numbered among his pupils the sons and daughters of many of the best people of Boston, Brooklyn and Newton, those cities wherein do dwell the people whose means and tastes make them devoted to art and literature.

Mr. Wilkie was an ardent Dickensian, and he spent the leisure moments of several years in the painting of these pictures. They have been exhibited on several occasions, the most notable one perhaps being in Boston at the time of the Dickens Centenary, when they were hung at the Twentieth Century Club. The announcement in the programme at the time spoke of them as "a grand collection of 108 pictures, descriptive of Dickens scenes and characters."

The late Alfred Tennyson Dickens was loud in his praise of these pictures, saying that they were "the best interpretations of my father's characters I have ever seen." Perhaps Mr. Dickens in the kindness of his heart allowed his enthusiasm a bit too much latitude, but be that as it may, they represent a labour of love without any thought of reward that is worthy of our highest respect. We have become so accustomed to the interpretations of Dickens's characters by Barnand, "Phiz," and others, that nothing else seems quite the thing. And Mr. Wilkie was no servile copyist; he drew his own conceptions in his own way, and it is no exaggeration to say that they are very interesting.

As stated above, there are something over one hundred pictures in all. Of these perhaps the most ambitious effort is "The Carmagnole," from *A Tale of Two Cities*; and from this book there is another striking picture, "The Meeting of Doctor Manette and His Daughter."

Another prominent picture of the collection that pleased the writer very much is "The Ordeal—Sim Tappertit Presiding." The skulls are there and the monster record book borne aloft on the back of a 'prentice knight. One can almost imagine hearing the redoubtable "Simmun" issuing his order to "Write Curzon down, Denounced. Put a black cross against the name of Curzon." Also from *Barnaby Rudge* there is "Joe Willet's Farewell to Dolly Varden." The nosegay is there, but Miss Dolly is hardly up to the fetching prettiness that we have been taught to expect from Dickens's descriptions; "The Three Worthies," however, are very satisfactory.

The scenes from *Our Mutual Friend* are all interesting, especially those in the shop of Mr. Venus. The "warious" are all well depicted when "Silas Wegg Objects to Being Dispersed." The view of Mr. Venus towing Wegg down the dust heap, his wooden leg much impeding his progress, is good. We also have "Boffins' Bower with Silas Wegg

reading the ' Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.' " Another sketch from the same book depicts " The Bird of Prey," who, it will be remembered, " earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—till it runs down like rain."

From *Bleak House* we have a pleasing picture of " Miss Flite's Day of Judgment." There is also " Lord Chancellor Krook and His Cat " and " The Death of Tulkinghorn," both good.

Two particularly interesting characterizations from *The Old Curiosity Shop* are " Jerry and His Dancing Dogs " and " The Marchioness Astonishes Mr. Garland." The slipper is hopelessly lost, but the Marchioness has landed. " Quilp Reading the Note of Warning " is also worthy of special mention, and " Little Nell and the Punch and Judy Strollers " will attract attention.

Mr. Wilkie gives us " Little Dorrit Reading the Parish Register," and shows us " The Father of the Marshalsea " the dignified " gentleman " strolling with his " weak " brother Frederick. " The Dreaming Affery Flintwinch " is here too, and the expression of her frightened face is just what we might expect.

From *A Christmas Carol* we have Old Scrooge gazing at that wonderful knocker, and from *The Chimes* Trotty Veck's weird dream of the bells.

There is " The Smallweed Family " from *Bleak House*, and, of course, " Brimstone Morning at Dotheboys Hall " from *Nicholas Nickleby*: and we are given a look at " The Young Man that ' don't take Mrs. Pipchin for nothing' " from *Dombey and Son.*

There are, of course, a goodly number of pictures from *The Pickwick Papers*, without which the collection would not be complete—" Captain Baldwig Discovers Pickwick under the Effects of Cold Punch," " Pickwick under the Mistletoe," " Winkle and His Tall Horse," etc.

From *Martin Chuzzlewit* the immortal Sairey Gamp abjures her friend and partner to " Drink Fair, Betsey."

This will suffice ; tastes differ, and after all, perhaps these are ones that appealed most strongly to the writer and he does not claim to be a judge. But the collection is exceedingly interesting and worthy of inspection by any ardent Dickensian whose footsteps should happen to take him in the direction of Newton Centre, where Mr. Robert W. Wilkie, his good wife and several merry girls and boys will delight in showing them.

DICKENS AT HOME

WRITING to Mr. Bayles from Gads Hill regarding Miss Hogarth and his daughter, under date 2nd July, 1862, Dickens says that if they knew what he was doing they would charge him with many messages of regard. " But as I am shut up in my room in a ferocious and unapproachable condition, owing to the great accumulation of letters, I have to answer, I will tell them at lunch that I have anticipated their wish. As I know they have bills for me to pay, and are at present shy of producing them, I wish to preserve a gloomy and repellant reputation."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND DICKENS

THE following extracts are from "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children," edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, and published in this country by Mr. John Murray. They express varying opinions, some of which Dickensians will approve; others they will not, because they are not true. We refrain from comment, leaving them to speak for themselves. They were written between 1906 and 1908.

"I agree pretty well with your views of David Copperfield. Dora was very cunning and attractive, but I am not sure that the husband would retain enough respect for her to make life quite what it ought to be with her. This is a harsh criticism, and I have known plenty of women of the Dora type whom I have felt were a good deal better than the men they married, and I have seen them sometimes make very happy homes. I also feel as you do that if a man had to struggle on and make his way, it would be a great deal better to have someone like Sophie. Do you recollect that dinner at which David Copperfield and Traddles were, where they are described as seated at the dinner, one "in the glare of the red velvet lady," and the other "in the gloom of Hamlet's aunt?"

"Mother read us your note, and I was interested in the discussion between you and —— over Dickens. Dickens's characters are really, to a great extent, personified attributes rather than individuals. In consequence, while there are not nearly as many who are actually like people one meets, as for instance, in Thackeray, there are a great many more who possess *characteristics* which we encounter continually, though rarely as strongly developed as in the fictional originals. So Dickens's characters last almost as Bunyan's do. For instance, Jefferson, Brick and Elijah Pogram and Hannibal Chollop are all read personifications of certain bad tendencies in American life, and I am continually thinking of or alluding to some newspaper editor or Senator or homicidal rowdy by one of these three names. I never met any one exactly like Uriah Heep, but now and then we see individuals show traits which make it easy to describe them, with reference to those traits, as Uriah Heep. It is just the same with Micawber. Mrs. Nickleby is not quite a real person, but she typifies, in accentuated form, traits which a great many real persons possess, and I am continually thinking of her when I meet them. There are half-a-dozen books of Dickens which have, I think, furnished more characters which are the constant companions of the ordinary educated man around us, than is true of any other half-dozen volumes published within same period."

"I quite agree with you about Tom Pinch. He is a despicable kind of character; just the sort of character Dickens liked, because he had himself a thick streak of maudlin sentimentality of the kind that, as somebody phrased it, 'made him wallow naked in the pathetic.' It always interests me about Dickens to think how much first-class work he did, and how all of it was mixed up with every kind of cheap, second-rate matter. I am very fond of him. There are innumerable characters that he has created which symbolise vices, virtues, follies, and the like almost as well as the charac-

ters in Bunyan ; and therefore I think the wise thing to do is simply to skip the bosh and twaddle and vulgarity and untruth, and get the benefit out of the rest. Of course, the one fundamental difference between Thackeray and Dickens is that Thackeray was a gentleman and Dickens was not. But a man might do some mighty good work and not be a gentleman in any sense."

"Of course I entirely agree with you about 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' But the point seems to me that the preposterous perversion of truth and the ill-nature and malice of the book are of consequence chiefly as indicating Dickens's own character, about which I care not a rap ; whereas, the characters in American shortcomings and vices and follies as typified are immortal, and, moreover, can be studied with great profit by all of us to-day. Dickens was an ill-natured, selfish cad and boor, who had no appreciation of hospitality or good treatment. He was utterly incapable of seeing the high purpose and the real greatness which (in spite of the presence also of much that was bad or vile) could have been visible all around him here in America to any man whose vision was both keen and lofty. He could not see the qualities of the young men growing up here, though it was these qualities that enabled these men to conquer the West, and to fight to a finish the Great Civil War, and though they were to produce leadership like that of Lincoln, Lee and Grant, naturally he would think there was no gentleman in New York, because by no possibility could he have recognized a gentleman if he had met one. Naturally he would condemn all America because he had not the soul to see what America was really doing. But he was in his element in describing with bitter truthfulness Scadder and Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram, and Hannibal Chollup and Mrs. Honniny and the various other characters, great and small, that have always made me enjoy 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Most of the characters we still have with us."

"Senator Lodge gave me the following first-class quotation from a piece by Dickens about 'Proposals for Amusing Posterity' :

> And I would suggest that a body of gentlemen possessing their full phrenological share of the combative and antagonistic organs, could only be induced to form themselves into a Society for Declaiming about Peace, with a very considerable war-whoop against all non-declaimers ; and if they could only be prevailed upon to sum up eloquently the many unspeakable miseries and horrors of War, and to present them to their own country as a conclusive reason for its being undefended against War, and becoming a prey of the first despot who might choose to inflict those miseries and horrors—why then I really believe we should have got to the very best joke we could hope to have in our whole complete Jest-book for Posterity, and might fold our arms and rest convinced that we had done enough for that discerning Patriarch's amusement.

This ought to be read before all the tomfool peace societies and anti-imperialist societies of the present day."

This last extract was written, it is worth noting, on March 4th, 1908.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

WITH regard to industrial councils we wish to warn our members not to expect too much. We would also like to ask you not to be led to join with the villagers in Dickens's *The Chimes* singing :—

Oh ! let us love our occupations,
Bless the boss and his relations ;
Live upon our daily rations
And always know our proper stations.

Keep that fighting spirit up, boys. That's how we'll win.—*Postmen's Gazette*, July, 1919.

" This past May was an incomparable month ; never doth memory recall such an uprush of flowery life ; nor were the birds insensible to the occasion. Those which rarely sing sang last week. Never before did I hear the small, dull-hued Spotted Flycatcher—like an ornithological Silas Wegg—" drop into poetry." Twice in as many days did this Quakerly little creature neglect the passing fly to emit a feeble twitter, lower in timbre, and with less carrying power than his normal squeak, but intended for music." Article on Birds by H. M. Wallis in *The Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, July, 1919.

As a short cut to better conditions, direct action reminds me of the old man referred to by Sam Weller who cut off his boy's head to stop him from squinting.—*The Gateway*, Mid-Sept., 1919.

He (Mr. Philip Guedella) pictured the Inventions Board seated in its office, like a kind of inverted Micawber, waiting for something to turn down !—*Daily Press.*

Happily, however, the atmosphere has changed ; the wind's no longer easterly, as Mr. Jarndyce would have said. Labour is still coming along with formidable demands, but, for the time being at least, it is in a more reasonable and amicable frame of mind.—*Sunday Times.*

Victim of Bumbledom.

Mark Tapley of the Exchequer.

Headings in *Daily News*, 9th July, 1919 and 30th Oct., 1919.

" Punch " is written by Mr. Pecksniff for Mr. Pecksniff, and throughout this fat and vapid volume there is no jest which could bring a blush to the cheek of the oldest and most patriotic club-colonel, or require the slightest effort of thought or imagination from the youngest curate in the oldest cathedral city."—*Daily Herald*, 10th July, 1919.

Crummles is Not a Prussian. The spendthrift rulers of Oweville are almost overdoing their penitence. They are not content with kneeling at the penitent form : they are hurling it at the taxpayer. Nine days ago the Prime Minister in the House of Commons talked to the taxpayer in the style of Mr. Squeers admonishing the boys of Dotheboys Hall. The newspapers, if we may so say, promptly Squeered his spitch. They threw vitriol at the Coalition so energetically that in two days Mr. Lloyd George changed his tactics. He wrote a letter on August 20th to " My dear ——," The letter is published in the " Daily Mail " to-day.

When the " Daily Mail " arrives at Deauville there may be a little Dickensian scene—something out of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Mr. Vincent Crummles may remark to Nicholas, " Haven't you seen it in the

paper ?" He may produce a scrap of paper from his pantaloons. "Humph !" Nicholas may say, "that's an odd letter." "Very," Crummles may return, scratching his nose, and looking at Nicholas with an assumption of great unconcern. "I can't think who puts these things in. *I* didn't." He may also shake his head twice or thrice with profound gravity, and remark that he could not for the life of him imagine how the newspapers found out the things they did.—Leading article in *The Star*, 27th August, 1919.

Colonial Scadders. I gather that a good many people possessing unproductive land in the Colonies are in high hopes of unloading it at remunerative rates on people with a little capital and no experience. It is wise to remember that people don't often want to sell really good land, and that it is just as well to compare the maps some of these philanthropists will produce with those which can be seen at the offices of the various colonial agents.—*The Star*, 27th August, 1919.

The Flying Goose. If Dickens libelled that prancing equine at Ipswich by describing it for ever as an "insane cart-horse," with what flight of fancy would he have christened that flying preposterous goose over Buckingham's Town Hall ?—"Kuklos" in *Daily News*, 18th October, 1919.

The Government Defeat. Mr. Bonar Law affected to treat very lightly the defeat of the Government on the Aliens Bill yesterday. That, of course, is natural. A Government which is defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of over 70 in a division in which the Government Whips are acting must either treat the event, like Mr. Toots, as "of no consequence," or else as of such consequence as to entail resignation.—*Daily News*, 24th October, 1919.

The Chancellor's speech was entirely different in character from what had been anticipated. To-day his tone was thoroughly optimistic. The Mrs. Grummidge of August had by some mysterious process of metempsychosis become a sort of "Sunny Jim" in October.—*Daily News*, 30th October, 1919.

Referring to the financial situation and the Chancellor's speech in the Commons, Sir Donald said we had Jeremiah sounding his dreary prophetic note on August 7th. Now we had Mark Tapley putting in his appearance on the stage. There was no credit in being jolly on such an occasion at this.—*Daily News, ib.*

Little Mildred Davis, who "graduated" from a Seattle high school girl to the position of leading lady in film comedies, recently had the satisfaction of landing a clean "knockout" on a talkative press agent.

The p.a. was chanting of his ability to discover and coin new slang words and sentences. He happened to mention the expression: "Nobody home."

"'Nobody home' may be a new phrase to you," said Miss Davis calmly, "but a fair to middling writer named Charles Dickens used it some fifty or sixty years ago."

Miss Davis then turned the pages of the book she was reading. It was *Nicholas Nickleby*. In Chapter XXXIV., on page 520, of the Oxford University Press edition she found the words: "... touching his forehead: 'Nobody at home you know, if you knocked ever so often.'"

The press agent is now trying to find out if Charles Dickens was a

shortstop or an outfielder.—*The Montreal Daily Star*, 1st Nov., 1919.

A woman has appeared at the theatre in a crinoline of tulle, with a velvet bodice so tight-fitting that she must have found it a matter of real difficulty to breathe. A daring male has introduced a sort of Pickwick dress coat, with a velvet collar of extraordinary dimensions and huge red buttons.—*Daily News*, 10th November, 1919.

Thus, upon any occasion of industrial dispute, the comfortable classes do not know, and do not want to know, any more about the cause, nature, or merits of the dispute than such facts (real or alleged) as will confirm them in an indignant desire to put "these fellows" in their places. The increased bitterness of recent times is due to an angry recognition that no immediate way of putting these fellows in their places is discoverable. In Dickens's *Hard Times* (still valid as a tract for these times) Bounderby explained all discontent among "hands" as due to their desire to eat turtle soup and venison with gold spoons.—Review on "The Unfinished Programme of Democracy," *Daily News*, 13th November, 1919.

But Kipling was the first to expatiate on her charms (machinery) in "McAndrew's Hymn":—

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song of Steam !
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime.

proceeding from the engine-room of the liner on which he (McAndrew) was chief engineer. This enthusiasm is a far cry from the abhorrence of ship's engines expressed by Mrs. Gamp :—

"Them confuging steamers, with their hammering and roaring and hissing and lampiling."

This abhorrence must not be taken merely as part of the Gampish character, but was part and parcel of Dickens's Victorian dislike of machinery. It comes out again in *The Old Curiosity Shop* :—

"The engines spun round and writhed like tortured creatures, making the ground tremble in their agonies.—*Evening Standard*, 12th November, 1919.

CHUZZLEWIT'S EDEN NOW A GARDEN SPOT

EDEN has changed since Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley tried to develop the spot which Dickens is believed to have given that name in the American state of Missouri. The swamp was too much for them. But now comes the report that this identical tract has lately produced 56,000 bushels of corn, and has 350 acres successfully planted to oats and 125 acres profitably raising alfalfa. In 1910 the land which Dickens is held to have named Eden was still as Chuzzlewit and Tapley found it and were defeated by it ; the soil was good, but the river annually overflowed it, and except for a while in spring, made permanent an unprofitable swamp.

Then came a farmer from Indiana, who said : "No land is low land if properly drained," and had the initiative and eloquence necessary to organize a drainage project. The cost of the scheme was $30 per acre, and the objection was raised and overcome that the land was worth no more than $20. To-day the reclaimed land is worth upward of $100 an acre, and that part of the once hopeless Eden which the organizer improved for himself is considered perhaps the most valuable farm in the state.

DICKENS AND GOLDEN SQUARE

By T. W. TYRRELL

A LETTER recently appeared in a London newspaper asking if there is any authority for the generally accepted identification of No. 13 Golden Square (demolished in 1906) as the prototype of Ralph Nickleby's house, and it was pointed out that the late Mr. Robert Allbut in his " Rambles in Dickens-Land " had suggested No. 6 as the house intended in *Nicholas Nickleby*. I do not know what Mr. Allbut's reason was for selecting No. 6, and the earliest claim made for No. 13 is, as far as I know, contained in a paper entitled " Mr. Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby," which appeared in Scribner's Monthly for September, 1880. The writer says : " Ralph Nickleby's dwelling can be identified without question, since it is the only double-fronted one in the square."

No. 13 seems, therefore, to have been picked out because it was double-fronted, though why that style of architecture should be considered necessary is not clear, as there does not appear to be anything in the tale to indicate that the house was so constructed.

It is, of course, possible that one of these houses was the place Dickens meant, but in view of what Mr. A. W. à Beckett says in his book, " The à Becketts of Punch," it seems very probable that No. 7 Golden Square was the house referred to in the novel.

Mr. à Beckett says " Charles Dickens and my father (Gilbert Abbott à Beckett) were fast friends, and in Nicholas Nickleby I can trace more than one family likeness. Nicholas himself was my father in youth, and there is in Ralph Nickleby a suggestion of the stern old man in Golden Square. The " stern old man " was William à Beckett, grandfather of the author of the book quoted. He was a solicitor, and resided, in the thirties, at No. 7 Golden Square. I think, therefore, that it is quite probable that Dickens had this house—with which he was doubtless acquainted—in his mind when writing of Ralph Nickleby's residence. In any case there is some foundation for this suggestion, which is more than can be said for the others. While writing of the Golden Square neighbourhood, I may say that there are two more identifications in " Rambles in Dickens-Land," with which I venture to disagree. These are, first, No. 48 Carnaby Street, named as the house of the Kenwigs family : and second, No. 53 Marshall Street, given as the lodgings of Martha, and the scene of the rescue of Emily. Anyone who compares the description of the first in Chap. 14 of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and that of the second in Chap. 50 of *David Copperfield*, will see that Dickens used the same setting for both, and in Broad Street, Soho, there stands a row of old houses, " once fair dwellings, but long degenerated into poor lodgings, let off in rooms." And there is also the large brewery, " hard by "—in fact, nearly opposite—from which, " in all its freshness, the thick black smoke poured forth, day and night." There can be little, if any, doubt that this is the place Dickens described in *David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby*.

HOW DICKENS'S TWO DROOD SECRETS WERE HIDDEN IN THE COVER-DESIGN

By WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT

THE letter, written in May, 1871, to Augustin Daly, by Dickens's artist son-in-law, Charles Allston Collins, who designed the cover of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, is perhaps the most weighty pronouncement on the Drood question that has appeared since the original statement by Forster. It is given to the public for the first time in the life of Daly, recently issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and is as follows :—

DEAR SIR.—The late Mr. Dickens communicated to me some general outlines for his scheme of *Edwin Drood*, but it was at a very early stage in the development of the idea, and what he said bore mainly upon the earlier postions of the tale.

Edwin Drood was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl Rosa not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper himself should urge on the search after Edwin Drood and the pursuit of the murderer, thus endeavouring to direct suspicion from himself, the real murderer. This is indicated in the design, on the right side of the cover, of the figures hurrying up the spiral staircase emblematical of a pursuit. They are led on by Jasper, who points unconsciously to his own figure in the drawing at the head of the title. The female figure at the left of the cover reading the placard "Lost" is only intended to illustrate the doubt entertained by Rosa Bud as to the fate of her lover, Drood. The group beneath it indicates the acceptance of another suitor.

As to any theory further it must be purely conjectural. It seem. likely that Rosa would marry Mr. Tartar, and possible that the same destiny might await Mr. Crisparkle and Helena Landlesss Young Landless himself was to die, perhaps, and Jasper certainly would, though whether by falling into the hands of justice or by suicide or through taking an overdose of opium, which seems most likely, it is impossible to say.

Now readings of the cover have been made in the past by most of the leading *Drood* debaters, and it is interesting to note that—the unexplained central vignette at the bottom apart, and, also, the broad picture at the top, on which all are practically agreed—they are, on the whole, considerably wide of the mark. In the airiest manner, rash conclusions have been jumped at ; in one or two cases the artist's obvious detail being foolishly ignored. The kneeling young man on the left, for instance, has been variously identified by Professor Jackson and Mr. Cuming Walters as Jasper, by Mr. Andrew Lang and Dr. James as Neville Landless, by Mr. Hugh Thomson as Edwin Drood. All wrong.

It cannot be sufficiently insisted on that Charles Collins was no tyro in his art, but a painter of no little note in his day, his pictures attracting general attention at the Royal Academy. He was in fact, a minor member of the famous Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood,

affecting in particular the style of Millais, but being also to some extent under the influence of Holman Hunt. I find one art authority, the author of "Fifty Years of Modern Painting," making special note of Collins's "painstaking insistence on detail." Absurd, therefore, to ignore that detail, and to pretend, as has been done, that in drawing this design he was insufficiently acquainted with the appearance of the people he was depicting. Let it be stated at once that Mr. Collins was perfectly well acquainted with the appearance of Jasper, Drood, Crisparkle, and other characters who appear in the *early* part of the story, for—a fact not generally known—in addition to the cover, he did a few tentative illustrations for the book, which have never been given to the public.

The solvers, whose published readings of the cover come nearest to the artist's own explanation are Mrs. Perugini, in an article in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for June, 1906, and Dr. James in the "Cambridge Review" for 9th March, 1911. But for a reading that tallies absolutely best, I have to go to one made by myself, early in the controversy, in an article on the cover, which has never seen the light of publication, but which I submitted to Sir William Robertson Nicoll for his opinion shortly after the bringing out of his book on *Drood* in 1912.

In this article I took the line, to which the picture at the top seems to give the key, that the true explanation of the cover lies less in the actual—that bee in the bonnet of all the other solvers—than in the emblematical. (Why it should have been presumed at all that actual scenes from the book would figure on the cover is a mystery. Actual scenes were not the Dickens custom). I grasped, too, what no other solver seems to have thought of, and what I think is clearly to be inferred from Mr. Collin's letter, that he had a general artistic scheme, and that the little pictures fitted into this scheme naturally, and were therefore fairly easy to decipher.

Odd as it may seem, not a single solver other than myself has pointed out even such a simple fact as that the side-pieces on the left present us with the Love Theme in two phases: the upper having reference to the old love, the lower to the new. Again, not a single solver other than myself has pointed out that the picture on the right is purely emblematical. Instead of running away with the idea common to most of the solvers that it was a scene, or scenes enacted on the Cathedral Tower staircase, which plays a part in the story, I stated explicitly: "Let the idea be dismissed at once that this represents any actual scene connected with the Tower staircase, though it is obviously suggested by that."

The figure, with outstretched arm, at the head of the staircase, I saw at once was the leader and arch-avenger in this tracking-down of the murderer, but I confess that the subtlety of this being Jasper himself escaped me. It seemed to me natural that he should be Datchery, and as Datchery I wrote him down; and in this I made my one distinct error. I see clearly now that when Mr. Collins drew this he knew nothing of Datchery. But I was not alone in failing to identify this particularly difficult figure. Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion was "clearly Landless," while to Mrs. Perugini he appeared to be Tartar. Curiously enough, both Professor Jackson and Mr. Cuming Walters—neither of them very happy in their identifications—made a lucky hit here; but how extremely flukey such hit was will be seen from the fact that they totally failed to grasp the sig-

nificance of the picture, thought this upper portion was divorced from the lower, and represented Jasper alone, on Christmas Eve, looking down at "*that*," while the lower portion they made out to be Jasper and Durdles on "the unaccountable expedition."

On the picture at the top there was no need for me to expatiate, other solvers dealing well enough with it. "The main thing to note," I wrote, "is that it is not an actual scene taken from the book, but rather that it symbolizes the state of things at the start. Its broad significance in the general scheme is that it stands for the Theme of Jasper's Deep Intention to commit murder. The hand held over the mouth is a most expressive detail, pointing, as it does, to his being unable to declare by word of mouth his passion for Rosa until Drood is put out of the way.

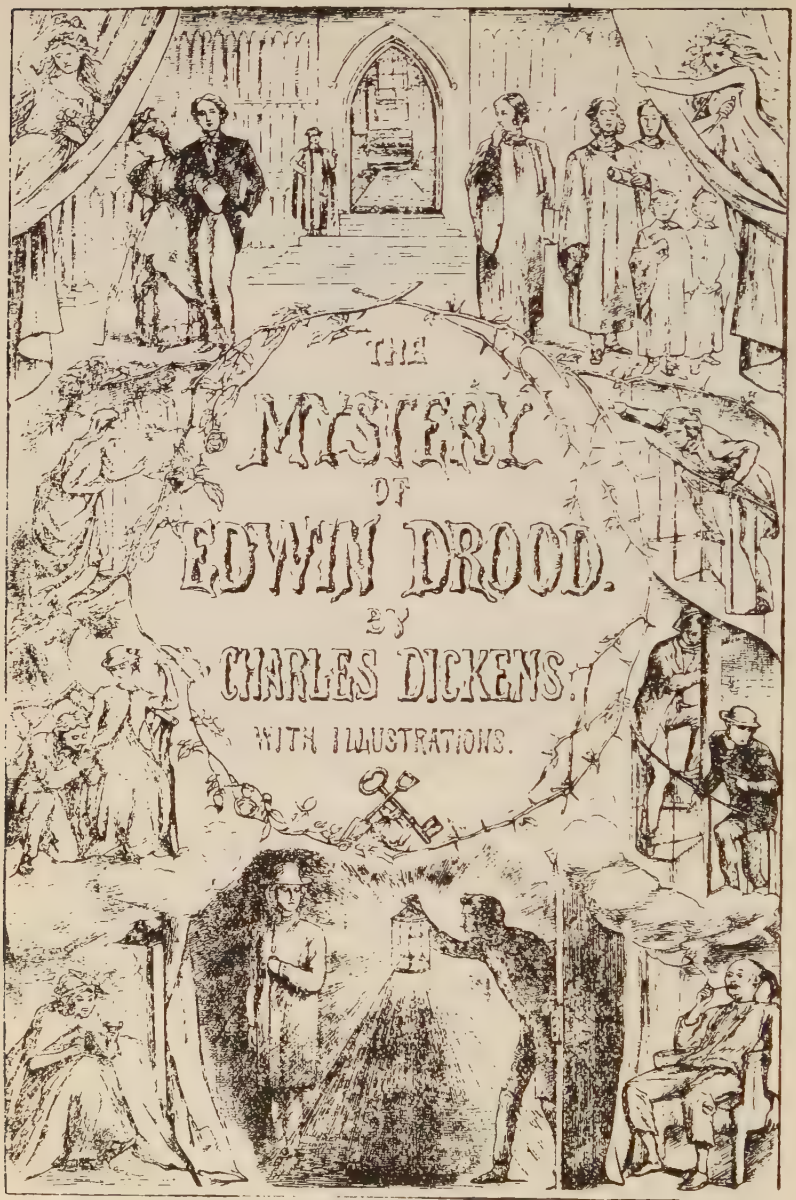
"In the side-pieces on the left," I went on, "we have the Love Theme in two phases—Lost and Found. It is Drood, of course, that is lost, and Rosa—or rather Rosa merged for the occasion in the Eternal Woman who must always sorrow when Man is cast away—who is here seen bewailing him. The lower picture shows Love Found, but it is a new love that is found, a fair man, Tartar to wit. These two phases of the theme could hardly be put into juxtaposition without some attempt in the latter at suggesting that Rosa, having so recently lost her old love, must not, in decency, be shown being too rapturous with the new. So the rapture is put mostly on the man's side, and Rosa is given a slight appearance of hanging back."

A word of comment here. My wording will naturally be found to differ from that of Mr. Collins's explanation; it would be odd indeed, if they were identical: but I think it will be seen that my meaning practically coincides with his, which is the main thing. It must be borne in mind that his reference to the cover is more or less a casual one, and, if I may say so, a modest one too: he was not concerned to bring out all the little points he must have had in mind in drawing it.

There was a sharp divergence in the solvers' interpretations of that upper scene of the maiden with the flowing hair facing the placard: Mr. Lang and Mr. Hugh Thomson having it that it was merely an allegorical female figure; while in the readings of Professor Jackson, Dr. James and Mr. Cuming Walters, it was Rosa pure and simple, with no suggestion of allegory: indeed, the first two gentlemen went a step further, and stated that it was Rosa flying from Jasper's pursuit. Mrs. Perugini expressed great uncertainty, and hazarded the view that it referred to something in the latter part of the book. The artist's explanation that it illustrates the doubt in Rosa's mind as to the fate of her lover, Drood, is not as clear on the point of allegory as it might be, but, following, as it does, his reference to the staircase pursuit on the right as emblematical, I think he means that it illustrates that doubt emblematically rather than actually. The lower picture, too, I take it is meant more to serve as an emblem than to present an actual scene, for it is plain that Mr. Collins knew of no such scene.

"The side-pieces opposite on the right," I went on to state, again present us with one idea in two phases. In this case, however, the two phases form between them one picture of three men ascending a winding staircase; that they are in company is shown by the fact that they are taking two steps at a time."

No. I.] APRIL, 1870. [Price One Shilling.



LONDON CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY

Advertisements to be sent to the Publishers, and ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet Street, E.C
[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

COVER DESIGN TO THE ORIGINAL WRAPPERS OF EDWIN DROOD
Drawn by Charles Allston Collins

This, I had it, was the Theme of the Detection of the Crime, the lower half symbolizing the Uncertainty of the Start, shown in the hesitating appearance, and extended forefinger, as if propounding a theory, of the lowest figure, whose clerical collar shows him clearly to be Crisparkle, while in the leading figure above, with his pointing, outstretched arm, we have symbolized the Certainty of the Finish.

It will be seen that I used the word Detection where the artist makes use of the word Pursuit: it was not very happily chosen perhaps. What I really had in mind to convey was the Tracking-down of the murderer; and this, I take it, is what Mr. Collins meant. I think that it is fairly obvious that he is here illustrating no casual chase, but a leading theme of the tale. As to my two phases, there I am certainly in excess of his information; all the same I think he intended them, though not perhaps in the pronounced way of the phases opposite.

But what about the striking central bottom vignette it will be asked. It is to be regretted that the artist did not go on to interpret that, but it is perhaps to be doubted whether he knew the full meaning of it.

Yet it certainly seems clear that he was not the type of man to draw such "a very effective little cut," as Mr. Hugh Thomson calls it, without knowing what he was about, but, at the same time, he might have done so perhaps at the novelist's suggestion, or even to his express order, and have been willing to rest content that Dickens knew exactly what it meant, even if he did not. Some colour is lent to this theory by the fact that in an earlier tentative sketch, the vignette in this space is not the same. Apparently it was not until the second sketch was made, with the vignette as we know it, that the author was satisfied. However this may be, of one thing we may be sure, that, though it was doubtless calculated to mystify, it *has* a meaning, and fits naturally and artistically into the general scheme.

One and all, the solvers seem to have rashly jumped to the conclusion that this central bottom vignette presents an actual scene in the story. Practically on this picture alone, Richard Proctor, that forerunner of Lang, Archer and others, reared the airy fabric of his fantastic theory of Drood's survival. He not only adapted the *Drood* cover to his own use as cover to his book on the subject, but concentrated special attention on this vignette, both by the total omission of the top picture, and by this title *Watched By The Dead*, which he thought fitted it exactly.

My own theory is that the picture is in keeping with the rest of the page, and is purely emblematical. This lantern of a seemingly archaic type is simply a symbol. I note that it is held in the very centre of the picture, and that a line drawn directly up from it pierces the very heart of the word MYSTERY above. In short, it transcends the importance of the cut and the two figures, and is an integral and essential part of the whole design.

This I believe to be the Theme of Revelation: light on darkness: light in short on the Mystery of Edwin Drood pictorially suggested by that darkness: light, too, on the inner workings of Jasper's own mind all through this story of crime (observe how the lantern-rays shine as much on Jasper as they do elsewhere): all which light is cast by Jasper himself, as we know he was to cast a light, for *Jasper's own narrative* was to form the closing chapters of the book, and to

be the outstanding feature of it, the "originality" as Forster call it. Can we doubt but that Dickens finding the cover-design shaping so artistically in the hands of Collins, would attempt to introduce some hint of this originality, this true rounding-off of the scheme ?

A secondary emblematic idea, however, is worked into the picture by the presentation of the figure opposite Jasper, and is conjoined to the first by Jasper's gaze. My original notion was that this second figure was merely a symbolic one of Drood placed here to lend a significance and, as it were, a name to the darkness, but I have been led to alter my opinion by a strange discovery.

You will observe a little quite black patch with two white dots in it, a little way up from the bottom of the picture, a bit to the left of the centre. This is meant, I believe, to represent a foot-light, light turned down, but gleaming through. Why a solitary footlight, and placed where it is ? First, just as a mere emblematic suggestion of the idea dramatic to be associated only with the figure on the left; secondly, as an indication of a word, a name, written a little way above it which, owing to the fact that it has a background of darkness, has hitherto remained undetected. (In fact it wants to be looked for with a magnifying glass, and then I am not sure that every reproduction of the cover would show it: I am going by the excellent one in Sir William Nicoll's book.)

I make this name out to be FAUST. You grasp what FAUST means, of course ? Simply that the figure on the left is an old man turned, or turning, young in a moment; in short, Datchery. And as we look at his youthful and almost feminine lineaments, the Bazzard and Tartar theories, beloved of our callow youth, disintegrate themselves into mere nothingness, and we are forced to the conclusion that no other than Helena Landless stands revealed ! (Congratulations to Mr. Walters !)

In the main, however, the picture has reference chiefly, or solely, to Jasper's narrative.

The double pair of curtains prove it. These curtains that not a single solver has given a thought to. The pair at the top drawn aside as if for the unfolding of the main drama or narrative, and the pair at the bottom draping the central vignette, as if drawn aside for the unfolding of the lesser drama or narrative of Jasper's own.

The theme of Intention at the top; the theme of Love to the left; the theme of Tracking-down to the right; the theme of Revelation at the bottom: there you have the design beautiful and complete. Well might Dickens pronounce it "excellent," as we know he did.

Finally, it ought to be pointed out that the artist seems in half-fantastic mood to have been tempted to work in the fact that Drood meets with death by picking out three letters of his name in the title. It will be observed that *one* leaf of the rose-wreath on the left drops over the "D" of Edwin like a pointing finger, *two* leaves actually touch the "E"; on the right *three* thorns overhang and almost touch the final "D" of Drood; the left one of these three thorns, however, seems slightly sub-divided, so that we may count them *four or three as we please*. Now as are meant, I think, to act on the hint of order conveyed by the one, two, on the left, and by the three (which is also four) on the right, and to put these letters together in this way: to "DE" add "a D": thus we arrive at "DEAD."

AN AMERICAN EDITION OF "THE DICKENS CIRCLE"

WE congratulate Mr. J. W. T. Ley on the appearance of the special American edition of his book, "The Dickens Circle," from the publishing house of Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co., of New York. This edition has a new introduction by Mr. Ley for which he takes as his text the famous words of Dickens uttered in America in 1868 in which he said "that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the arctic fox and bear, than that it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of which has, in its own way and hour, striven so hard and so successfully for freedom, ever again being arrayed the one against the other." How the heart of Dickens, comments Mr. Ley, would have glowed if he had been alive when, forty-nine years later to the very month, the two great nations were thrown together in the culminating fight for freedom. How those immortal words of General Pershing's, in 1918, would have thrilled him: "I have come to tell you that America would feel itself greatly honoured if its troops were engaged in the present battles." Mr. Ley goes on:—

> America and England have stood side by side in the great fight. The blood of their sons has mingled on the fields of France, and such a world disaster as Dickens proclaimed against has surely been rendered impossible for all time. I offer no apology for striking this note. My book is almost wholly concerned with friendship. In the last two or three years there has been cemented a friendship between the two great English-speaking nations of tremendous import to the future of Man. . . . The two great free peoples are friends They have suffered and sorrowed together in the common cause—the noblest cause of all—and a friendship so sealed in suffering and sorrow cannot but be lasting. . . . Out of the horrors of the recent war has come this great friendship which will assuredly prove the mightiest influence for good the world has ever known.

Mr. Ley believes that if we trace back the influences which have combined to bring this consummation about, we should find that Dickens was one of the most potent. He dwells upon the novelist's relations with America, the things he said and wrote about its people shows what admiration he had for them and the affection they had for him. "To-day," he says, "the spirit of Dickens holds sway in America as it always did, and there can be no doubt but that the common affection for that great lover of humanity, that great proclaimer of the fundamental goodness of human nature, has done more than almost anything else, save the common sorrows of the recent war, to bring the two peoples to a better understanding of each other and to friendship." We believe this to be true, and there could be no better vehicle for saying it than in a book upon a man who is looked upon by the two nations as a common heritage, and whose works form so strong a bond between them.

DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTICS

By FRANCESCO BERGER

(SERIES C, No. 1)

Two characters in one of Dickens's books.

1.—Not past, nor now, a future day,
And, like the rest, 'twill fade away.
2.—So strange a beast of dam was never born,
'Tis borne in arms, to fight with but one horn,
Here, of its second half 'tis curtly shorn,—
It has its ears, they bear no corn.
3.—I have a head, no brains to fill it,
Now mark my point, my value's in it.
4.—The world apart from, trying to be good,
I spend my days in peaceful brotherhood.
5.—Of Nature *this* a copy,
Of lily, rose, or poppy.
6.—Not many, not any,
Not some, not one.

(SERIES C, No. 2)

A character in one of Dickens's books.

1.—They came to do it,
Remained to rue it.
2.—Some I sooth, and some excite,
Of use to none save when alight.
3.—I grow, I swell, till Autumn's middle,
You can't without me play the fiddle.
4.—" *Beseech* me not to leave thee,
For this alone would grieve me."
5.—Thus spake this child of sister
Who wedded her magister.

NOTICE.—Solutions to the above Acrostics (Nos. 1 and 2, Series C) must reach the Editor not later than 28th February, 1920.

SOLUTION OF No. 7 (SERIES B)

AlfreD, RizziO, TrieD, FaG(in), UltramarinE, LiaR.

Correct solutions have been received from: Maud Melville Fowler only.

SOLUTION OF No. 8 (SERIES B)

FlU, LondoN, OlimpiC, RaiL, EclipsE, N.S., C.O., (d)EviL.

Correct solutions have been received from: Maud Melville Fowler; "Abacus"; E. T. Wedmore.

RESULT OF SERIES B

The solutions to the double Acrostics, Series B, No. 1-8 show decidedly in favour of Miss Maud Melville Fowler, who heads all the other competitors by TWO, and is therefore entitled in the prize, which is a copy of Professor Francesco Berger's book of "Reminiscences." This has been forwarded to her with our hearty congratulations. It will be remembered that Miss Fowler divided the prize in the previous Series.

DICKENS—HOW TO KNOW HIM

THE above title appears on the cover of a book by Richard Burton, although its title page reads simply, " Charles Dickens, by Richard Burton."* It may be that the publishers are responsible for the former inscription as a catch title, for it seems of a piece with their glowing description of the book which appears on the wrapper of the book to the effect that " whoever reads this volume will know Dickens as never before, for it is an original and illuminating piece of literary criticism." We cannot wholly subscribe to that opinion. Indeed there is little or nothing out of the common in the book, although it is pleasingly and enthusiastically written. If the reader knew absolutely nothing of Dickens before encountering this book, the publishers' statement would have, for him or her, much truth in it. But in view of the knowledge that scores of better books exist it is not only a bold statement to make but a rather erroneous one.

However, we have found some pleasure in perusing it and are as a rule in sympathy with the author's opinions and criticisms. His chief view is that Dickens is a master of imagination and a mighty moralist, and that his reputation stands or falls by these twin tests. The book is made up chiefly of long extracts from Dickens's stories, with comments and criticisms at the beginning and end of each. These follow two chapters entitled respectively " A Threefold View " and " The Man," the latter setting out in narrative form the story of Dickens's life and his rise to fame, in which, by the way, Beadnell is incorrectly spelled Beadwell, and *Household Words* is credited with printing Dickens's article on Thackeray in 1864, five years after it ceased publication. The article appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine.*

After the lengthy extracts, come three other chapters of criticisms and exposition. The most interesting is on Dickens the artist, whilst the excellent one on Dickens as Reformer would have been mightily strengthened had the author read and studied the volume of " Miscellaneous Papers," as well as the novels.

In the last chapter the author dwells on a point we have frequently enlarged upon ourselves : " The way to know Dickens is to read him . . . In a critical, sophisticated time like ours, the danger is that so much critical apparatus shall gather about a major author that the author himself will never be reached." This makes it possible to talk glibly about an author and his books without being personally acquainted with either.

The young generation must not be allowed to look upon Dickens as a " classic," whose books are the things to have but not necessarily to read. Speaking of these young people the author finds that they like Dickens when they try him. They are surprised to find him so enjoyable, so " modern " as they sometimes express. Dickens is modern, in fact he is perrenial ; and if Mr. Burton's book will create in the rising generation a desire to read Dickens, it will have served a good purpose.

* Charles Dickens, by Richard Burton. Indianapolis : The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

BLEAK HOUSE AND ITS SUGGESTED PROTOTYPES

By T. W. TYRRELL

WHEN the late Mr. F. G. Kitton wrote " The Dickens Country," he referred to an early Georgian house in Gombard's Road, St. Albans, which he said, had been " christened Bleak House in the supposition that it was the veritable house of Mr. Jarndyce, and there appears to be some justification for this, as the position of the house in its relation to the Abbey Church, is in harmony with the details particularized in the Story."

This identification is far from convincing, and appears to be based mainly on the fact that the Abbey can be seen from the house, which is both externally, and internally, totally unlike the description Dickens gave of Bleak House.

The claim of the Georgian house being, therefore, extremely doubtful, it was interesting to find in an article from the " Unitarian Monthly "—reprinted in the October part of *The Dickensian*—a suggestion that Bleak Hall, Kensworth, is the possible prototype of Bleak House.

I have made enquiries as to the probability of this being the case and through the courtesy of Mr. F. D. Bowles, the present owner of the Hall, have been able to obtain some particulars of its history.

The initial objection was the distance—ten miles—of Bleak Hall, from St. Albans, whereas, according to the story, Mr. Jarndyce resided quite near to the city. "We turned out of the town, round a corner," and Bleak House was seen on the top of a hill in front, and when Esther and Buckett were searching for Lady Dedlock, they left their carriage at the posting house and walked to the house. The fact that Bleak Hall is a long way from St. Albans would not, however, by itself, be fatal to a claim that it is the place Dickens intended, for he frequently transferred houses he was describing from their true position to some other locality. There is an instance of this in the same book, Chesney Wold being placed in Lincolnshire, while its admitted original is in Northants.

According to Forster, Dickens commenced writing *Bleak House* at the end of November, 1851. The first part was published in March, 1852, the second part, containing Chap. 6, with the description of the house, in April, and this description is so minute in detail that it is difficult to believe Dickens was not depicting a place with which he was familiar.

Mr. Kitton, in " The Dickens Country," says that while engaged on the early chapters of the novel, Dickens, with Douglas Jerrold, paid a visit to St. Albans to obtain " local colour," and in a note to the " Rochester " edition of *Bleak House*, he states that the evidence of this is an unpublished letter.

The letter referred to is the collection of Mr. W. Miller, who has kindly furnished me with a transcript. It is dated Queen's Hotel, St. Albans, Sixteenth June, 1852, three months *after* the first mention of the name of Mr. Jarndyce's residence in part 1, and two months after the detailed description of it in part 2, had been published.

It is, therefore, clear that if Dickens had Bleak Hall, or any other particular house in his mind, he must have seen it during some previous visit to the neighbourhood.

Bleak Hall, however, up to about 1842, was used as a Workhouse, and was then converted into three cottages. When Mr. Edward Fossey bought the place—the copyhold deed is dated 18 June, 1852—he effected many alterations. The front was made with *two* peaks, and the house was named " Bleak Hall."

After Mr. Fossey, a Mr. Jackson purchased the property and altered the name to " Old Hall." Subsequently Mr. Bowles, the present owner, came into possession, he altered the front back to its original *three* peaks, and rechristened the house " Bleak Hall."

The earliest mention of that name is, as far as at present ascertained, in the deed dated 18th June, 1852, which is *after* the publication of the earlier parts of *Bleak House.*

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

ADJOURNED CONFERENCE OF DELEGATES IN LONDON

By a Member of the Gloucester Branch

THERE was a large gathering of Dickensians from various parts o the country at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, London, on 29th November, when the annual conference of the Dickens Fellowship, which had been adjourned from May 31st, was resumed. Mr. E. H. Burden (Chairman of Council) presided, supported by the President of the Fellowship (Mr. W. Walter Crotch) and other representatives of Headquarters.

Before the conference proper commenced, the representatives of certain provincial branches met at the Headquarters of the Fellowship, 14 Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, to discuss the business on the agenda. The London home of the Fellowship is most happily situated in a locality which is redolent of Dickensian associations and traditions, and the feeling that they were upon such hallowed ground could not fail to have impressed those Dickens enthusiasts who foregathered in the interesting old room up the winding staircase of the Inn. As Mr. Pickwick was led to exclaim upon a memorable occasion : " Curious little nooks in a great place, like London, these old Inns are " : and to lovers of Dickens a spot such as Clifford's Inn has very real attractions indeed.

Those visitors who assembled in the delightful old room which the Headquarters authorities had placed at their disposal might well have been excused if they experienced some difficulty in concentrating upon the comparatively prosaic details before them, in the midst, as they were, of much greater attractions. The walls were literally covered with Dickens pictures of an intensely interesting description, and there were many other relics—things calculated to engross the attention of " the faithful."

For example, the legend, " The Tank," which appeared over a

recess in the wall, at once conjured up visions of poor (and yet happy) Bob Cratchit industriously plying his pen in that "dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank," in Scrooge and Marley's counting-house, and a feeling of apprehension that any moment Ebenezer Scrooge himself might be heard coming up the creaking stairs to disturb the harmony of the gathering, made it difficult for one at least of the party to bestow undivided attention upon the business which had brought the Dickensians together. Emerging from the quietude of this veritable old world oasis (as Serjeant Buzfuz would have said) in the centre of so much modern activity and noise, one half expected, or at least hoped, to run gainst dear old Trotty Veck threading his way on his errands amongst the never-ending stream of motor 'buses and taxi cabs, for the church with the chimes which had for him such an enduring charm, was near at hand.

The conference proceedings at Anderton's were, as Toby Veck would have phrased it, "full of obserwations," lasting as they did a good three hours. The Honorary Secretary of the Gloucester Branch, at the request of the meeting of the group of provincial delegates, made in their name a series of propositions which had as their object the widening of the scope and influence of the Fellowship, the proposition being seconded by the Manchester Hon. Secretary, and ably supported by many other representatives.

In the course of his speech, Mr. Kendall Pearson referred with satisfaction to the progress which the Dickensian cause had made and continued to make, not only in Gloucester and the immediate neighbourhood, but in various parts of the county. He pointed out that in addition to the well-established and extremely vigorous branch at Cheltenham, there was an active and very promising branch at Cinderford (now in its second season), and recently the ancient and historic borough of Tewkesbury had come into line by forming a Dickens organisation under exceedingly happy auspices.

With regard to the latter Branch, Mr. Pearson remarked with pleasure upon the fact that the visit of Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Bob Sawyer, and Ben Allen to the Hop Pole Hotel at Tewkesbury had, after all those years, been followed by the hoisting of the Dickens Fellowship flag in the old borough, and he expressed the hope that not only Stroud but other parts of Gloucestershire (including the smaller towns and village communities) would ere long avail themselves of the pleasures and opportunities for usefulness which were to be found in belonging to the Dickens Fellowship. It was pointed out that the Gloucester Branch now enjoyed the distinction of being, with the possible exception of Edinburgh, the largest of the provincial branches of the Dickens Fellowship.

Most of the Gloucester resolutions were accepted, and the original scheme of Headquarters for the reconstruction of the Fellowship was modified very largely on the lines suggested by the provinces. Eventually a Special Committee, consisting of London and provincial members was appointed to redraft the constitution of the Fellowship in accordance with the alterations which had been made.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL LEAGUE

MR. W. J. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON has recently founded a *Christmas Carol* League which, in its broad principles, if not possibly in all its details, cannot but appeal to all Dickensians. It is a response to the King's appeal for national unity. We cannot do better than quote the founder's own statement of the objects of the League. It is a League, he says, " not of warring nations or competitions, but of co-operations, wedding Capital and Labour with Peace and Plenty for *All* ! Exploiting none, dividing none, uniting all, enriching all with health and happiness . . . United in co-operative production, co-operative trading, universal Free Trade and co-operative distribution."

Some of us, perhaps, are rather despairing of the golden age being re-established within the next year or two, but here is a worthy object, at any rate a Dickensian object. The appearance of Cobden's name may ruffle some feathers, but anyhow, no man denies that Cobden's were worthy ideals, whatsoever some may think of some of the means by which that famous man would have achieved his ideal. At any rate, readers of this magazine must be interested in the League. Its address is 12A Avenue Chambers, 4 Vernon Place, London, W.C. 1.

In connection with the League, Mr. Douglas-Hamilton has recently published a little booklet entitled, " A Dickens Legend : An Interpretation." The first article, from which the booklet takes its title, treats of Dickens's domestic trouble, with the stories of Dora and Agnes as the illuminators. The next, which is entitled, " The Portraiture of a Soul," is a delightful little appreciation of the portrait which the novelist had painted for his sister—the only portrait, in the author's opinion, which reveals the Dickens of the *Carol*. And the third item is a poetical tribute to the novelist—" Christ's Best Interpreter." Mr. Douglas Hamilton has a heart-whole love for Dickens and writes of him with rare enthusiasm.—C.W.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH" IN PARIS

TOWARDS the end of last year, an adaptation of *The Cricket on the Hearth* was produced at the Odéon, the National Theatre in the heart of the Latin Quarter, and attracted crowded audiences. The success forms another proof of the strong appeal which the master of tears and laughter makes to the French mind. " Le Grillon du Foyer"—that is its title : and the adapter has played no tricks with the story. He has brought all its pathos, all its humanity and all its charm ; and the Christmas atmosphere is kept well in the foreground—the plum pudding, the waits who sing unseen, snow and icicles.

It is a tear-compelling play. Round about me women and girls weep, and men show emotion at Dot's trials, at Caleb's cheery optimism under a heavy load of trouble, and at the sadness of his blind daughter. But tears give place to laughter when Tackleton, that mountain of pomposity, occupies the stage. In John the carrier, the audience sees a manly man, and it rejoices in that touch of romance furnished by the

dramatic return of Caleb's son Edward and his marriage with May, and the discomfiture of Tackleton.

The cricket looms largely in the piece. He sings at great moments to the music of Massenet. It is always the same song, impressive, haunting, cheery. The boys in the Latin Quarter have grasped its significance. To be merry is to whistle. So the boys whistle the song of the cricket, no doubt thinking the while of the carrier's great happiness and of the gratitude in his heart as he turns to the hearth where his supper is being cooked under crackling logs, and breathes " Merci, petit grillon."

Massenet has proved a most successful collaborator of Dickens and his adapter. His music is an admirable accompaniment to the play of sentiment. At times bright and sparkling, now languorous and emotional, now breaking into melody arresting by its colouring and tunefulness, it keeps the attention of the audience riveted on the play during the entr'actes. And the note of interest is sustained to the end of the final scene, when everybody is happy, players as well as audience.

JOHN BELL in " The Daily News," 25th November.

THE CITY PICKWICK CLUB

THE City Pickwick Club had a characteristically joyous gathering on 3rd November at its old headquarters, the George and Vulture. Great regret was naturally expressed at the unavoidable absence of the club's vice-president, Sir Edward Cooper, Bart., Lord Mayor of London. Sir Edward, however (who is these Pickwickians' Mr. Wardle) sent a very delightful letter, dropping a gentle hint that he hoped to meet ere long his fellow Pickwickians at the Mansion House. The chair was taken by Mr. B. W. Matz and an admirable address he made concerning the Inimitable. Mr. Alderman Rolls (the club's president), Alderman Sir Louis Newton (another leading member), Mr. Walter Churcher (proposing " The Club "), Mr. C. S. Goodwin (hon. sec.), and Messrs. Smith, Metcalfe, and Scott-Dalgleish (for " The Visitors "), also spoke admirably. The Pickwickians' musical entertainment was amusingly and artistically contributed to by Mr. Walter Churcher, Mr. Tom Hefferman, Miss Winnie Vaughan, Mr. Murray Ashford (who gained enthusiastic encores for his splendid singing), and that droll comedian and raconteur, Mr. Wilson James.

The second meeting of the season took place on 10th December, with Alderman Sir Louis Newton in the chair. It surpassed, if possible, the success of the first. There was a full company present and a fine entertainment was provided by Mr. Willie Rouse, Mr. Edward Nichol, Miss Gladys Caudy and Mr. Cyril Lidington. Mr. Walter Dexter proposed the toast of " The Immortal Memory " in an excellent and telling speech and Mr. Bransby Williams, who joined the gathering for a short time, proposed the toast of the club in a bright and interesting manner. His speech was full of anecdote and reminiscences associated with his career as a Dickens actor and was listened to with great

attention. When, however, he told the audience it was the most characteristic Dickens gathering he had ever visited, he met with a great ovation.

At this meeting a presentation from the members was made to Mr. C. S. Goodwin, the ever popular secretary, in appreciation of all he has done to make the club so great a success.

Altogether a very notable occasion.

DICKENS FOR SCHOOLS

DAVID COPPERFIELD has been added to Messrs. Macmillan's series of English Literature for Secondary Schools. It has been rigorously abridged for the story only occupies 124 pages. But it is admirably curtailed, and each chapter is prefaced with a short explanatory paragraph connecting them together. Mr. H. A. Treble is responsible for the abridgement, and contributes a short introduction, a series of Notes and Exercises, together with a list of subjects arising out of the book suitable for essays. Altogether a valuable little book eminently suited for its purpose .

The same firm publish a series of Pocket Classics of Prose Fiction in which Dickens's *David Copperfield* (2 vols.), *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Oliver Twist* have already appeared. These are published by their American house and contain the full text edited with notes and introduction by educational experts. We have before us *Oliver Twist* the introduction to which is by Frank W. Pine and is devoted to the story of Dickens's life succinctly told. It is a handy volume admirably printed and produced for twenty-five cents.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

" I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it? "—ROSA DARTLE.

ANSWER.

PRINCESS PLACE. The thoroughfare referred to by Mr. Ardagh is, I take it, Crown Court, a narrow and much-used passage composed of some twenty small shops, and anything more unlike the description of Princess Place it would be difficult to imagine. In only one particular does it correspond—it possesses a public house. The residence of Miss Tox was not in a court, and not in a yard; it was in a " no thoroughfare," and grass grew between the chinks in the stone pavement. There was a chapel, a public house and an immense pair of stable gates, with a view of Mews. I have spent many hours in searching for the prototype of Princess Place, and I fear at this distance of time it is not possible to discover it. The locality was undoubtedly in the Berkeley, or Grosvenor Square neighbourhood, but there has been so much alteration and rebuilding in that district in recent years that nothing corresponding to the description in *Dombey and Son* is now to be found.—T. W. TYRRELL, " St. Elmo," Sidmouth.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SLIPS IN DICKENS

SIR,—In the January issue of *The Dickensian* reference was made to a possible slip on Dickens's part in *David Copperfield* because no inquest was held on the death of Steerforth. I am not venturing to give any legal advice on this matter, but I claim to have discovered a more obvious slip on the part of Dickens in regard to my favourite character—Capt. Cuttle.

In Chapter IV. of *Dombey and Son*, we are introduced to the Captain in the following words: "But an addition to the little party" (Sol Gills and Walter at the Midshipman) "now made its appearance, in the shape of a gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand *attached to his right wrist*; very bushy black eyebrows, etc."

Now if you will visit the little Midshipman later in the story (Chapter XLIX.), when Florence has obtained shelter there after having fleed from her father's home, you will find Capt. Cuttle very busy before a fire preparing some dinner for Florence and himself—more for Florence than himself. There is a fowl roasting, egg sauce being made in a little saucepan, hot gravy in a second little saucepan, a handful of potatoes boiling in a third, and in a diminutive frying pan some sausages are hissing and bubbling. "The dinner at length being quite ready, Capt. Cuttle dished and served it up, with no less dexterity than he had cooked it. He then dressed for dinner, by taking off his glazed hat and putting on his coat. That done, he wheeled the table close against Florence on the sofa, said grace, unscrewed his hook, *screwed his fork into its place*, and did the honours of the table."

Now for the argument. Either Capt. Cuttle was left-handed or Dickens is at fault. Otherwise the Captain surely should have had his fork in his left hand and his knife attached to his right wrist in place of the hook. I presume he required a knife for roast fowl, sausages, boiled potatoes, etc.

While on this subject I might add that two of the nine illustrations of Capt. Cuttle are absolutely wrong, both (Fireside Edition, pp. 399, 631) depicting the hook on the left hand. How an artist can commit such an error passes my understanding.

Yours faithfully,

A. O. WOODHEAD.

25 Somers Road,
Walthamstow,
19th November, 1919.

THE DROOD PROBLEM

SIR.—You have already been very generous to me in the matter of space but I am going to ask you to grant me sufficient room to correct a misconception and to put three queries.

In your last issue when referring to my article on the Drood question which you were good enough to publish you observed that I had changed my mind over the main feature of the plot. I must have expressed myself very badly as I intended to make it clear that my ideas concerning the plot remained exactly as before and that I had only changed my view in regard to Dickens's "new idea."

Next is it merely a coincidence that Poe wrote "The Mystery of Marie Roget" dealing with the fate of a young girl who disappeared and was supposed to have been murdered and that Dickens wrote *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* concerning a young man who also disappeared and was also supposed to have been murdered?

Secondly is it only a coincidence that Poe's next tale was "The Purloined Letter" in which he expressly stated that the best way of concealing a letter which was being searched for was not to conceal it at all?

Whether these facts in any way influenced Dickens can only be answered if we can ascertain whether he was acquainted with Poe's Tales, a matter upon which probably only some member of his family can enlighten us.

Lastly do Poe's remarks hold good respecting the point when it becomes "insanity or hypocrisy" to doubt the cogency of cumulative evidence upon any one particular question?

Yours faithfully

67 Springfield Road N.W.8 MONTAGUE SAUNDERS.
December 8th, 1919.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BIRMINGHAM.—The Session 1919-20 commenced on October 8th with a meeting at the Grand Hotel, when the chair was occupied by the President, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop Hamilton Baynes. A lecture on "Chaucer and Dickens" was given by the Rev. Lawrence Clare, and was greatly enjoyed. The lecturer traced points of resemblance between the two writers—notably their love of, and close observation of, humanity, their gifts of humour and pathos, and their treatment in their works of womenkind. They were, indeed, kindred souls. Bishop Hamilton Baynes in his remarks told how his studies at Oxford were relieved by the perusal of the *Pickwick Papers*, and also of the great pleasure he once had of listening to Dickens giving a recital therefrom. During September, two "Extra Items" took place, as a preparation for the Session. On September 18th, a Concert was given by the Crippled Children's Choir, under the direction of Miss A. Bennett. The little songsters charmed all who listened. On September 27th a "Whist Party" was given which was well attended and much enjoyed. On November 12th the first part of the evening was devoted to a recital of the "First Quarter" of *The Chimes*, by Miss Gladys Bragg — a young lady of fourteen—whose delightful rendering, flexible voice and wonderful memory gave the appreciative audience a rare treat. The second portion was taken up by a debate "that Mr. Jellyby was responsible for the mismanagement of that household." Affirmative, Miss Griffiths; supported by Mr. Bristowe. Negative, Miss Dyer; supported by Mr. Hillman. Slashing as were the arguments brought up in defence of Mrs. Jellyby, after much discussion by various members, the vote fixed the responsibility on Mrs. Jellyby.

BOSTON (U.S.A.).—The first meeting of the session took place on October 6th at the Hotel Bellevue when a large and diverse audience attended in Dickensian costume. Mr. Pickwick, his hands clasped behind his back under his coat tails, so as to show to the fullest advan-

tage the generous expanse of his chest and its obvious appendage, he gazed through his spectacles with benevolent eye on Mrs. Bardell and Sergeant Buzfuz, as well as on his friends Tupper and Wardle and his faithful attendant Sam Weller, who brought along his elephantine father. Among the other distinguished guests present were Oliver Twist, Alfred Jingle, Miss Haversham, Joe Gargery, Little Nell and her grandfather and the famous Red Cross Nurse, Mrs. Sairey Gamp. But where, oh, where was the punch ? The absence of a cold fowl or of veal and ham pie was not much noticed, so soon after dinner, but the punch was really missed, and Mr. Pickwick's cheek thereby lacked its usual ruddy tinge. In the reminiscences of some 30 members of the branch Mr. Pickwick and his vast audience lived. They appeared also in an exhibition of coloured Barnard prints, and on the president's table stood in a pot a small slip of English ivy from Dickens's home, Gadshill. Two valuable books from the collection of Dickensiana of the late Edwin Fay Rice of the Boston Public Library were presented to the Fellowship by Mrs. Rice. The club voted to meet during the season on the first Monday of each month.

EASTBOURNE.—The newest branch of the Dickens Fellowship was formed at the Technical Institute the 9th December. The election of Mr. R. T. Thornton as president was proposed in a humorous speech by Alderman Easter, and enthusiastically carried by the crowded audience. Miss Maud G. Tyler (honorary secretary of the Hastings branch), in an exceedingly interesting speech, gave particulars of their doings, particularly in regard to their fine work in support of the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors at St. Leonards. The present session of the local branch will consist of six monthly meetings, the first of which will be held at the Technical Institute on Wednesday, January 7th, at 8 o'clock, when the president will give readings from Dickens, and several members will contribute songs.

GLOUCESTER.—The winter session was inaugurated under very auspicious circumstances at the Guildhall on October 1st, when there was a large attendance of both old and new members. The annual report stated that the membership had increased during the past session from 205 to 239, and these was reason for anticipating that the pre-war high-water mark would soon be passed. In consequence of the increased expenses, the accounts revealed a small deficit. Mr. H. W. Bruton, the first President, was unanimously chosen to succeed Mr. James Richings in the presidential chair. A framed photographic enlargement of the group taken at the Tewkesbury picnic, suitably inscribed, a copy of Mr. J. W. T. Ley's book *The Dickens Circle*, and original editions of *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, were presented on behalf of the Committee to Mr. Richings, Hon. Secretary of the Branch 1909-18, and President 1918-19, in recognition of his valuable services ; and a morocco handbag was given to Mrs. Richings. Mr. E. Kendall Pearson was re-elected Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. The President, in an exceedingly interesting and able address introduced *Barnaby Rudge*, the book chosen for discussion during the session, and illustrated his remarks with some examples from his unique collection of rare Dickensiana. Mr. Charles Fox gave the opening reading, and he was followed at the November and December meetings by Messrs. H. Godwin Chance, T. Beacall, E. R. Richings, A. H. Palmer, and the Misses Elsie Darkin (who has gained a reputation locally as a Dickens

reciter) and Mr. C. West. At the November meeting, congratulations were extended to Mrs. F. H. Bretherton upon the fact that as the result of the efforts of her working party, over 2,000 garments had been despatched to the Red Cross Belgian refugees and children and Serbians. At the December meeting satisfaction was expressed at the progress which the Fellowship continued to make in Gloucestershire, there being now active Branches at, in addition to Gloucester and Cheltenham, Cinderford and Tewkesbury, and the hope was entertained that ere long Stroud and some of the smaller towns and villages would also come into line.

LIVERPOOL.—The first Meeting of the Session was held on October 15th, 1919, at the Royal Institution, Mr. Tessimond presiding. The Rev. J. R. Meagher delivered an address on Thomas Campion, an Elizabethan lyrist, 1558-1625. Mr. T. N. Philip presided on October 29th, 1919, and the two following meetings on 29th October. The President exhibited and commented upon photographs of the watch, said to have belonged to the elder Mr. Weller; they were sent by the Rev. Canon Smith, whose intention was to bring the watch to the meeting, but had since parted with it. Dr. C. Alston Hughes, who was warmly welcomed back to the Fellowship, gave a most interesting account of his personal experiences with the Chinese in France. On 8th November Mr. William M. Darry began by tracing the various incidents leading up to the trial of Bardell *versus* Pickwick, making it one complete narrative, and called his evening "The Incident of Mrs. Bardell." His elocution and clever rendering was much enjoyed by his audience, who appreciated the ingenious manner in which he had brought these incidents together. On November 26th, Mr. O'Mahony delivered an address on "Wit and Humour," which was full of racy remarks and anecdotes told with rare skill; he advocated the cultivation of more humour in many phases of life and paid a tribute to the memory of that great humourist "Charles Dickens" whose works had been his inspiration since early youth. December 10th was a Members' evening. Miss Parnell contributed a clever paper on Dickens's Foreign Pictures, pointing out the peculiar way in which things had appeared to him, how much more he was drawn to the human element, than with buildings and scenery. Mr. Wallace followed with an original discourse on Dickens's Heroines, full of perception and humour, which was much enjoyed by his hearers. Mr. Philip, who presided, then spoke of Dickens and his association with Liverpool, a City to which he had paid many visits, had acted and spoken in, and for which he always entertained a deep regard. A general discussion followed, in which the following participated: Mrs. Helsly, Miss Parnell, Messrs. Darry, Tessimond, Elvis and Wallace.

LONDON.—The Season opened with a Social Gathering, successful in every way, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on October 4th. The members were received by the President, and Mrs. Warren. During the afternoon, songs were contributed by Misses Maude Jones and Marjorie Tucker and Mr. Douglas B. Edwards. Miss Ena Hay Howe gave two recitations—"Mr. Gradgrind visiting the Model School," and "Mr. Weller Senior on the art of letter writing." Mr. Frank Johnson, late Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., the ex-President, related some of his War experiences. Mrs. Gamlin presided at the piano. On November 1st Dr. J. R. Leeson, J.P., was in the chair on the occasion of a capital

lecture on "Worry" (as it might be regarded by Mark Tapley) The lecturer explained the nature and genesis of Worry, and enlarged upon the Literature relating to the subject, the significance of dreams, and the rôle of imagination. The Tapleyan point of view was well brought out. The Lecturer concluded with some remarks upon bearing our Crosses and turning our Crosses into Sceptres. The Chairman, as a medical man, had much to say about the subject of the Lecture, and in thanking Mr. Keane paid a high tribute to his method of dealing with it. December 6th was members' afternoon. Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross was in the chair. Papers on *The Chimes*—the selected book for Christmas Study—were read by Messrs. W. J. Roffey and S. J Rust, the paper of the former being "The Chimes Church" and that of the latter "The Third Quarter Retolled." They were both much enjoyed. Miss G. Reynolds-Lea recited in splendid style a chapter from the book; Miss Marion Hill and Messrs. Jimmy Bees and F. H. Saunders delighted the company by their songs. Mr. G. Haviland had on view a number of pictures illustrating *The Chimes*. The Secretary announced a large accession of members. The Ladies' Working Party will meet at 14 Cliffords' Inn on Tuesday afternoon, December 30th, and thereafter fortnightly. The Members have made a grand response to the appeal for Toys for the Children in the Hospitals; they were on view at No. 14 Cliffords' Inn. It is with very great regret that the members heard of resignation of Miss A. Lowe as Treasurer. Mr. A. O. Woodhead, 35 Somers Road, Walthamstow, E.17, has undertaken the office.

MANCHESTER.—The Session opened on October 3rd, when Mr. J. Cuming Walters gave his presidential address. He announced an anonymous gift of £25 from a Life-Member of the Branch, to be used at the President's discretion for the benefit of objects served by the Fellowship. From this sum donations had been made to St. Dunstan's, to the Crippled Children's Help Society, and to Father Holt for use at the Well Lane Military Hospital, Withington. Part of the residue has been expended in books for the Branch's Lending Library. Following the address, the Dickens Fellowship Concert Party gave an excellent entertainment, under the direction of Mr. Gerald Farmer. Refreshments were served during the evening, and an encouraging start was made with the winter's programme. The meeting on November 7th was devoted to short papers and recitations. Miss Ingall gave "The Dancing Academy," from "Sketches by Boz," Mr. E. Briggs read two extracts from the same work; Miss Tickle recited an original composition, and Mr. A. Humphreys read a short paper on "Dickens and the Wreck of the Royal Charter." The Annual Supper was held at the Clarion Café on November 21st, when eighty members and friends spent an enjoyable social evening. On December 5th, the President read a delightful paper on "The Half-Unknown Charles Dickens," Mr. Gerald Farmer being in the chair, supported by Father Holt, who expressed his appreciation of the work done in the hospitals by the Concert Party during the war. The secretary gave a *resumé* of the proceedings at the adjourned Conference held in London on November 29th, and stated that it had been decided to invite the Conference of 1920 to meet in Manchester. About forty new members have been enrolled.

NEW YORK.—The first meeting of the Branch for the season was

held on October 17th, at the headquarters, the National Arts Club. The President, Dr. Allen, opened the meeting. Vice-President, Mrs. Ihlseng took the chair for the business part of the evening. Officers were elected as follows :—President, Dr. Allen ; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Ihlseng, Mr. Pond, Mrs. Kilmer ; Treasurer, Mrs. Van Deusen ; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sabin ; Recorder, Mr. Maerz. Executive Council, the Officers and Mrs. Shippen, Miss Herrick, Mr. Alexander. Dr. Allen, taking the Chair, spoke of *The Dickensian* and its great interest to all lovers of Dickens, and urged the members to subscribe. Mrs. Newcomer told some very interesting reminiscences of her summer's trip through the Orient. The Treasurer reported a balance of $48.03 on hand. Dr. Allen spoke on the programme for the coming year and of good things in store. Mr. Pond told of the coming of the great English reader, Mr. Alexander Watson, to America, and of intending to have him at one meeting ; also of Mr. Frank Speight and his new work in the motion picture world. It was much regretted that Mr. Speight will not come to America this year. Mrs. Kilmer spoke of her new work this winter, the reading of the poems of her son, Sergeant Joyce Kilner, known as the Chesterfield of American Letters, who gave his life for freedom in France. After adjournment, refreshments were served. The Branch held its regular monthly meeting on November 21st, at the headquarter,s the National Arts Club. The first Vice-President, Mrs. Ihlsend, presided for part of the evening, until the arrival of the President, Dr. Allen, who was attending a dinner of the Dante League. Miss Elsa S. Cobb sang two songs, and responded to an encore. The Secretary read a letter from Secretary Franklin of the Philadelphia Branch, among other things, referring to the Memorial stone for the grave of Alfred T. Dickens ; also a letter from Howard Duffield, who had been asked to take the leadership of the projected study-class, but declining, though promising to be present when he could, as a member, and acting informally. A motion was carried that the New York Branch immediately take steps for the erecting of the Memorial on A. T. Dickens's grave. A motion was carried that Mr. Henry Alexander be chairman of that work. The Chairman spoke of the Regular Christmas Party, and announced that it would take the form of an Author's Reading, and that the following eminent authors had promised to take part :—Irving Bachelor Hamlin Garland, Clinton Scollard, Mrs. D. F. Robinson, Chas. H. Towne, Editor of McClure's, Miss Alice Moncrieff, soprano soloist. A letter was read from the Actor's Memorial Fund Committee, regarding the Fund to which all societies in New York were asked to contribute. A motion was carried to give $15 from the treasury, and a collection to be taken up in addition. Mr. Chas. H. Govan founder of the New York Branch, spoke on the war work he was just completing. Mr. Govan was one of 14 men chosen by the Government to lecture throughout the country to workmen, in combating the pro-German propaganda and speed up production during the war ; he was 18 months engaged in this work, and his lecture on it was of great interest. Miss Cobb was called on for more songs. The Treasurer, Mrs. Van Deusen, reported $50·00 on hand and spoke of a Dickensa Carnival to be given at St. George, Staten Island, on December 18-20, consisting of plays and tableaux in costume, and arranged for a party of the members to attend. There was exhibited a number of handsomely framed coloured pictures of Dickensian scenes presented by Mr. Henry Alexander.

PORTSMOUTH.—The seventeenth Annual Meeting was held on October 20th. The Mayor, Councillor J. Timpson, J.P., presiding over a good attendance. The Hon. Secretary presented the report and balance sheet. The report showed that the Nurse Fund of £1,000 was completed, and invested, and the interest kept a Victoria Nurse working in the Charles Dickens Ward. Also that £105 had been sent to the Dickens Home for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers at St. Leonards on Sea, and that the benevolent work was well maintained The bank balance showed a credit of £29 5s. 8d. The officers were all re-elected. On November 20th, a month after the Annual Meeting, a Social re-union of members took place in the magnificent Town Hall, about 300 being present. The Hon. Secretary during the interval stated that since the Annual Meeting, just over 800 had paid their subscriptions ; this was considered very satisfactory. An excellent programme of music was gone through and the lady members of the Council and friends were kept busy in ministering to the masticatory powers of the guest until all were satisfied.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The opening meeting of the Session was held on November 10th at the St. Paul's Parish Room, when songs were rendered by Miss Queenie Hood, Miss Freementle and Mr. Parey. Mrs. Bacon recited "Fezziwig's Ball." Miss Cranston gave "The Tempest," and Mrs. G. H. Bishop "The Four Miss Willis's." A sketch entitled "Female Amenities" was given by Miss K. Gross, Miss E. Hood and Miss Q. Hood. Great regret was expressed on hearing of the impending resignation of the President, Dr. Alex. Hill, M.A., and hearty thanks to him were accorded to him for past services. There was a good attendance and the Chair was occupied by Mr. A. C. Hallett.

SOUTHEND.—The meeting on the 9th October was a great success. There was a record attendance, about 230 persons being present, of whom over thirty attended in Dickensian costumes. The winners being Miss Ivy Lea, as the Opium Woman, and Mr. Newbury as Silas Wegg. The entertainment side of the programme comprised musical items by Mr. and Mrs. Lockart, Miss Mayhew and Miss D. Jones. Recitations were given by Mrs. J. May ("Fezziwig's Ball"), Miss Aldridge, Mr. H. E. Sames, Mr. Nicholson, and a duologue by Mrs. Payton and Mr. Bowey (Lucie Manette and Sidney Carton), Mr. Francis Wade on the Fellowship's work and influence.

TEWKESBURY.—At a meeting held at the Y.M.C.A. on 3rd November, there was a good attendance. The meeting was opened by Mr. W. North, who read extracts from *The Pickwick Papers*, whilst a further selection was given by Mr. L. L. Stroud. Between these two readings the business was taken and Mr. W. Dillon Ricketts was unanimously chosen first President of the Branch, Mr. H. de Courcy Peach was elected Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, whilst Mesdames Badham, Dyer and Lace, and Messrs. L. L. Stroud and G. L. Dixon were appointed the Committee. For the session the books nominated were *David Copperfield* and *Pickwick Papers*, and the former was chosen by seventeen votes to eleven.

WINNIPEG.—The Branch opened its season very auspiciously on October 9th by an address by the President, Prof. Frank Allen, on

"Dickens and the Lawyers." There was a good attendance. H. G. Wade, honorary president, who occupied the chair, mentioned that that was the Fellowship's ninth annual meeting and said that fact was its best answer to the prediction of those critics who prophesied that such a society could but have a short term of existence in Winnipeg. Prof. Allen, who selected his types from *Bleak House*, the *Tale of Two Cities*, *David Copperfield*, the *Pickwick Papers*, and others of Dickens's works, pointed out that the author did not single out any one class of men for particular attention and observed that the name connoted the character in Dickens's scheme of portraiture. His purpose was to hold certain types of men, whether they were lawyers, teachers, or clergymen, to ridicule, scorn, contempt or otherwise, with a view to having them removed. Dickens was a kind of social doctor trying to reform society. Mr. Conder's impersonations followed The characters taken were "Uriah Heep," "Wilkins Micawber," "Daniel Peggotty," "Mr. Mantalini," and the grandfather in the *Old Curiosity Shop*. The new officers of the Fellowship were announced as follows:—Honorary President, H. G. Wade; President, Prof. F. Allen; Vice-Presidents, Prof. A. J. Berry, Mrs. Stoughton, J. Bruce Walker, Bro. Joseph, S.M.; Treasurer, E. L. Martinet; Secretary, C. W. Youell; Assistant Secretary, F. Heintz. A splendid meeting was held on 13th November, when the Rev. Canon J. O. Murray, Professor at St. John's College, spoke on "An Ending to Edwin Drood." It was a scholarly address, in which he held that John Jasper was the murderer, and Helen Landless—Datchery. The President, Prof. Frank Allen, was in the chair.

GLASGOW DICKENS SOCIETY.—Sheriff Fyfe, President, opened the new session with a lecture in the Masonic Hall, on 27th October. There was a large attendance. The lecturer's subject was "Dickens and Work." Proceeding to discuss Dickens's attitude towards work and to conjecture what might have been his attitude in our day, Sheriff Fyfe said that Dickens emphasised the value of work for its own sake and not for the money rewards, an attitude sadly lacking in our times. Dickens had no tolerance for the drone or the slacker. He would have poured out his wrath upon what at the present day was known as the ca' canny policy of certain deluded sections of labour. The Rev. Matthew Gardner delivered a lecture at the Masonic Halls on 24th November, Sheriff Fyfe presiding. Mr. Gardner, whose subject was "Why we Love Dickens," said we loved him because he was a lovable man—loved by his friends in life, in whose company he was never bookish, or posed as in any way superior to them. Of conceit he had none. He was loved by his readers. High and low, learned and unlearned, alike loved the man.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens. Edited with introduction and notes by Frank W. Pine. New York: The Macmillan Co., 25c.

The Dickens Circle, by J. W. T. Ley. Illustrated, with new introduction. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., $6.00.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Famous Dickensian Inns," by B. W. Matz; XVI.—"The Saracen's Head," Towcester; XVII.—"Jack Straw's Castle," Hampstead; XVIII.—"The Spaniard's," Hampstead; XIX.—"The Royal," Leamington; XX.—"The Ship," Greenwich. *Christian Science Monitor*, 15th September, 23rd September, 14th October, 8th November.

"Charles Dickens and the Daily News" (Jottings). *The United Methodist*, 16th October.

"Three Dynamitards" (Dickens, Meredith, Galsworthy), by J. J. Eaton. *Socialist Review*, November.

"Nelson and Dickens: Memories in Portsmouth," by Lockwood Huntley. *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, 25th October.

"Railway Strikes: by Charles Dickens." *Daily Mirror*, 3rd October.

"First Editions of Dickens," by E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A. *Reading Mercury*, 18th November.

"Drood and the Skeleton Keys," by John o' London. *John o' London's Weekly*, 1st October.

"London in Little: The Old Curiosity Shop," by W. *John o' London's Weekly*, 4th October.

"Literary Lights of the 19th Century *v.* Charles Dickens," by Morice Gerard. *Church Family Newspaper*, 3rd October.

"Golden Square Memories." Letters by W. J. Roffey and T. W. Tyrrell. *Daily Chronicle*, 29th October and 1st November.

"Dickens as a Hard Worker." Cartoon by Bud Fisher. *Daily Express*, 29th October.

"Dennis the Hangman" and "Dickens's Topographical Slips." *Notes and Queries*, September.

"One Hundred Condensed Novels." 41, "Tale of Two Cities," by Sara A. Hamlin; 49, "Dombey and Son," by Caroline Ticknor; 64, "Little Dorrit," by C. E. L. Wingate; 86, "The Old Curiosity Shop," by F. H. Dole; 97, "Bleak House," by W. D. Quint. *Boston Post* (U.S.A.), 10th and 18th June, 3rd and 25th July, 5th August.

"The Identity of Bleak House." Letter from Ideal Film Company. *Times Literary Supplement*, 13th November; Reply by Henry F. Dickens, K.C., 20th November; by Frank Beal, 11th December.

"The Royal Charter: A Notable Wreck Recalled," by Arthur Humphreys. *Manchester City News*, 8th November.

"The Pickwickian Christmas: Temperatures at Dingley Dell." *The Times*, 15th November.

"Ten-Minutes Novels: Our Mutual Friend." Condensation by Alfred S. Clark. *Winnipeg Evening Tribunal*, 7th November.

"Mr. Pickwick at the Play: A visit to the Eclipse," by A. B. W. *Times*, 26th November.

"Dickens and the Revenue." Letter by Walter Sichel. *Times*, 28th November.

"Serials" (Dickens and others). *Liverpool Post*, 1st December.

"A Dickens of a Dream" (illustrated by F.C.G.). *Saturday Westminster Gazette*, 13th December.

"The Romance of Child's Bank," by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton; "Portrait of Charles Dickens," by Joseph Simpson, A.R.A.; "Christmas: A Sermon and a Carol," by John o'London; "Ghost Stories—True and Untrue" (Scrooge's Ghost), by Seymour Hicks. *John o' London's Weekly* 13th December.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

All meetings at 8 o'clock unless otherwise stated.

JANUARY

1. Hackney and Stoke Newington: Papers on "A Christmas Carol," by Members, at Christ Church Hall, Kenninghall Road, at 7-45.
   Hull: New Year's Party, Windsor Room, the Metropole, at 7-45.
3. London: Lecture, "Ben Jonson," by Mr. Stanley Cooper, F R.S.L., at Anderton's Hotel, at 3 o'clock.
7. Eastbourne: Meeting at Technical Institute.
8. Winnipeg: Dickensian Vaudeville Evening by the Dickens Fellowship players.
9. Manchester: Special Meeting, "Dingley Dell" Peace Party at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
10. Brighton: Meeting at Brighton Library, at 7 o'clock.
12. Glasgow: "Child Characters in Dickens," by Mr. J. A. Love Tindal, at Masonic Halls.
    Southampton: Monthly meeting.
14. Birmingham: Lecture, "Eating and Drinking in Dickens," by Dr. W. H. Line, M.D., at Grand Hotel, at 7-15.
    Bristol: Character Sketches from *Edwin Drood*, arranged by Mr. George Tonkin at all Saints' Hall, at 7-30.
    Liverpool: Paper, "Dickensian Jottings," by Mr. Wray, at Royal Institution.
15. Edinburgh: Readings, "The Story of Richard Doubledick," by Mr. H. W. Brierley, and "Sydney Carton's Sacrifice," by Mr. R. C. H. Morrison at Goold Hall.
16. Hull: Lecture, "Dickens's Humbugs," by Rev. E. J. Chappell, at The Metropole, 7-45.
19. Southend: Performance of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" at the New Palace Theatre, and following evenings.
28. Liverpool: "An Evening with Dickens," by Mr. T. H. M. Fleming, at Royal Institution.
29. Edinburgh: Lecture, "Landscapes and Lumscapes," by Miss Rosaline Masson, at Goold Hall.
30. Hull: Lecture, "America and Dickens," by Mr. C. H. Burden, B.A., B.Sc., at The Metropole, 7-45.

FEBRUARY

3. Edinburgh: Dramatic Performance of *Great Expectations*. Dramatised by Mrs. Laurence Raithby at Laureston Street Hall, and on four following days.
5. Birmingham: Dickens Character-Dress Dance, at the Grosvenor Room, Grand Hotel.
5. London: Birthday Recital by Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., of *Great Expectations* at Guildhall School of Music, at 7-30. Tickets for members' friends of the Secretary.
6. Manchester: Dickens's Birthday Celebration at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
7. Bristol: Dickens Birthday Celebration.
   Brighton: Meeting at Brighton Library, at 7.
   London: Whist Drive at Ye Mecca, 140 Cheapside, E.C. Tickets 3/6 each.

8. Glasgow: Dickens Birthday Service at Hillhead U.F. Church. Preacher, Rev. Daniel Lamont, B.D., at 6-30.
9. Southampton: Monthly Meeting.
   Eastbourne: Whist Drive.
11. Bristol: Dramatic Evening at All Saints' Hall, at 7-30.
    Liverpool: Paper, "Literary Styles and Stylists," by Mr. James Eccles, at Royal Institution.
12. Edinburgh: Short Papers: "The Children in *Dombey and Son*," by Miss Ellen G. Dunne; and "Dickensian Houses," by Miss E. S. Power, at Goold Hall.
    Winnipeg: Lantern Lecture, "London the Hub of the World," by Rev. Dr. Salton.
13. Glasgow: Play, *Oliver Twist*, Dramatised by Mr. Percival Steed, at Athenæum Hall, at 7-15, and four following evenings.
13. Hull: Birthday Celebrations, at The Metropole, 7-45.
19. Glasgow: "A Minister's Appreciation of Dickens," by Rev. R. Moffat Gillon, M.A., at Accountants' Hall.
    Hackney and Stoke Newington: Recital Lecture, "Dickens in Youth and Fancy," by Rev. Joseph Gay, at Christ Church Hall, Kenninghall Road, at 7-45.
25. Liverpool: Members' Evening, Papers and Discussions on *Bleak House* at Royal Institution.
26. Edinburgh: Lecture, "Bertha Plummer and the Kingdom of the Blind," by Mr. William Stone, at Goold Hall.
27. Hull: English Folk Song (illustrated), by Mr. C. H. Gore, M.A., at The Metropole, 7-45.

MARCH

5. Manchester: A Dickens Evening, Dramatic Recitals by Mr. Ryder Boys and Pupils, at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
   Glasgow: Social Evening, at McLellan Galleries, at 7.
6. Brighton: Meeting at Brighton Library, at 7 o'clock.
8. Southampton: Monthly Meeting.
8. London: Lantern Lecture, "Artist Friends of Dickens," by Mr. Augustus Ovey at Anderton's Hotel, at 3 o'clock.
10. Birmingham: Members' Evening, Discussion on *Bleak House*, at Grand Hotel.
    Liverpool: General Meeting at Royal Institution.
11. Winnipeg: Lecture, "Dickens and America," by Professor Perry.
    Edinburgh: Short Papers, "The Two Captains," by Miss J. J. Stevenson, and "Mainly concerning Mr. and Mrs. Barkis," by Mr. W. Collingridge Barnett, at Goold Hall.
10. Bristol: Character Sketches, arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Giddings, at All Saints' Hall.
12. Hull: Dramatic Recital and Lecture—"Cæsar" (Shakespeare). by Mr. C. E. Snowdon, at The Metropole, 7-45.
24. Birmingham: Annual Meeting at Grand Hotel.
    Hackney and Stoke Newington: Dramatic Evening, arranged by Mr. C. W. Baker, at Christ Church Hall, Kenninghall Road.
25. Edinburgh: Lecture, "The Province of Humour," by Sir Edward Parrott, LL.D., at Goold Hall.
26. Manchester: Social Evening and Exhibition of Dickensiana, at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
    Hull: Instrumental, Vocal and Dramatic Recital, Mrs. Edward Pocock, F.C.V., L.L.C.M., and friends, at The Metropole, 7-45.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN

Frontispiece to the Original Edition of the Play

Drawn by Phiz

See page 67

THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XVI. APRIL 1920 No. 2

WHEN FOUND—

THE 108th Anniversary of Dickens's birth on 7th February last was observed by the branches of the Dickens Fellowship throughout the world by the holding of special meetings and banquets or in other ways. The grave in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey was visited by many pilgrims who placed wreaths upon it. In celebration of the anniversary in London, Mr. Henry F. Dickens gave a recital of his father's *Great Expectations* at the Guildhall School of Music to a crowded audience. He used on the occasion the reading table his father had especially made for all his public readings which created great interest. The scene was the subject of a full-page picture in "The Graphic" of 14th February, drawn by Mr. William Hatherall, R.I. A further reference to the recital is made on another page.

* * * * *

Mr. Bransby Williams also made the event the occasion for a recital. He has set himself the task of raising £10,000 in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children at Hackney, and made a splendid start on Sunday, February 8th, at the Criterion Theatre, London, with his Lecture-Recital on Dickens. The theatre was well filled, and the whole of the proceeds will go to the fund. Mr. Williams was in his element, and it was a welcome treat once again to see him give his inimitable impersonations from Dickens, although they were used merely to illustrate certain points in his wonderfully interesting lecture. That our feelings were shared by the audience, the continual and enthusiastic applause which punctuated the lecture, was complete evidence.

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On the 16th February Mr. Martin Harvey celebrated the 21st Anniversary of the production of "The Only Way" and was the recipient of shoals of telegrams and letters of congratulation. The success of the play is remarkable in many ways. It is really the only play founded on a Dickens novel, of which it can be said that it is good Dickens and good Drama. In addition to which the part of Sydney Carton, so perfectly fitted to the art and genius of Mr. Martin Harvey, appeals to every class of playgoer to such an extent that there is no reason why the success of the play should not continue as long as Mr. Harvey can play it. And when Mr. Harvey has given up the part, no doubt someone will come forward and fill his shoes, even though inadequately. Anyway, we trust that will not be for many years, and we wish Mr. Harvey long life and health to go on breaking records with his wonderful acting.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Lord Russell, which took place at Liverpool on 20th February in his 86th year. He was a devoted Dickensian, and besides being a Vice-President of the Dickens Fellowship, was intimately associated with its branch in Liverpool. Born in London on 9th August, 1834, he began business life in a bank, but soon forsook that calling for the one of Journalism, in which profession he remained until his death. From the editorship of the "Islington Gazette," he rose to the position of the leading journalist of the country. He became editor of "The Liverpool Post" in 1869, and remained its chief guiding influence until two or three years ago. In 1893 he was knighted and in August last he was elevated to the Peerage, when he chose the title of Lord Russell of Liverpool. Of his literary publications, his best known are "That Reminds Me," and a volume "An Editor's Sermons."

* * * * *

The Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship which, during the years of the War, has been just a mere formality, will be held this year in Manchester, at the invitation of the Branch there, on Saturday, 5th June. A reception of delegates will take place in the Milton Hall, Deansgate, on Friday evening, 4th June, from 7 to 8 p.m., to be followed by a dramatic performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth* by members of the Manchester Branch. The Conference proper will be held on Saturday morning at 10-30, in the Lord Mayor's Parlour at the Town Hall, by kind permission of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor, and a banquet will be held in the evening at which he will preside. Full particulars of all arrangements, which are in the hands of the Manchester Committee, may be had from Mr. Arthur Humphreys, 78 Hamilton Road, Manchester.

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The ninth of June next will be the 50th Anniversary of Dickens's death, and it is a wonderful testimony to his genius that the vitality of all he wrote is still as fresh, half a century after he has passed away, as it was at the zenith of his fame during his lifetime. His books are bought and read in greater numbers to-day than ever. And a knowledge of them is more necessary to the stock in trade of the working journalist than any thing else. At any rate, it would seem so, judging by the incessant quotations from, and references to his books which we encounter daily in the press. There was, by the way, an excellent and timely article in "The Quotability of Dickens" by Mr. F. G. Jackson in the "Yorkshire Weekly Post" on Dickens's birthday, wherein the writer truly says that many people use phrases and aphorisms from the novelist's books who are ignorant of their origin.

* * * * *

A correspondence recently appeared in "The Times Literary Supplement" on errors in *Dombey and Son*. It commenced by the pointing out of printer's errors in the first edition, and was carried on by writers who had discovered other little lapses. The illustrations were also included in the list, and Phiz's mistake, and Dickens's too, regarding Captain Cuttle's hook were not overlooked. These, of course, are

not new discoveries, and although they are perhaps not things which every schoolboy knows, students and collectors of Dickens are well acquainted with them. Indeed they are in many cases the test points of a first edition. There has also been a correspondence appearing in " The Observer " on " Smoking in Dickens." A gentleman in Guernsey, who had read all of Dickens's books, wrote to ask if cigarette smoking was mentioned in the novels. He could not remember. Scores of readers promptly informed him, many of whom vouchsafed information he was not seeking. But what can one expect when Dickens is the subject of a question? He is so universally read that the answers simply pour in. And one curious point leads onto another. Even " The Morning Post " gave up a whole column recently in order to prove that the peculiar form of wit now known as " Wellerisms " did not originate with Dickens, and proceeded to quote the well-known instances in Scott and the similarity of the witticisms of Sam Weller to those of Simon Spatterdash in the old farce of " The Boarding House." All of which goes to show how perennial Dickens is, and helps incidentally to prove that those who say the rising generation does not read Dickens with intelligence are wrong. These, and all the other little riddles, lapses, curiosities in the novelist's books, will continue to excite interest as new readers discover them.

* * * * *

A correspondent (Mr. C. E. Skinner) writing to the New York " Sun " in reference to the number of people who read the *Christmas Carol* every Christmas, says: " I wish to be recorded among the ' also ran,' that I have read the Carol on Christmas Eve for thirty-seven consecutive years, and am still going strong. One of my sons has read it for twenty-three years, and eventually expects to beat his dad's record. An ardent admirer of Dickens, I think the Carol is his masterpiece, and would recommend its annual perusal to the present day successors of Old Scrooge, as it may have a tendency to make them loosen up and display a little Christian spirit—' not the kind you mean '—on this great holiday."

* * * * *

In " Scribner's Magazine " for January last is a charming story entitled " The Roman Bath " by J. T. Wheelwright, who weaves his narrative round the famous Roman Bath in Strand Lane referred to in *David Copperfield*. Many Dickensian characters are introduced, and the illustrations depicting them are cleverly portrayed by Reginald Birch's artistic pencil.

* * * * *

In the same issue, an instalment of Sidney Colvin's " Recollections " appear, in which, speaking of Sir E. Burne Jones, he says: " Modern imaginative literature of the best kind Burne-Jones possessed in a scarcely less degree, his two great favourites being (as they are the favourites of every wise reader) Walter Scott and Dickens. As the books of Louis Stevenson came out successively, he gave them a place in his affection almost next to these. In Dickens what he loved especially were the parts most riotously comic. I can see and hear

him now shouting with laughter as he echoed the choicer utterances of Sam Weller or Micawber or Mrs. Gamp, his head flung back and beard in the air. And he was very capable of Dickens-like observations and inventions of his own. No one had a quicker or more healthily amused sense, without sting or ill-nature, of the grotesque and the absurd in ordinary life; no one loved better to make, or had a better gift for making, by speech or pencil, happy fun and laughter with his children and grandchildren."

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In an interesting article in the "Kent Messenger" recently, the statement was made that the Cheeryble Brothers "were in reality Maidstone personages who have handed down their fame to our own day." The originals of Dickens's generous and warm-hearted brothers, according to the writer of the article, were the Brothers Hollingworth of Turkey Mill. There may be a good deal of conjecture concerning the originals of several of the novelist's characters, but there never has been any doubt from whom Dickens drew the two noble-hearted friends of Nicholas Nickleby. They were the brothers Daniel and William Grant of Ramsbottam and Manchester. The statement is made on the authority of Dickens himself, who met them on one occasion and cherished their memory always. For many years he possessed a portrait of Daniel Grant, and on the death of William, the novelist wrote, "One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers is dead. If I had been in England, I would certainly have gone into mourning for the loss of such a glorious life." Readers of *The Dickensian* need not be reminded of these facts, for several articles have appeared in our pages on the subject, and the country of the Cheeryble Grants is a prominent Dickensian landmark, which delegates to the conference at Manchester may have the opportunity of visiting.

* * * * *

In his "Robert Buchanan and other Essays," (published in 1901), Mr. Henry Murray says in one chapter entitled "French and English," "I can remember at this moment only two great imaginative English writers of the Victorian era whose utterances regarding France were unvarying in sympathy and kindness—Charles Dickens and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Dickens 'loved the French,' as he loved all men, and never spoke of them, as a nation, except with affection and admiration." In the same book Mr. Murray has further references to Dickens. They appear in the last Chapter, "De Profundis," in a letter to a nephew urging him not to adopt literature or journalsim as a profession. How much attention should be paid to a man who goes out of his way publicly to decry and blacken his own profession, is a matter of opinion, and need not bother us here. But Mr. Murray has a sublime contempt for the reading public. "To tell me," he says, "that a public who adores Miss Marie Corelli and buys a hundred thousand copies of 'Three Men in a Boat,' has any comprehension of literature *as* literature is to insult my common-sense. It likes Miss Corelli and Walter Scott, Dickens and Mr. Jerome, for the same reasons." "Scott and Miss Corelli (proceeds Mr. Murray) both tell

stories. The one tells them like a great artist, the other does not. Dickens and Mr. Jerome both aim at inspiring laughter. That they succeed equally is as good a commentary on the common intelligence as to take alternative swigs of comet hock and unsweetened gin would be upon the physical palate of an individual. True, Scott and Dickens will remain, while our latter-day idols will sooner or later slip back into their native obscurity. The majority would let them and their bungling imitators slide together, and would regret one set of writers as little as the other." Almost all of which is nonsense.

* * * * *

The reading public are a hopelessly ignorant, unliterary mob. Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray are popular, it is confessed (with apparent reluctance), but " they are popular, not because of, but in spite of, the qualities which make them valuable to the cultured minority. Ask the average reader which he prefers, the rollicking farce of *Pickwick*, or the social swerve and satire of *Hard Times*. I insist specially on Dickens for several reasons. He is indubitably the most popular of all great English writers, and, to my thinking at least, as indubitably the most inartistic and imperfect of them all, and it is always his trickiest and least worthy work which is most admired." In support of this last statement, Mr. Murray, as we have seen, contrasts the popularity of *Pickwick* to the non-popularity of *Hard Times*. But he also places in contrast the death of Paul Dombey which he has heard lauded to the skies a thousand times, and the vision of Sydney Carton on the platform of the guillotine, which he has hardly ever heard mentioned ! That surely is odd ! If one thing has characterised the Dickens revival of the last couple of decades more than another, has it not been the popularity of *A Tale of Two Cities* ? And have not many good Dickensians, quite above suspicion, rather wondered at it, almost regretted it, holding that this is the least Dickensian of all Dickens's works ?

* * * * *

Apropos of our references to Mr. Theordore Roosevelt and Dickens in our January issue, the following note from Mr. J. B. Capper taken from " The Times" a few days later will be of interest. " *Martin Chuzzlewit* was a book in which Roosevelt certainly took a serious and lasting interest," says Mr. Capper, and goes on to say that " In 1908 he gave me the privilege of a long private talk at the White House, in which various subjects were discussed with the utmost frankness. Among those he introduced were Dickens and *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and this is in effect what he said, though I cannot quote the exact works :— Whenever I am inclined to feel depressed about the future of my country I read *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It is the best cure I know. For I look at the enormous change between that time and this, and I say to myself that if in sixty years we have made so great an advance we need set no limit to our hopes for the future. Because (he added with emphasis) what Dickens wrote about the people he described was *true*. It was not *fair*, because those people did not really represent the country ; but the descriptions themselves were quite true, and

were not exaggerated. The President went on to compare some of his contemporaries in public life by name (to their disadvantage) with the American characters of Dickens. These I was careful to forget."

* * * * *

In the just published "Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel," a daughter of Lord John Russell, there is a piquant picture of Dickens in the Forties of the last Century among many sketches of celebrities in the Victorian world of art, literature and politics. Writing as a girl entering into Society, Lady Georgiana says: "Mr. Thackeray would sometimes come down to Pembroke Lodge, bringing one of his last new books, and read it out loud to us himself, giving us untold pleasure. Mr. Charles Dickens was a very great friend and was always very welcome at any time. These two great novelists often lunched and dined with us, both at Chesham Place and Pembroke Lodge. Mr. Dickens had such a very evident respect and love for my father, both as a statesman and in private life, that few things gave him more pleasure than a day at Pembroke Lodge. In the evening, I remember, he was conspicuous, owing to wearing a pink shirt front embroidered with white; but a genius can always wear whatever he chooses. Sometimes he would be seized with a fit of shyness or modesty, for he would suddenly slip away directly after dinner, and people who had come in later (having been asked to meet him) would all be saying, 'But where is Mr. Charles Dickens?'"

* * * * *

A book of extreme interest is "The Paris of the Novelists" by Arthur Bartlett Maurice, just published in this country by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The author takes his readers for a tour of the streets of the romantic city associated with the creations of Dumas, Victor Hugo, Gaboriau Balzac, Daudet, Sue, De Maupassant, Zola, Poe, Stevenson, Thackeray and Dickens of the past and of such modern writers as Du Maurier, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Arnold Bennett, W. J. Locke, Leonard Merrick, Marion Crawford. The book will appeal to all readers for therein will be found much to attract concerning their favourite writer. To our readers the chapter devoted to Dickens and Thackeray will have a special interest. There are some charming illustrations which add considerably to the value of the volume.

* * * * *

The well-known Bull Hotel, at Preston, which had belonged to the Stanleys since the early part of the reign of George III., has recently been sold by Lord Derby to a local syndicate. Many celebrated people have stayed at the Bull, and in 1913 the King and Queen lunched there when on their progress through Lancashire. It was a noted house for guild and civic dinners, and the cellar was renowned. Charles Dickens was staying at the Bull in May, 1869, for a reading at Preston (all the tickets having been sold), when his medical adviser, Mr. F. C. Beard, suddenly arrived from London, having received a disquieting account of his health from Blackpool, where he had been resting for a

few days. He examined Dickens, and warned him in forcible terms that the effort of the reading in his condition would probably end his career by an attack of paralysis or apoplexy. Dickens was dreadfully cut up, and shed tears, but at last he reluctantly consented to abandon the reading, and he at once left with Beard for London. A day or two later Beard's alarming opinion was fully confirmed by Sir Thomas Watson. In June, 1870, at Gad's Hill, Dickens was seized with apoplexy, having been killed by the effort of writing *Edwin Drood* when he was utterly worn out.

* * * * *

In a very pleasant volume entitled "Springtime and other Essays" by Sir Francis Darwin, published by John Murray, is a chapter on Charles Dickens, running to thirty pages. The aim of the writer, he says, is to give "some account of Charles Dickens's personality, to think of him as a man rather than a writer." Forster's Life and Miss Mamie Dickens's small and intimate book are copiously drawn from, with but very little comment from Sir Francis himself. The novelist's life up to his death is brought under review by means of these two books, and some others, and a brief but rapid survey of the activities of the author of *Pickwick* is made, revealing, however, nothing that is new. There is also a chapter on names of characters in fiction, and in dealing with those in Dickens, the author speaks of some approvingly and of others as not to his liking as appropriate and fitting.

* * * * *

A correspondent of "The Morning Post" recently inquired where Dickens got the names of his characters in *Pickwick*. He said that he had never met a Winkle, but he once met a Weller, and he met a Corporal Snodgrass in the army. As a matter of fact, all these names are a lot more common than the gentleman thinks. He added, "My earliest recollections in Monmouthshire are centred in Pickwick, the guard of the branch line train that ran between Monmouth and Pontypool Road. He was quite as great a hero to me then as the more famous Samuel was afterwards to become, and to this day I can never pick up the Memoirs without thinking of that genial, courteous old friend." This was quoted in the "Monmouthshire Post," and brought an interesting little article from a lady who remembered old Pickwick well. Of course he had not the least association with the immortal Samuel, but this lady wrote that he resembled that great man in lofty ideas, in kindness of heart, and geniality of disposition.

* * * * *

During the last five years the Boz Club, like many other such institutions, has been in abeyance, and now, after careful consideration, the committee has decided not to revive it. The chief reason for doing this, we understand, is because of the very large number of members who have died during the period—quite an appalling number. It is with feelings of very great regret that the committee has come to this decision, and we are sure that it will be a disappointment to most of the members who remain. However, the committee has decided,

and the famous club no longer exists. The Boz Club had a very brilliant career for ten years before the war, and it dies at its zenith, for the last dinner was one of the most successful it ever had. The funds in the bank at the time this decision was taken amounted to £114, and this sum the committee resolved to hand over to the Fellowship's Fund for Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers at St Leonards-on-Sea.

* * * * *

For some years there have been more or less open hostilities between a section of the Edmonton Council and Dr. Lawrence. Attempts have been made to discharge him, and recently, when he returned from his holidays, he found that he had been dismissed from his post. It has been Dr. Lawrence's genial custom to head his annual report with some quotation. This year he prefaces his report with this quotation from Dickens :—

> "There is perhaps, no profession, however useful, no pursuit, however meritorious, which can escape the cheap attacks of vulgar minds."

* * * * *

The Dickens Fellowship Annual Essay Competition on Dickens amongst the London County Council Scholars will take place on the 9th of June this year. As usual fifty schools will be entitled to compete. A prize will be given for the best essay, and a certificate for the next three in order of merit from each school. The Glasgow Dickens Society are adopting a similar plan, but their scheme is confined to pupils in Higher Grade Schools.

* * * * *

It is with great regret that we have to announce the resignation, through ill health, of Mr. T. W. Hill from the General Secretaryship of the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Hill has carried the burden of the Fellowship's administrative work for five years, and the conscientious and agreeable manner with which he has performed the arduous duties the post entails has been the admiration of all with whom he has been associated. Not only will his friends in constant touch with him in London miss his good natured and able administrative ability, but those throughout the country who have learned to value his work and geniality, will miss his personality which they have enjoyed through his attentive correspondence on all Fellowship matters. We are happy to say his health is improving and that he hopes to be able to serve the Fellowship on the Council.

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We are in need of several copies of *The Dickensian* for January 1919, and would be glad to buy them back from readers who have them to spare. Full price and postage will be paid for each copy forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o the Publishers.

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On page five of our last issue, line seventeen from the bottom, the date 1805 should have read 1850.

THE EDITOR.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD

Author of "Dickens and the Drama," "Stories of Famous Songs," etc.

I.

IT has often struck me as being very odd that Charles Dickens should gloss over all his associations with the St. James's Theatre, where he really began his career as author and dramatist. At any rate, it was while *Pickwick* was appearing in monthly parts that Dickens contrived to get a burletta produced under the management of the famous John Braham—John Braham, who was excellent as a vocalist, but hopeless as the manager of a theatre. This burletta was called "The Strange Gentleman." John Pritt Harley,* who became a great friend of the budding novelist, played the title role, while it is on record that Dickens himself frequently appeared as Charles Tomkins in the piece, owing presumably to the fact that the creator of the part was not always to be depended upon. Later it was taken up by J. Webster, the father of Benjamin Webster, who was to make his name at the Adelphi Theatre in later years, in amongst other plays "The Dead Heart," by Watts Phillips, to which Charles Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities* bore such a close resemblance. But how did Dickens first get acquainted with Harley, "the comedian," and Braham, "the singer"? All that John Forster tells us in speaking of the close of the year 1836 is, that "His (Charles Dickens's) eldest sister's musical attainments and connections had introduced him to many cultivators and professors of that art; he was led to take much interest in Mr. Braham's enterprise at the St. James's Theatre; and in aid of it he wrote a farce for Mr. Harley, founded upon one of his Sketches, and the story and songs for an opera composed by his friend, Mr. Hullah. Both the "Strange Gentleman," acted in September, and the "Village Coquettes," produced in December, 1836 had a good success; and the last was memorable to me for having brought me first into personal communication with Dickens."

This is all John Forster, the Dramatic Critic of "The Examiner" at this period, tells us about the St. James's Theatre or the productions there. In the collated dramatic criticisms of John Forster, edited by William Archer, there is not a word either of the St. James's Theatre or of Charles Dickens, though somebody on "The Examiner," as we shall presently see, gave Dickens "beans" for his share in "The Village Coquettes." But there is a letter from Dickens almost on the heels of this to John Hullah *after* the production of "The Village Coquettes," which is certainly curious. I shall quote this presently. There are regrettably no dates on the first few early discovered letters of Dickens which are re-printed in "The Letters of Charles Dickens, 1833-1870," only the day and the year. The month being curiously omitted, and

* An article on the friendship between Dickens and Harley, and a Picture of Harley in "The Strange Gentleman," appeared in *The Dickensian* for August, 1916.—EDITOR.

through this, much confusion has arisen and some errors in this otherwise interesting collection of epistles. I have made them, I think, follow in chronological order.

II.

Charles Dickens, who was an ardent playgoer all his life, first took to visiting the theatre when he was a youth, and his taste for theatricals was greatly encouraged by a fellow clerk named Potter, who worked with him in the same lawyer's office in Gray's Inn. The " chief " was Mr. Edward Blackmore who, writing in the early seventies, said " They (Charles Dickens and Potter) took every opportunity, then unknown to me, of going together to a minor theatre, where (I afterwards heard) they not infrequently engaged in parts." This minor theatre was in all probability Sadlers Wells, where Thomas Dibdin and his wife were the managers. Thomas Dibdin was then an old man, and, it is well known, none too prosperous and readily welcomed any one who would walk on in the crowd in the various sensational and other dramas he himself wrote and produced. Grimaldi, whose " life " Dickens afterwards edited, was the chief attraction in the Christmas pantomimes. Perhaps the clown and future novelist met and talked together ? Dickens we know had a crying desire to become an actor, and in all probability first met John Pritt Harley when he was a youth, through his school chum Beverley, who afterwards became well-known as a scene painter at Covent Garden and other theatres. Through his sister, at any rate, when he was thinking of the stage as a profession, and while he was turning out his Sketches and presently *Pickwick*, Dickens became intimate with John Braham, for whom he wrote his first play, " The Strange Gentleman." Theodore Taylor, who was really H. T. Taverner, tells us in his " Life of Dickens," with contemporary authority, that " During the publication of *The Pickwick Papers*, St. James's Theatre was opened September 29th, 1836, with a burletta entitled ' The Strange Gentleman,' written by ' Boz ' ; Pritt Harley acted the Strange Gentleman, and ' Boz ' himself, on one occasion, took a part. The piece ran until December, when it was withdrawn for an operatic-burletta, ' The Village Coquettes,' by the same author, the music by John Hullah . . . . It met with a marked reception, and Braham for a long time after, at different concerts, sang ' The Child and the Old Man sat alone,' invariably getting encored most enthusiastically. The other three songs in the burletta were great favourites, viz., ' Love is not a Feeling to Pass Away,' ' Autumn Leaves ' and ' There's a Charm in Spring.' " As I have said in my " Dickens and the Drama," this writer was not quite correct in stating that " The Strange Gentleman " gave place to " The Village Coquettes," because as a matter of fact, the former piece was included in the bill of December 6th, so that Dickens had two pieces performed on the same night.

It was not the intention of John Braham to produce " The Strange Gentleman " first, but circumstances altered his arrangements, and so this version of " The Great Winglebury Duel " was not put in the

bills until "The Village Coquettes" was ready, as may be more or less gathered from the following letter:—

"Furnival's Inn, Monday Afternoon, York (1836).
My Dear Hullah,

Mr. Hogarth has just been here with news, which I think you will be glad to hear. He was with Braham yesterday, who was *far more full* of the opera than he was; speaking highly of my works and "fame" (!) and expressing an earnest desire to be the first to introduce me to the public as a dramatic writer. He said that he intended opening at Michaelmas; and added (unasked) that it was his intention to produce the opera within *one month* of his first night. He wants a low comedy part introduced—without singing—thinking it will take with the audience; but he is desirous of explaining to me what he means and who he intends to play it. I am to see him on Sunday morning. Full particulars of the interview shall be duly announced."

There is no date to this letter, but by careful calculation, I should imagine it to be sometime in July, 1836, because although the "Opera" is referred to, and this could only be "The Village Coquettes," which was not ready in time for the opening night—September 29th—and in consequence, "The Strange Gentleman," which Dickens had evidently already got by him, was substituted, and in all probability at the suggestion of Harley, who played the leading part therein. Anyhow, the "Opera" to which we have several references was not finished or put into rehearsal until sometime in November. The playbills of the theatre prove this.

III.

The next letter will help to clear up the point. It will be observed that Dickens says "He leaves us on the eighth of September," and his letter only says "Monday." Well, the eighth of September, 1836, fell upon a Thursday, and so I conclude that the letter quoted below was written on Monday, August 29th, as if it had been written on Monday, September 4th, he would have said *next* Thursday the 8th.

"Petersham, Monday Evening, August 29 (?) (1836).
Dear Hullah,

Since I called on you this morning I have not had time to look over the words of "The Child and the Old Man." It occurs to me, as I shall see you on Wednesday morning, that the best plan will be for you to bring the music (if you possibly can) without the words and we can put them in then. Of course, this observation applies only to that particular song.

Braham having sent to me about the farce, I called on him this morning. Harley wrote, when he had had the whole of the opera, saying: "Its a sure card—nothing wrong there. Bet you ten pounds it runs fifty nights. Come; don't be afraid. You'll be the gainer by it, and you mustn't mind betting; it's a capital custom." They tell the story with infinite relish. I saw the fair manageress, who is fully of Harley's opinion; so is Braham. The only difference is that they are far more enthusiastic than Harley—far more en-

thusiastic than ourselves even. That is a bold word, isn't it ? It is a true one, nevertheless.

"Depend upon it, Sir," said Braham to Hogarth yesterday, when he went there to say I should be in town to-day, "depend upon it, Sir, that there has been no such music since the days of Shield, and no such piece since 'The Duenna.' Everybody is delighted with it," he added to me to-day. "I played it to Stansbury who is by no means an excitable person, and he was *charmed*." This was said with great emphasis, but I have forgotten the grand point. It was not, I *played* it to Stansbury, but "I sang it—*all through* ! !"

I begged him, as the choruses are to be put into rehearsal directly the Company get together, to let us have, through Mrs. Braham, the necessary passports to the stage, which will be forwarded. He leaves town on the *Eighth of September*. He will be absent a month, and the first rehearsal will take place immediately on his return ; previous to it (I mean the first rehearsal—not the return), I am to read the piece. His only remaining suggestion is that Miss Rainforth will want another song when the piece is in rehearsal—"a bravura—something in 'the Soldier Tired' way." We must have a confab about this on Wednesday morning.

Harley called in Furnival's Inn to express his high delight and gratification, but unfortunately we had left town."

"The fair manageress" was of course Mrs. Braham. It is a pity that we have no particulars recorded anywhere as to what went on at the rehearsals, how the piece shaped or anything else, after this letter, until the absolute night of production (December 6th, 1836) has passed, when we have this note, which we can easily date ourselves as being Sunday, December 11th, as "The Village Coquettes" was presented on the previous Thursday.

FURNIVAL'S INN, SUNDAY EVENING, 1836.

MY DEAR HULLAH,

Have you seen *the Examiner* ? It is rather depreciatory of the opera, but like all inveterate critiques against Braham, so well done that I cannot help laughing at it, for the life and soul of me. I have seen *The Sunday Times*, *The Dispatch* and *The Satirist*, all of which blow their critic trumpets against unhappy me most lustily. Either I must have grievously awakened the ire of all the "adapters" and their friends, or the drama must be decidedly bad. I havn't made up my mind yet which of the two is the fact.

I have not seen the *John Bull* or any of the Sunday papers except *The Spectator*. If you have any of them, bring 'em with you on Tuesday. I am afraid that for "dirty Cummins" allusion to Hogarth, I shall be reduced to the necessity of being valorous the next time I meet him."

In this last paragraph Dickens evidently meant the Saturday papers, as he gives the names of the Sunday papers which he had seen.

The reference to "adapters" and their friends is really the reference to the undisputed but disgraceful fact that three fourths at least of the dramatic critics of the day were in the employment of theatrical managers as adapters of plays which were stolen wholesale without any acknowledgment except in a few instances, from the French.

St. James's Theatre.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES

This Burletta experienced one of the most triumphant receptions ever known. The Piece is nightly in its progress repeatedly loudly cheered, and the greater part of the Music unanimously encored by brilliant and crowded audiences. It is needless to say more than that it will be

Repeated Every Evening until further Notice!

This Evening, FRIDAY, Dec. 23rd, 1836,

Will be performed (for the 16th time,) an entirely New Operatic Burletta, with New and Beautiful Scenery, appropriate Dresses and Decorations, to be called

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES

The Drama and Words of the Songs by 'BOZ.' The Music by JOHN HULLAH.

Scene—An English Village, Period,—The Autumn of 1729.

Squire Norton, Mr. BRAHAM,

The Hon. Sparkins Flam, (*his Friend*) Mr. FORESTER, Old Benson, (*a small Farmer*) Mr. STRICKLAND.
Mr. Martin Stokes, (*a very small Farmer, with a very large circle of particular Friends*) Mr. HARLEY,
George Edmunds..... ...(*Betrothed to Lucy*) .....Mr. BENNETT, Young Benson .... Mr. JOHN PARRY,
John Madder, (*Attached to Rose*) Mr. GARDNER,
Lucy Benson, Miss RAINFORTH, Rose, (*her Cousin*) Miss JULIA SMITH,

Incidental to the Burletta, the following Pieces of Music:

OVERTURE—Act I

Air and Chorus, "Hail! to the Merry Autumn Days."
Song, Miss Rainforth, "Love is not a feeling to pass away."
Song, Mr. Braham, and Chorus, "The Cares of the Day."
Song, Mr. Bennett, "Autumn Leaves"
Song, Miss Julia Smith, "Some folks who have grown old and sour."
Scena Mr. Braham, "The Child and the Old Man."
Duet, Miss Rainforth and Mr. Braham, "In rich and lofty strathene fabric."
Finale to the First Act "Turn him from his Farm." All the Principals and Chorus.

Act II.

Quartette, Miss Rainforth, Miss Julia Smith, Mr. Braham, and Mr. John Parry, "Hear me when I swear."
Song, Mr. Braham, "There's a charm in Spring."
Air, Mr. John Parry, "My fair Home."
Duet, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Braham, "Listen, though I do no (fear you
Song, Miss Rainforth, "How beautiful at even tide"
COUNTRY DANCE,—and
Chorus, "Join the Dance."
Quintette, "No light bound." Finale

The Whole of the Musical Arrangements under the Direction of Mr. G. STANSBURY.

Books of the SONGS are Published, and may be had in the Theatre.—Price Ten-pence.

The whole of the Music in this Opera is published by Mess. CRAMER, ADDISON, & BEALE

The Drama is published by Mr. BENTLEY, New Burlington Street.

SCENERY &c.

OLD FARM-YARD & HOUSE,

with Autumnal Landscape,

SPLENDID LIBRARY in the MANORHALL.

The AVENUE, by Moonlight.

Spacius Ball Room Brilliantly Illuminated for the Harvest

VARIOUS NOVELTIES ARE IN ACTIVE PREPARATION.

Stage-Manager, Mr. HARLEY. **Conductor** of the **Musical Leader** of the **Band, Mr. G. STANSBURY**
Deputy Leader, Mr. COLLINS.

Scene Painters. Messrs. ANDREWS and NICHOLS. *The Properties, by Mr. S. BRADWELL*
The Dresses, by Mr. BARNETT and Mrs. BALDING. The Machinery, by Mr. DUNSON.

BOXES 4s.—Second-price 3s. **PIT 3s.—Second-price 2s.** **GALLERY 1s. 6d.—Second-price 1s.**
Doors Open at Half-past Six. Performances begin at Seven. Second Price at about Nine.

THE BOX-OFFICE, at the Theatre, is Open daily from Half-past 10 till 6 o'Clock, under the Direction of Mr. W. WARNE, of whom Private Boxes, Free Admissions, Tickets, and Places, may to be obtained. Places taken are reserved til half-past 6.

Private Boxes may also be had of Mr. Sams, Royal Library, St. James's Street; Mr. Andrews, Bond Street; Mr. Flint, Strand Street; Mr. Mitchell, Bond Street; Mr. Hookham, Bond Street; Mr. Sagnin, Regent Street; Mr. St. Juliet, Opera Colonnade; and of Mrs. Fentum, Strand.

For the convenience of Visitors both to the BOXES and PIT, Refined Saloons are Opened, where every kind of Refreshment can be procured.
All applications respecting the Play Bill of this Theatre, to be addressed (post paid) to Mr. WARNE, at the Box-Office.
VIVANT REX ET REGINA. No Money Returned. E. & J. Thane, Printers, 6, Crutched Street, Strand

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE PLAY-BILL OF "THE VILLAGE COQUETTES," AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, DEC. 23RD, 1836

Also the reason the weekly papers only are spoken of is because the daily papers in those days rarely noticed any theatrical production, unless it was of a very exceptional character or a big star flashed across the firmament; but there were no stars of eminence in 1836, except Macready and Helen Faucit at Covent Garden, who were only appearing in revivals. In fact the theatrical world was as far as new productions was concerned in a parlous state. Even Braham, who sang the leading part in "The Village Coquettes," was not able to stir the critic from the hearth, although the author was Dickens and the composer John Hullah.

It must be confessed that the libretto of "The Village Coquettes" was exceedingly weak, and not a good imitation of hundreds of similar burlettas in which the village Squire was always the villain, always assisted in some outrageous way by some hard-up swell from London, where all the sin came from, while the village maiden and her hoary headed old father and her keen willing brothers and neighbours possessed not only all the virtues, but every other quality beside, to the exclusion of all the world.

IV.

One would have thought that Dickens would have risen superior to that kind of trash, but unfortunately he missed his chance and did not. However, the public tolerated that sort of high faluting unnatural rubbish, including the terrible and stupid lyrics and the interminable speeches and soliloquies addressed to the audience instead of to the dramatis personæ, at the beginning of the nineteenth century and long after—indeed until well into the sixties of Eighteen hundred. Of course we know that Dickens did regret those early indiscretions; but then everybody has to have a beginning, and Dickens had everything against him—the coarse and vulgar surroundings, the low state of dramatic art and the still lower state of the public taste. We have to remember it was the debasing epoch of the prize ring and the horrible night houses and gambling hells, when Tom and Jerry were the popular idols of the day, and lion tamers and wild beast shows met with the approbation of the Court as well as the washed and unwashed crowd.

Dickens knew better than any man, and especially as an extraordinary keen observer, that there was something very wrong with the theatre when the actor was still looked upon as a rogue and a vagabond and was the most obedient humble servant of the public, to be called over the coals for the least indiscretion. Had he lived in these days, or even for a dozen years longer than he did, he would have seen the beginning of those vast changes in the Thespian world that would have rejoiced his heart, and he certainly would not have held such views as to the value of a libretto as he expressed in his preface to "The Village Coquettes." A portion of the dedication of "The Village Coquettes" is worth quoting. To his friend Harley he wrote:—

> "My dramatic writings are no sooner born, than you father them. You have made my 'Strange Gentleman' exclusively your own; you have adopted Martin Stokes with equal readiness; and you

still profess your willingness to do the same kind office for all future scions of the same stock.

I dedicate to you the first play I ever published, and you made for me the first play I ever produced. The balance is in your favour, and I am afraid it will remain so."

The Preface is so significant if carefully studied and read between the lines that I reproduce it :—

" ' Either the Honourable Gentleman is in the right or he is not ' is a phrase in very common use within the walls of Parliament. This drama may have a plot, or it may not ; and the songs may be poetry or they may not ; and the whole affair, from beginning to end, may be great nonsense, or it may not, just as the honourable gentleman or lady who reads it may happen to think. So retaining his own private and particular opinion upon the subject (an opinion which he formed upwards of a year ago, when he wrote the piece), the Author leaves every such gentleman or lady to form his or hers, as he or she may think proper without saying one word to influence or conciliate them.

All he wishes to say is this : That he hopes Mr. Braham and all the performers who assisted in the representation of the opera, will accept his warmest thanks for the interest they evinced in it, from the very first rehearsal, and for their zealous efforts in his behalf—efforts which have crowned it with a degree of success far exceeding his most sanguine anticipations, and of which no form of work could speak his acknowledgment.

It is needless to add that the *libretto* of an opera must be, to a certain extent, a mere vehicle for the music ; and that it is scarcely fair or reasonable to judge it by those strict rules of criticism which would be justly applicable to a fire-set tragedy or a finished comedy."

Of course the point in this last paragraph is absolutely false, but evidently Dickens conformed to the general opinion of the day. It was nevertheless the music, the singing and the acting that kept the piece alive, and John Hullah's melodies were supremely catching and were greatly in vogue with musical amateurs, and one song at least we know John Braham made a speciality of in America and in England as well, where he sang it at so many fashionable concerts—this was " The Child and the Old Man." There is a peculiar interest attached to one solo : " Some Folks who have Grown Old and Sour," as the first phrase is almost identical with the opening of " Rocked in the Cradle," by Joseph Philip Knight. Indeed, it is note for note the same, but as Hullah's compositions were sung and published in 1836 and Knight's not until 1840, when he composed it when he was in America to the words of Emma Willard, an American writer of some considerable distinction, so that if there is any charge of plagiarism it does not lie at the door of John Hullah. Hullah, by the way, does not seem to have followed his early ambition of being a composer, as later he devoted nearly all his attention to the popular instruction in vocal music of the rising generation and became one of the most prominent teachers and concert givers of his time. He died February 11th, 1884.

Originally Charles Dickens certainly had a very good opinion of him-

self as a coming playwright, however much his views may have changed in after years, when his lack of the true sense of the stage as a dramatist forced itself upon him. A letter from him to Harley after the finish of "The Coquettes" at the St. James's Theatre rather emphasises this. The letter is addressed (undated) from 48 Doughty Street (Saturday morning). In "The Letters of Charles Dickens" it is stated: "The first letter to his friend, Mr. J. P. Harley, the actor, which is undated, but must have been written about 1836, refers to a farce called 'The Strange Gentleman,' founded on one of the Sketches called 'The Great Winglebury Duel,' which Charles Dickens wrote expressly for Mr. Harley, and which was produced at the St. James's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Braham." This of course is a misapprehension. Charles Dickens did not take up his residence in Doughty Street until about January, 1837, and the letter decidedly refers to Charles Dickens's third theatrical adventure, "Is She His Wife?" The letter to Harley runs:—

> My Dear Sir,
>
> I have considered the terms on which I could afford just now to sell to Mr. Braham the acting copyright in London of an entirely new play for the St. James's Theatre; and I could not sit down to write one in a single act of about an hour long, under a hundred pounds. For a new piece in two acts, a hundred and fifty pounds would be the sum I should require.
>
> I do not know whether, with reference to arrangements that were made with any other writers, this may or may not appear a large item. I state it merely with regard to the value of my own time and writings at this moment; and in doing so, I assure you I place the remuneration below the mark rather than above it. As you begged me to give you my reply upon this point, perhaps you will lay it before Mr. Braham. If these terms exceed his inclination or the ability of the theatre, there is an end of the matter, and no harm done."

Whether the terms were agreed to or not the fact remains that "Is She His Wife? or, Something Singular!" was staged at the St. James's Theatre, March 6th, 1837, with J. P. Harley in the leading character comedy part of Felix Tapkins. Why the piece should have been described as a burletta is beyond me, as a burletta was usually a "comic opera" or "musical farce," but there are no musical members in the piece at all. However, Dickens had learned something in the meantime about dramatic construction and the condensation of dialogue, which, notwithstanding, following the exasperating examples of his fellow scribes, is written in a form of speech that nobody in this wide world would or could ever make. On the thirteenth of this month Harley had a benefit,* and according to an advertisement of the day, "Mr. Harley will, in the character of Mr. Pickwick, make his first visit to the St. James's Theatre, and relate to a Scotch air his 'Experiences of a white bait dinner,' edited expressly for him by his biographer Boz."

* A reproduction of the Play-bill of Harley's Benefit appeared in *The Dickensian* for August, 1916.—Editor.

Of this benefit, "Figaro in London" says: "In Boz's admirable farce, 'Is She His Wife,' Harley delighted his numerous friends by his very humorous performance of the principal character: and in a song, also by Boz, he displayed to great advantage his well-known talent for the English buffo parlante. The performance concluded with 'The Strange Gentleman,' who having made, we believe, nearly seventy visits to the St. James's Theatre, can scarcely be called a stranger."

V.

Charles Dickens was himself present to lend his countenance to his friend's "bespeak," but what was the Pickwickian song that Harley

JOHN BRAHAM

JOHN HULLAH

sang? The announcement quoted above not only appeared in the advertisements, but found a prominent place in the programme. Godfrey Turner, in 1885, in an article entitled "Boz at the Play," said: "I have an indistinct impression that the 'Scotch air' was 'There's nae luck about the house,' and that the word 'Whitebait' was divided so that the first syllable 'white' concluded a line, the next being 'bait-dinner at Blackwall.' Some such song I heard a year or two later, but not by Harley. He never *played* Pickwick, nor would he have been particularly well fitted for the part; though an actor whose memory I cherish, Anthony Younge, one of the Harley School, *did* play the character as well as it was ever possible for any one to play it." A little later, the same writer, still speaking of Dickens (whom Godfrey Turner evidently knew personally) said: "Is it known

to many that he was once very near taking the Strand Theatre. Nothing would have restrained him from a rush into theatrical management but the solemn warning, which at that time, now far distant, he received from a man of law, that he would be making himself liable for untold obligations. If he had been an actor, though a certain hardness and dry conventional exaggeration somewhat checked the natural flow of his humour—a suspicion of this conventionalism now and then appearing in his otherwise admirable reading of the *Carol*—he must have shone in eccentric comedy. Though as an executant, Charles Dickens was not quite so unctuous in his elaboration of character as could have been wished. He was still more wanting in freedom and originality as a playwright. The fact that he left unguarded most of his meagre work in that capacity speaks for itself. He was not generally careless of his copyrights; he must have felt that his dramatic pieces were nothing worth."

There was one more piece by Dickens done at the St. James's Theatre—and this I lighted upon nearly thirty years ago, when I wrote the history of the house for the late George Alexander—and that was a version of *Oliver Twist*, which had just finished running as a serial in "Bentley's Miscellany." This was on March 27th, 1838, and in it appeared Edward Wright, J. Webster, Alfred Wigan, Hart and Miss Allison (Mrs. Seymour), who was a very great friend of Charles Reade. According to the critics, who objected strongly to the subject of the play—as they did years after—it was "acted with great ability." Alfred Wigan is believed to have lent Dickens a hand in the dramatization.

It is fortunate for the world that Dickens abandoned the play book for the novel. There are many very potent reasons that make one think that he would have made but an indifferent dramatist, and he evidently was strongly of this opinion himself, or he would hardly have penned the following letter.

It was written to R. H. Horne, November 13th, 1843:—

> Pray tell that besotted —— to let the opera sink into its native obscurity. I did it in a fit of d—ble good nature long ago, for Hullah, who wrote some very pretty music to it. I just put down for everybody what everybody at the St. James's Theatre wanted to say and do best, and I have been most sincerely repentant ever since. The farce I also did as a sort of practical joke for Harley, whom I have known for a long time. It was funny—adapted from one of the published sketches called 'The Great Winglebury Duel,' and was published by Chapman and Hall. But I have no copy of it now, nor should I think they have. But both these things were done without the least consideration or regard to reputation.
>
> I wouldn't repeat them for a thousand pounds a piece, and devoutly wish them to be forgotten. If you will impress this upon the waxy mind of ——— I should be truly and unaffectedly obliged."

Evidently we have here Dickens's own honest desires.

MISS KAVANAGH'S SOLUTION OF EDWIN DROOD

By MONTAGU SAUNDERS

MR. J. CUMING WALTERS is not only a lenient, but a generous critic, and his restraint in dealing with Miss Kavanagh's theories is at once seized upon by her as a sort of negative proof that they are sound. Now, I have no doubt that Mr. Walters is eminently capable of defending himself from this accusation, but as it is possible to criticise Miss Kavanagh's theories from a different point of view, I venture to take a hand in the matter.

Her solution is built up on the foundation of Edwin's escape and subsequent reappearance as Tartar, and, like all the resurrectionists, she entirely ignores the evidence against this view, which is furnished by the one competent witness, namely, Dickens himself. In his notes for Chapter II. (notes, by the way, intended for his own private eye, and not for publication, and therefore absolutely trustworthy), Dickens wrote: "Uncle and Nephew. Murder very far off"; while under Chapter XII. he noted: "Lay the ground for the manner of the murder to come out at last." Now, murder, although very far off, is still murder, and as Dickens specifically referred to the Uncle and Nephew, he can only have meant that one of them murdered the other. Further, if the purpose of the unaccountable expedition was to lay the ground for the *manner* of the murder to come out at last, murder there must have been, by whomsoever committed, and seeing that no other person than Edwin disappeared, it logically follows that he was intended by Dickens to be the victim. Unless we accept the view that Durdles was the criminal, there is no escaping from the conclusion pointed to by Chapter XII. that it was Jasper, and this not only squares exactly with the preceding note, but coincides absolutely with Forster's summary of the plot, which Miss Kavanagh conveniently ignores. Then again, she entirely fails to attempt to reconcile her solution of the plot with Dickens's impressive statement concerning the ring, and the mighty chain forged by Edwin's retention of it, and apparently, for all she says, she asks us to believe that Dickens's "very curious and new idea" turned out to be Edwin's escape and reappearance as Tartar. Of Dickens's statements to Fildes and his own son, which furnish strong corroborative evidence of Edwin's death, we find no mention, and it is more charitable to believe that she was ignorant of all this mass of positive evidence, than that she deliberately disregarded it.

Leaving this aspect of the case, let us briefly examine the solution of the "mystery" which she propounds. Shortly put, it is that Tartar is Edwin; Jasper is not the real John Jasper, but some other member of the same unhappy family, the Princess Puffer is a nurse or servant of that household, while the elusive Datchery is a brother of the real Jasper, and therefore Edwin's uncle, and may also be the father (or is it the cruel step-father ?) of Neville and Helena, although, according to Dickens, both the father and the step-father were dead ! In order to fit the uncompromising facts into this ingenious theory,

Miss Kavanagh is naturally compelled at times to place but little reliance on the text. Thus, while we know that Edwin was under 21, and that Tartar was "say a man of eight-and-twenty, or at the utmost thirty," she would have us believe that all Dickens meant was that five months at sea had made him *look* twenty-eight or thirty. Again, the fact that he was bred in the Royal Navy, and quitted it First Lieutenant, is not to be taken *too* literally, any more than the statement that he had had twelve or fifteen years of knocking about before he went to Staple Inn, where he had resided for some nine months before Neville went there. In five or six short months he had acquired the jargon of a sailor-man, and the deftness of a cat in climbing; he had laid in a collection of curiosities, which Dickens treacherously informs us he had brought home from various voyages; he had fitted up his rooms as cabins, and, careless fellow that he was, had a place for everything, and everything in its place; had maps and charts, and telescopes, and other instruments, birds, fishes, reptiles, arms, shells, seaweeds, grasses, and memorials of coral reef, all of which were just so many "properties" to lend verisimilitude to his abode, arranged in daily expectation of Rosa's visit, what time Jasper should obligingly frighten her into leaving Cloisterham in a hurry. Of course we expected to be told that he was disguised, and therefore it does not come as a surprise to learn that his blond wavy locks (an imaginative touch, this) were covered by a dark brown wig, or that he wore a moustache, but it is an unexpected stroke of genius which reveals to us that, with the deliberateness and sense of decorum which are so essential to success in the hot pursuit of a dangerous criminal, Edwin has thrown aside his hat *and resumed his wig* before venturing to follow Jasper in his precipitate flight up the stair-case of the great tower. It is by rigid attention to small confirmatory details of this description that the plausibility of the theory is made apparent.

Neville, of course, could hardly have been expected to recognise his enemy after the lapse of six long months, and as for Rosa, lately his affianced bride and his life-long acquaintance, why, the inevitable wig and the moustache, in combination with the tanned face and developed figure, afforded a perfectly effective disguise, if, indeed, any were needed. It is beyond all doubt that a few months at sea would have sufficed effectually to alter Edwin's voice, and entirely change his expression and manners, and any little tricks or habits which he might formerly have possessed would, of course, have been thoroughly eradicated. "Poor, poor Eddy" had altogether vanished out of Rosa's life, and nothing remained of him in her recollection but the bare name, and possibly she forgot that also, as afterwards she never mentioned him again.

Crisparkle for once deviated from the straight path of truth, and lent himself to the harmless deception, although as Rosa had entirely forgotten Edwin, this was perhaps just a trifle superfluous on the part of the worthy Canon. But he was such an amiable, lovable man, that we can hardly grudge him the obvious enjoyment which he derived from his participation in the little comedy enacted, and we willingly

pardon him for his venial lapse, the more so when we recollect that his fellow-conspirator was that uncompromisingly angular man, Grewgious, who had vehemently declared that he could not write a play to save his life. Little wonder, then, that when he saw his one-act comedy in actual performance, he nearly suffocated with suppressed emotion, as Miss Kavanagh informs us. And well he might, for the plot was very neatly constructed, and the reference to " jam for breakfast " was quite in his best manner. Crisparkle, it is true, somewhat missed his cue, and required a little too much prompting, but considering the lack of opportunity for rehearsal, he did fairly well; the " glistening eyes " made a most effective touch. Naturally he felt just a little compunction in declaring outright that Edwin had saved him from a watery grave, knowing, as he did, that the statement was slightly exaggerated, and we glean this from his next remark: " God bless my soul ! " but he soon recovered his equanimity, and developed the situation for all it was worth, with a view to re-establishing Edwin in Rosa's good graces. As Dickens expressly remarks, he was simply and staunchly true to his duty, alike in the large case and the small; what more could he have done in the circumstances ?

Notwithstanding Miss Kavanagh's protestations, it seems pretty evident that the scheme just outlined does involve several assumptions, and requires us to accept unverified statements as undisputed and true. Further, she writes: " A really incontestable proof of (Edwin's escape) in the writer's opinion, is afforded by the picture drawn for the cover of the book, which represents Edwin confronting his enemy in the vault." That may be her interpretation of the picture, but it is not incontestable.

Again, we are told that " Datchery is aware of circumstances which could be known only to Edwin Drood " . . . " He is obviously interested in the Sapsea monument . . . and he knows of Edwin's encounter with the Princess Puffer." Now, his interest in the monument is purely in flattery of Sapsea, its author, who points it out to him, and it proves nothing; the other two " facts " are simply assumptions unsupported by any evidence.

" Not the least forcible argument," says Miss Kavanagh, " in favour of Edwin's reappearance, is that Dickens's sympathies are invariably enlisted on the side of his hero; and that he would be all the less likely to deliver him to a tragic fate, when such a sacrifice would mean . . . the triumph of guilt." Here we have two further assumptions, namely, that Edwin was the hero, and that Jasper triumphed; if we are to place any reliance on the evidence of Forster, Fildes and others in whom Dickens confided, we know that the second is false, and as regards the first, is there any instance in all of Dickens's other works of so unheroic a hero ?

It would not be difficult, although it would be unprofitable, to show that practically all of the " evidence " relied upon by Miss Kavanagh really consists of unfounded assumptions, but enough has already been said to prove that she has not made out her case, and that Mr. Walter's strictures are amply justified.

CRUIKSHANK VERSUS DICKENS

By WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS

READERS of Forster's "Life of Dickens" will probably remember the references to Cruikshank's claims that he had shown Dickens "a series of twenty-five or thirty drawings, very carefully finished, through most of which were carried the well known portraits of Fagin, Bill Sikes and his dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger and Master Bates—all well known to readers of *Oliver Twist*," and that Cruikshank consented to let him (Dickens) write up to as many of the designs as he thought would suit his purpose.

It is not so well known, however, that the artist also claimed to have suggested to Dickens the subjects of the greater part of the second volume of *Sketches by Boz*.

The artist's claims regarding the plot of *Oliver Twist* were first made public in the "Round Table," an American periodical, by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who had been an English newspaper writer until 1852, when he went to the United States, where, in 1857, he became the literary editor of "The Philadelphia Press." It is interesting to note that it was this same Dr. Mackenzie who first made public Cruikshank's claims regarding his part in the *Sketches by Boz*, in a letter printed in "The Philadelphia Press," dated December 19th, 1871.

This letter of Dr. Mackenzie's included a letter written by Cruikshank to a Mr. W. J. McClellan, in which the artist repeats, not only his claims regarding *Oliver Twist*, but also makes similar claims regarding *Sketches by Boz*.

Referring to the subject forty-seven years after Forster claimed to have settled it, may to some readers seem like holding an inquest long after the interment of the deceased, but the writer believes that it will be of interest to lovers of Charles Dickens and his writings, and the Cruikshank-McClellan letter is therefore here given in full :—

LONDON, *November 12th*, 1870.
263 HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.

Dear Sir,

You have lost your wager, for I did not illustrate the works of Mr. Charles Dickens to the extent that most people suppose, but I am not surprised at the fact of their being misled, for the other artists employed upon his works imitated my STYLE as closely as possible, and hence the public supposed that—as Dickens wrote under the name of "Boz"—that I designed and etched under the name of "Phiz," but who was a very clever artist by the name of Hablot K. Browne. I was, however, the first artist to illustrate any of Mr. Dickens's writings, and the earliest of these was the first volume of *Sketches by Boz* (January, 1836), and the next was the second volume under this title, the greater part of which were written from my hints and suggestions.

Some time after this Mr. Bentley started his *Miscellany*, appointing Mr. Dickens as editor and myself as illustrator ; and the first plate in that work is a design of my own, which Mr. Dickens wrote up to.

There was also a woodcut of Beadle & Co. Then followed (1839), *Oliver Twist*, which was "entirely my own idea and suggestion, and all the characters are mine." And this will account for the fact of *Oliver Twist* being very different from any of his other writings. Mr. McCrone, the publisher, died (he having published the *Sketches by Boz*), and a volume was brought out for the benefit of his widow.* Mr. Dickens wrote some part of this, which I illustrated; and these are all the designs and etchings that I did to illustrate the works of that author. I am preparing to publish an explanation of the reason why I did not illustrate the whole of Mr. Dickens's writings, and this explanation will not at all redound to his credit. It was only yesterday evening that I got some of the prospectuses for the Bruce monument, four of which I forward to you by the same post as this letter.

With respect to the American editions of Mr. Dickens's work, there may be "copies" of some of my designs therein, but none by the hand of, dear sir,

Yours truly,
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

W. J. McCLELLAN, Esq.

Volume two of Forster's "Life of Dickens," which was published in 1872, contains a copy of Dickens's letter to Cruikshank, in which he objects strongly to the design for the last plate, "Rose Maylie and Oliver."

Notwithstanding this letter of the author to the artist, written while *Oliver Twist* was in course of publication, it will be seen that on November 12th, 1870, only five months after Dickens's death, the artist not only claims that *Oliver Twist* "was entirely my own idea and suggestion and all the characters mine," but that "the greater part of the second volume (*i.e.*, *Sketches by Boz*) were written from my hints and suggestions."

A PHENOMENAL DELAY

By ROLAND CORTHELL

IF, as Horace said, "Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods," it isn't surprising that Dickens—the great novelist—should be equally fallible.

I've certainly caught him in a most ridiculous blunder—an astronomical one — which, if made by any grammar school boy, would assuredly send him back to the Kindergarten. I greatly marvel that it has been perpetuated through all the countless editions of Dickens's works.

In Chapter IV., Book 4, of *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens tells the story of the marriage of John Rokesmith and Bella Wilfer. At the end of Chapter V., Bella says, "Do you remember, John, on the day we were married, Pa's speaking of the ships that might be sailing towards us from the unknown seas?" "Perfectly, my darling."

* *The Pic Nic Papers*, Edited by Charles Dickens. [Editor.]

"I think . . . among them . . . there is a ship upon the ocean . . . bringing . . . to you and me . . . a little baby, John."

In the first paragraph of Chapter XI. we find "Mrs. John Rokesmith sat at needlework in her neat little room, beside a basket of neat little articles of clothing which presented so much of the appearance of being in the doll's dressmaker's way of business that one might have supposed she was going to set up in opposition to Miss Wren. . . . A knock at the door and a ring at the bell . . . Bella had time to throw a handkerchief over the basket."

Chapter XII. begins as follows:—"The winds and tides rose and fell a certain numbers of times, the earth moved round the sun a certain number of times, the ship upon the ocean made her voyage safely and brought a baby-Bella home." Now the theory of our friend Copernicus that the earth revolves around the sun once a year, is still quite generally accepted in civilised countries.

Assuming its correctness, it is evident that the arrival of baby-Bella occurred some *years* after the expectant mother had completed the preparations for its coming, of course, the great novelist intended to say "the moon moved round the earth a certain number of times" —thus reducing the interval between the announcement in Chapter V. and the consummation in Chapter XII. to months instead of years. I am sure no one would have laughed more heartily than Dickens himself had this strange scientific lapse been called to his notice when living; and so we need feel no compunctions to-day in making merry over the protracted suspense to which he inadvertently consigned Bella and John.

MR. FRANK SPEAIGHT'S RECITALS.

MR. FRANK SPEAIGHT, who has for many years past been delighting audiences throughout the world by his especially arranged recitals from Dickens, has just commenced their publication in a series of little volumes, each of which is designed to make a complete evening's entertainment. Mr. Speaight compiled and arranged his own recitals, and, we believe, never used a phrase that was not in Dickens's own words. He has now conceded to the pressing solicitations to print them for others' use, and the first volume,* comprising five excerpts from *The Pickwick Papers*, has just appeared, and contains "Mrs. Bardell's Mistake," "A Fine example of how to Manage a Horse," "A Remarkable Shooting Party," "Sam Weller very much in Evidence," and "The Great Trial of Bardell *versus* Pickwick." This volume is to be followed by "Alfred Jingle, Esq." and "Nicholas Nickleby," which in turn will be succeeded by others making, ten volumes in all.

The volumes are neatly produced, in good type suitable for reading from, and are published at the nominal price of two shillings. They should prove a boon to all elocutionists.

* Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay and Mitchell.

THE WIDENER DICKENS COLLECTION

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THE NOVELIST

I.

PROBABLY the finest collection of Dickensiana in existence is that which belonged to Harry Elkins Widener, who came to an untimely end in the Titanic disaster. He was a great and enthusiastic lover of rare books, manuscripts and pictures of all kinds, and his collection is now housed in the Harvard University as a memorial to him through the generosity of his mother.

A catalogue of the valuable items comprising it has been published in four magnificent quarto volumes and reveals an array of treasures unique so far as private libraries are concerned.

The section of most interest to our readers is naturally that confined to Dickens, which occupies one volume, and as we have not yet been honoured with a copy of it, we take the following description of its contents from "The Boston Evening Transcript."

II.

It was while Harry Widener was a student at Harvard College that he became interested in the works of Charles Dickens, and among the first books collected by him was a copy of *Sketches by Boz*, issued in 1836, in the original green cloth, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. The next year, at Christmas, his mother, always eager to encourage her son in the delightful pursuit of book-collecting, presented to him the original publisher's agreement, duly written on parchment, signed and sealed, of the famous *Sketches by Boz*. Dickens was only twenty-four years old when this document was signed, and the young collector fully appreciated the possession of these two fine Dickens items. Then he conceived the idea that he would like to own the first editions only of Dickens's works. They must be absolutely correct according to the standards of the fastidious collector and bibliographer. For instance, if he wanted "The Strange Gentleman," an evasive little book, in its original wrappers and with the rare frontispiece by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"), he had only to wait for its appearance. But he was after bigger game and the first edition did not especially appeal to him unless it had the personal touch given to it by a presentation inscription.

Dr. Rosenbach cites Mr. Widener's experience with the *Pickwick Papers* as an example of his mode of collecting and as showing in a sense the growth of his mind and his development as a collector. Just after leaving college he obtained what the eminent cataloguer properly calls "that well of mystery known to bibliographers as 'Pickwick in the original parts.'" It had the four addresses and other "points" that indicate the first issue, although what constitutes the earliest publication may never be known. The young collector was satisfied with this only a short time. When a copy appeared with a loving inscription in the author's hand presenting the volume to William Harrison Ainsworth, he instantly added this to his library. All ordinary collectors would have stopped with the presentation copy,

but Harry Widener was no ordinary collector. As is well known, Dickens dedicated the *Pickwick Papers* to his life-long friend Thomas Noon Talfourd. Harry Widener wanted the dedication copy. To secure this would seem to be the wildest of dreams, but a perusal of this catalogue of the Dickens collection, which fills 111 pages, will disclose a volume especially bound in red morocco with the inscription : " Mr. Sergeant Talfourd from his sincere friend and admirer, Charles Dickens."

And yet this is only the beginning of the history of the Widener " Pickwicks." From the collection of George C. Thomas he obtained the deed of assignment of the copyright of *Pickwick*, dated November 18, 1837, signed by Chapman and Hall, the publishers, and by Charles Dickens. And to cap the climax, he secured, shortly before his death, the original drawings made by the ill-fated Robert Seymour for the early numbers of the *Pickwick Papers* and which, together with the letters that passed between the author and the artist, constitute perhaps the most famous Dickens item in existence, now reposing in the Memorial Room of the Widener Library at Harvard.

The collection as it stands to-day is not complete, and there are some first editions of Dickens not to be found in the catalogue. It cannot therefore stand as a check-list, as can the Stevenson volume. But an additional value is given to the catalogue by printing the famous agreement in full, as well as many of the autograph letters which accompany many of the volumes. Dickensians, both in this country and abroad, will find unexpected riches in the pages of this catalogue. For instance, there are twenty-six letters written by Charles Dickens to Charles Lever, covering a period of nineteen years, none of which has ever been published, although they form an interesting chapter in the lives of two celebrated novelists of the nineteenth century.

Great collections have enriched this one, and here are precious volumes from the Dickens collections of J. P. Harley, W. Wright, Stephen George Holland, Augustin Daly, H. W. Bruton, Clarence S. Bement, Stuart M. Samuel and George C. Thomas. Beside the books and manuscripts, there is a parody by Dickens of Gray's " Elegy in a Country Church Yard : " books from Dickens's library ; parodies of Dickens, Dickensiana, prints and drawings to illustrate Dickens, and autograph letters.

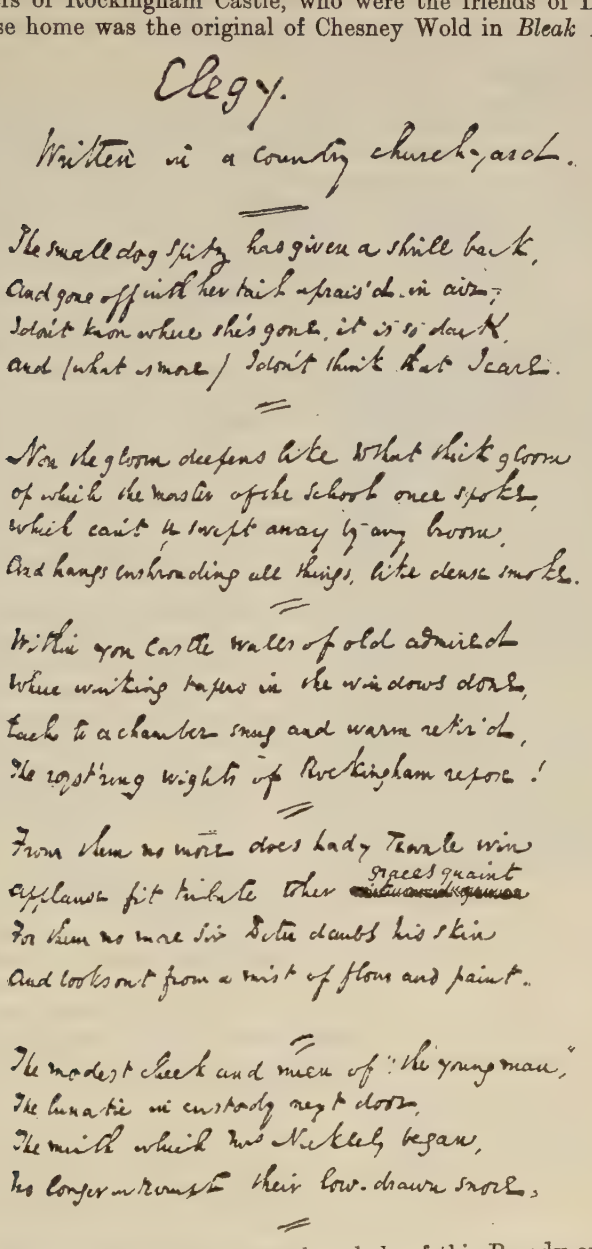
This catalogue of the Widener collection cannot be too highly praised as a model of its kind. Its fine paper and type ; its broad margins ; its frontispieces, its binding blend to make a series of volumes which may well be the joy of any collector.

III.

We reproduce the MS. of the " Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard " which appeared in the American paper, or rather the portion, for undoubtedly it is only a portion.

From its context, it would seem that the " churchyard " in question would be the one at Rockingham in Northamptonshire, and that Lady Teazle and Sir Peter were probably the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Watson,

the owners of Rockingham Castle, who were the friends of Dickens, and whose home was the original of Chesney Wold in *Bleak House*.



Elegy.

Written in a Country churchyard.

The small dog Spitz has given a shrill bark,
And gone off with her tail upraised in air;
I don't know where she's gone, it is so dark,
And what's more I don't think that I care.

Now the gloom deepens like what thick gloom
Of which the master of the school once spoke,
Which can't be swept away by any broom,
And hangs enshrouding all things, like dense smoke.

Within yon Castle walls of old admired
Where waiting tapers in the windows dozed,
Each to a chamber snug and warm retired,
The roystering wights of Rockingham repose!

From them no more does Lady Tearle win
Applause fit tribute (Spiers quaint) their
For them no more Sir Bevis dawbs his skin
And looks out from a mist of flour and paint.

The modest cheek and mien of "the young man,"
The lunatic in custody next door,
The mirth which Mrs Nickleby began,
No longer murmurs their low-drawn snore,

It would be interesting to have the whole of this Parody on Gray's famous Elegy, and to learn the inspiration of it and when it was written. Some day this may be possible. For the present we must be satisfied with the chance reference to it here and with the few verses reproduced.

MR. CROTCH'S NEW BOOK*

By T. W. HILL

MR. WALTER CROTCH'S energy as a Dickens propagandist is noteworthy. Here is his fifth Dickensian book, and although it does not contain anything entirely fresh (being articles which have appeared in periodical literature) it may well be considered as a pendent to his other work. Commentators on Dickens usually study his better known novels, overlooking the immense number of articles on current events which he wrote for "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." Mr. Crotch is one of those who, without losing sight of Dickens's novels, never tire of emphasizing his position as a reformer.

Mr. Crotch's book is happily called "The Touchstone of Dickens." A touchstone is a stone used for testing the quality of gold and silver alloys. Figuratively it is a test or criterion of the quality of anything, and the title of the book under review may have a multiple application. Not only is it a touchstone of Dickens's work as a writer, but a touchstone also of the everlasting applicability of his teaching. It further shows how Dickens's sane outlook on public affairs may be used as a touchstone to test the trend of modern developments. Of all living students of Dickens Mr. Crotch is probably the most insistent on that phase of Dickens's writings which makes them ever vernal, up-to-date, and, considering that he has been dead half a century, even prophetic. Dickens's writings are in very truth not only of an age but "for all time." The titles of the chapters, penned from time to time during the last four years: Dickens as a Citizen, Dickens and the Labour Problem, Dickens and Reconstruction, Dickens as War Prophet, and Dickens and War Muddles, show that although Dickens may not be deemed a philosopher, Mr. Crotch nevertheless claims for him a place among the moulders of political and national thought in England. Mr. Crotch has, during the most trying period of our history, seized with real insight upon crucial crises that arose during the struggle and since the Armistice—which has probably tried the English temperament to the utmost limit—and shows in his essays how perennial is the teaching of Dickens and how applicable it is to modern conditions. The book has, of necessity, no sequential or unified theme running through it as in the case of Mr. Crotch's former works, as it is a collection of disconnected papers on matters of moment written at appropriate times; but this fact gives it a value of its own. If we may be allowed one carping sentence, we would have wished that, presented though the chapters are with all that wealth of vocabulary and happy illustration for which Mr. Crotch is well-known, some of the chapters had their themes developed at greater length. Particularly are we struck with Chapter Four, "Dickens and Reconstruction"—a theme that evidently appeals strongly to Mr. Crotch, but which equally evidently has been constricted for lack of space.

* The Touchstone of Dickens, by W. Walter Crotch. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 6s. net.

CHARLES DICKENS'S READING TABLE

ONE continually hears of the relics associated with our great men being acquired by the wealthy collector who does not live in the British Isles. Charles Dickens is one of the great English writers whose personal belongings so frequently find a resting place in America —creditable enough to those who acquire them, but nevertheless a reflection on our own enthusiasm.

But there are some things which still remain here, and one of the most notable and personal relics is the Reading Table Dickens used on the stage when giving his public readings in this country and America. This was recently presented by his daughter, Mrs. Perugini, to the editor of this magazine, with whom it will remain a treasure never to be parted with.

It was used on the 5th February last, at the Guildhall School of Music, by Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., when he gave his recital of his father's *Great Expectations*, and was the centre of much interest and attraction to the audience after the meeting.

It bears a brass plate on the front with the following inscription :—

> "This table Charles Dickens used for all his readings and took with him to America. He gave it to his daughter Kate the night of his last reading, the 16th March, 1870."

To which is now added in the handwriting of Mrs. Perugini and also signed by her brother, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., suitably framed and hanging underneath the brass plate, the following charming and graceful letter :—

Dear Mr. Matz,

My dear brother, Henry Fielding Dickens, to whom our father's little reading table would naturally go at my death, begs to be associated with me in offering it to you for your Dickens room. We feel that in parting with it we are not bidding the little relic an eternal Good-bye as it will still remain in the possession of those who love him. We send it to you and dear Mrs. Matz with our best wishes for your happiness and prosperity and with our heartfelt thanks for your constant devotion to his memory.

We beg to remain your very sincere friends,

Kate Perugini.
Henry F. Dickens.

*

This table, as most of our readers know, was especially made to the order of the novelist, and went with him as we have said wherever he travelled during his reading tours in this country and in America. It was part and parcel, so to speak, of the performance, so far as Dickens was concerned, and doubtless he would have felt uneasy and uncomfortable without it.

We believe it was first used in the drawing room of Gadshill at a trial reading, being specially sent down from London for the purpose, and henceforward whenever he gave a public reading it went with him. It was covered all over, legs and all, with maroon-coloured velvet, and the original material is still on it, although time has somewhat dimmed its brightness. It lacks the raised cube for the arm or book to rest on, and the little side shelf for the glass and water-bottle.

Many pictures and photographs have been published of the desk, showing Dickens in his place behind it, with his left arm resting on the cube with his book in hand, and in his right hand an ivory paper-knife poised to accentuate a word or phrase. The illustration we give of it is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell whilst it was still in the possession of Mrs. Perugini.

A telling description of a typical occasion when it was used during his tour in America is given by Kate Field in her book " Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens's Readings " :—

> " One glance at the platform is sufficient to convince the audience that Dickens thoroughly appreciates ' stage effect.' A large screen of maroon cloth occupies the background ; before it stands a light table of peculiar design, on the inner left-hand corner of which there peers forth a minature desk, large enough to accommodate the reader's book. On the right hand of the table, and somewhat below its level, is a shelf, where repose a carafe of water and a tumbler. ' 'Tis a combination and a form indeed ' covered with velvet somewhat lighter in colour than the screen. No drapery conceals the table, whereby it is plain that Dickens believes in expression of figure as well as of face, and does not throw away everything but his head and arms, according to the ordinary habit of ordinary speakers . . With the book ' Dickens ' stranded on the little desk, the comedian Dickens can transform a table into a stage ; and had the great novelist concluded, at the last moment, not to appear before us, this ingenious apparatus would have taught us a lesson in the art of reading. He comes ! A lithe, energetic man, of medium stature, crosses the platform at the brisk gait of five miles an hour, and takes his position behind the table. This is Charles Dickens."

The desk came safely back from America and travelled with him throughout this country. The last occasion it was used was the ever memorable one at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on the 16th March, 1870, when he stood behind that table and made his farewell speech to the distinguished audience before him. Charles Kent, his friend, has described that occasion at length in his book, " Charles Dickens as a Reader," in the course of which he tells us that " the manly, cordial voice only faltered once at the very last, the mournful modulation of it on the utterance of the words : ' From these garish lights

I vanish now for evermore,' linger to this moment like a haunting melody in our remembrance." Dickens moved from the table with his head drooping in emotion and passed behind the screen on his way to his retiring room. "The prolonged thunder of applause that followed him to his secluded room at the back of the platform, whither he had withdrawn alone," says Charles Kent, "recalled him after the lapse of some minutes for another instant into the presence of his last audience, from whom, with a kiss of the hand, he then indeed parted for evermore."

It was a dramatic moment and those who were present at the time, never, we are sure, forgot it. It must have been a remarkable occasion, even for the novelist who had had many such enthusiastic audiences, and so the greatest reader of that or any time passed from the public platform never to return again, and as evidence of his determination to obey his doctor's orders, he presented the desk which served him so well, to his daughter Kate, in memory of the event. Now, after nearly half a century of loving care and pride of possession, it has been gracefully presented to one who not only prizes it for what it is and whose it was, but will always cherish it with additional joy and affection because of the giver.

TALFOURD'S SONNET ON "OLIVER TWIST"

IN *The Dickensian*, Vol. I., p. 15, is a poem by Talfourd, a tribute to Dickens on his *Oliver Twist*, dated Christmas Day, 1838. In "Ainsworth's Magazine," Vol. II., 1842, p. 507, are three Sonnets, by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, viz.:—

(i.) "Reception of the Poet Wordsworth at Oxford."
(ii.) "To Charles Dickens, on his *Oliver Twist*."
(iii.) "To Miss Adelaide Kemble, on her threatened retirement from the stage.

That to Charles Dickens differs greatly from the sonnet given in *The Dickensian*. It is as follows:—

Not only with the author's happiest praise
Thy work shall be rewarded; 'tis akin
To *deeds* of men who, scorning ease, to win
A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze,
Which heedless ages spread around the ways
Where fruitful Sorrow tracks its parent Sin,
Content to listen to the wildest din
Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze,
So they may earn the power which intercedes
With the bright world and melts it;—for within
Wan childhood's squalid homes, where basest needs
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call,
An angel face with patient sweetness pleads
For infant suffering to the hearts of all!

ROBERT PIERPOINT.

A CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM OF DICKENS

WHAT GILFILLAN THOUGHT IN 1848

By JAMES WESTLEY

WE have recently been reading a more or less forgotten book. It is entitled "Second Gallery of Literary Portraits," by Gilfillan. There is no full length portrait of Dickens in this book, published not earlier than 1848, and not later than 1850, but there is a little vignette of considerable interest. It is contained in the chapter on Macaulay (whose "History" had not appeared when the book was written). The author notes that the two most popular authors of the times were Dickens and Macaulay, and he regards the supremacy of the former as "verily one of the signs of the times." Apparently he regarded it as a sign of the times, much as certain doleful people regard the popularity of Florence Garvice or Charles Barclay, or Shernard Ghaw to-day as signs of the times. It is perfectly clear, any way, that he regarded Dickens's popularity as not a cheering sign of the times, as not calculated to inspire wise men like himself with hope for the future of the race. Yet his logic is odd; for after annihilating Dickens as a literary artist, he bows to him as the god of love and charity and good will. "Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather wondering at the length of his reign .... and while fearlessly expressing one's doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness —of a wide-minded and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.'" So he, like many another critic, had had to give up the puzzle. Dickens can't write, is almost devoid of intellect, yet the people love him and his popularity never wanes! All because he was just a good man who loved his fellows! "God is good, and hearts may count in heaven as high as heads." So Kit Nubbles said; so Dickens goes on demonstrating, and the "Saturday Review" and a few others go on wondering.

Listen to our author again:

> He has no massive or profound intellect—no lore superior to a schoolboy's (that was quite clever in an essay on Macaulay, who had declared what every schoolboy knew!)—no vast or creative imagination (whew! And some of our greatest writers had declared that he was our greatest creative genius since Shakespeare!)—little philosophic insight, little power of serious writing (we must be fair, and note that *A Tale of Two Cities* had not been written at this time), and little sympathy with either the subtler and profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of Nature ..... So many of the admirers of Dickens had been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile that plays about his mouth, that they had imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakespeare. To do him justice, he himself has seldom fallen into such an egregious mistake."

Later in the same chapter, our author declares that Dickens never

deals with metaphysical matters—" the weight, the burden, and the mystery of all this unintelligible world."

> We charge Macaulay, as well as Dickens (he says), with a systematic shrinking from meeting in a manful style those dread topics and relations at which we have hinted; and this, whether it springs, as Humboldt says in his own case, from a want of subjective understanding or whether it springs from a regard for, or fear of, popular opinion, or whether it springs from moral indifference, argues on the first supposition, a deep mental deficiency, on the second, a cowardice unworthy of their position, or on the third, a state of spirit which the age, in its professed teachers, will not much longer endure. An earnest period, bent on basing its future progress upon fixed principles, fairly and irrevocably set down to solve the problem of its happiness and destiny, will not long refrain from bestowing the name of brilliant trifler on the man, however gifted and favoured, who so slenderly sympathises with it in this high though late and difficult calling.

So there you are. And the age still goes on worshipping at the shrine of Dickens, the brilliant trifler. " An earnest period . . . . . firmly and irrevocably set down to solve the problem of its own happiness and destiny." It all depends how you look at things, as the crossed-eyed man said to the squint-eyed man, but it seems to us that Dickens did rather a lot towards helping his age, and ours too, to solve the problem of their own happiness. He made his readers happy and inspired them to wish to make others happy. So for ourselves we are not very much concerned because he did not bother himself about metaphysics.

DICKENS, MARK LEMON AND THE PICKPOCKET

IN our issue for August, 1917, we re-printed the report from " The Era " of 25th March, 1849, of a charge preferred by Mark Lemon against a pickpocket named Cornelius Hearne for attempted robbery. Charles Dickens was a witness and gave evidence. Mr. Cedric Bonnell, of Nottingham now sends us the following verses on the incident, which are extracted from an old paper called " Chat " of March 31st, 1849.

This paper was at one time edited by George Augustus Sala, who in an article in " The Savage Club Papers," entitled " Chat and G.A.S.," says, " I wrote in it a most appalling romance, several small jokes, much bad poetry, and a series of essays." It may be that the following verses were written by him :—

BALLADS OF BOW STREET

By One of the Force.

No. I.

There was two literary gents,
  Which harm in harm did walk
Adown the Hedgware Road, while they
  Beguiled the time with talk.

One ad a pair of big blue eyes,
The sweetest, too, of smiles;
The wery best of coats and boots,
The wery best of tiles.

The wery best of chains and rings,
And SUCH a hed of hair;
Unto my Susan's (she's a cook)
I honly can compare.

His pal, he wos a punchy cove,
His togs they were bran new;
And yet, for hall the world he looked
Unkimmon like a Jew.

His air it ung in corkscrew curls,
He had a heagle look;
His chin it was a double vun,
His nose it vos a hook.

Of he who bright the ogles ad,
The name Charles Dickens vos,
Vich hother folks, in hother times
Denominated "Boz."

The hother vos Mark Lemon called,
A man of little nouse;
Who once in Wych Street used to keep
A little public ouse.

And as they walked, they blandly talked,
On sciences and harts;
And vot they said vos fit to be
Brought out in monthly parts.

Ven Lemon says to Boz, says he
It really seems to me
As if some one vos follering,
I'll turn me round and see.

He turned round that heagle glance,
That ne'er was known to fail,
And there he found Cornelius Hearne
A tugging at his tail.

He found Cornelius who did try
Him to despoil and rob;
But didn't 'cause as how there was
Not nothing in his fob.

O vot a pump wos Corny Hearne,
And who so green as he,
Who thought that in an author's pouch
There anything could be.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

From a romantic point of view we shall have lost a great deal when those pussyfeet days arrive. Dickens, I am sure, would have hated the thought of their silent treads; and he could certainly never have written those impressive passages in *A Tale of Two Cities*, where he deals with the echoing footsteps at the corner of Dr. Manette's house, had the people of those days been rubber-heeled and soled.—*Glasgow Evening Times*, 6th November, 1919.

The latest thing for the middle-aged knut who requires specs. is to affect a pair with tortoiseshell rims. They make him look like Mr. Pickwick, or the offspring of a deep-sea diver.—*Ib.* 7th November, 1919.

The "old Anthonys" of all ages often find their staunchest supporters in the working man who has risen from the ranks, and despise their fellows for their mildness and lack of ambition. "Curs—no grit in 'em." "What they want," say Mr. Bounderby, "is gold spoons and a coach and six."—*Times Literary Supplement*, 9th October, 1919.

"Brave Walworth, knight, Lord Mayor, yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes;
The King, therefore, did give in liew
The dagger to the City armes."

Wherein, for once at any rate, tradition is "expoged," as that sublime cockney, Mrs. Gamp, would say. The dagger in "the City armes" is not a dagger at all, but the sword of St. Paul; and was there long before Walworth proved his bravery by stabbing the unsuspecting Tyler.—*Christian Science Moniter*, 8th November, 1919.

The Micawber Club. *By one of the new poor.* It is not a club really. That is, we have no building of our own, nor do we pay any subscription. The mere suggestion of a subscription would cause the Club to vanish into thin air. For we are the New Poor, which explains why we call it the Micawber Club. All the world knows what Mr. Micawber was waiting for, and we are the Micawbers of to-day.

We lunch together; seven of us when the full membership is represented. There is Wilkins, who before the war was an architect, and who now is a struggling architect. I think, between ourselves, he struggles more than he architects.

Three of us are clerks, of sorts, and we chose the café where we lunch chiefly because we can lunch there for tenpence, a consideration in these times. Hatherly is not really one of the new poor. You see, he is a teacher, and so has always been poor; but we accepted him out of sympathy.

The other two, Jones and Brown, are men of moderate means—that dreadful phrase—who eke out their means by acting as tutors. We are all Micawbers, and we have little or no hope.

One rule we have made, and that is that we will never betray to our wives that we are merely the New Poor. They all think, poor dears, that the Micawber Club is a most pretentious edifice, complete with waiters and the files of the "Times."

Jones raised a question at our meeting yesterday.

"My wife has a friend whose husband is a tailor"—intense interest here! "He wants to join a good club, and when she mentioned the 'Micawber' he asked her to persuade me to propose him."

"What did you say her husband is?" asked Brown.

"A tailor."

Silence for a while—the silence of envy.

"Tell him," said Wilkins, sadly, "tell him that the club is very exclusive. He has no chance."

It is all that is left to us—our exclusiveness.—*Daily News*, 1 Dec., 1919.

The sympathetic eye of imagination—as Mr. Chadband might have said—can picture the whole scene.—*Daily News*, 2nd December, 1919.

"The face of the World" has a sufficiently challenging idea. His hero is a male Mrs. Jellaby, with the difference that he has shared in the movement towards self-consciousness that has taken place since Dickens wrote, and is perfectly aware of the absurdity of his absorption in Borrioboola-Gha and the ruinous turn it is giving to his private affairs.—Book Review in *Daily News*, 3rd December, 1919.

We owe the invention of bills of exchange not to the Jews, as Mr. Micawber thought, but to the Lombard merchant princes of the 12th century.—*Daily News*, 5th December, 1919.

Once more the successors of that portly gentleman who made the famous appeal to Ebenezer Scrooge are directing the compassionate consideration of their fellows to the claims of the afflicted.—"The Spirit of Christmas," *Daily News*, 23rd December, 1919.

The Holiday Season. There used to be annually a sort of friendly controversy about the relative merits of the northern and southern Christmases in which the northerners could make out a strong case. The northern Christmas has a glamour and traditions of its own; it is the Christmas of Dickens and Washington Irving; of carols and Yule logs, good fare and good fellowship, and kisses stolen under the mistletoe. We always like to think of the Manor Farm of Dingley Dell as the typical Christmas household in Britain, with its genial host and its Fat Boy galvanised into wakefulness by the prospect of Gargantuan banquets of roast beef and plum pudding. Our southern Christmas has not quite the same associations, literary or social; it has inspired no Australian writer to create an antipodean Scrooge or Bob Cratchit; but yet we venture to claim for it certain advantages which the northern does not possess.—*The Sydney Morning Herald*, 27th December, 1919.

Dickens's Spirit.—In one London suburb there are two rival spiritualistic mediums, each of whom arranged for a Christmas eve seance.

The spiritualistic sprees were held simultaneously, and at each the spirit of Charles Dickens attended, and obligingly rendered extracts from the *Christmas Carol*.

Even London spiritualists do not claim that a spirit can be in two places at once: and there is a feud now between the partisans of the two experts each contending that the real Dickens was their guest.

The Dickens spirit was certainly abroad this year.—*Empire News*, 28th December, 1919.

Sir Edward Cook was one of those happy bookmen who are collectors rather than critics—not collectors of books so much as collectors of the contents of books. His motto was clearly that of Captain Cuttle—"When found make a note." His two volumes of "Literary Recreations" are the product of note-books as surely as were D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." -*Daily News*, 14th January, 1920.

The intimation is that in the meantime the union government will proceed carefully, nursing its shattered strength. Like Micawber it hopes that something will turn up, but every politician knows that

disaster lies at the end of this road, whether it be just over the hill or far away in the distance.

* * * * *

Then who is to come to the rescue of the country if the present government dies of inanition and the alternative promised by the official opposition is stillborn ? Is the answer the Farmers ? For their part the Farmers, like Barkis, seem to be willing. They are getting ready to come to the rescue as fast as they can.—*Boston Evening Transcript*, 20th January, 1920.

The modern burglar was undoubtedly keeping abreast of the times, and was no longer of the Bill Sikes order. The police had to bring their intelligence up to his level.—*Daily News*, 24th January, 1920.

There is uncertainty regarding some words beginning with the aspirate. " 'Umble " instead of " humble " was killed by Uriah Heep, and a silent " h " in " humour " is now considered the old form of pronunciation, but whether the " h " should be sounded in " hospitals " and " hotel " is a matter of opinion.—" King's English," *Daily News*, 5th February, 1920.

In the Strand one bold fellow appeared in a lounge coat. But it was lined with fur. The teashop windows screamed in their largest letter :—

HOT SOUP. HOT COFFEE. HOT BUTTERED CAKES.

But the real drink of the day was *Punch a la Quilp*. Very simple : Bring neat pre-war rum to the boiling point and then drink out of the saucepan.—From article in *Evening News* on the February " cold snap," 21st February, 1920.

Everything is left to the haphazard handling of light and trivial minds. Great decisions are taken in the spirit of Dodson and Fogg and thrown over as irresponsibly as they are taken.—A.G.G. in *Daily News*, 21st February, 1920.

The following is a quotation from the English section of an Oriental paper:—" The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in borders sombre. Staff has each one been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."—*Daily Express*, 26th February, 1920.

Modern Tony Wellers.—Modern Tony Wellers in the London streets are seen at their best under such depressing conditions as yesterday's weather. Grizzled old men, they stand operating the tram points, levers, clad in oilskins, sacking, overcoats, with heavy boots and leggings, thick mittens, and sou'-westers. All weathers they are at their posts. They get what shelter a door-way or a wall offers, and have to leave even this scanty shelter every two or three minutes to attend to the points.—*Daily News*, 28th February, 1920.

(Is not the writer thinking of Trotty Veck ?)

A Poem of three verses by C. E. B., pressing the Kaiser to surrender for his trial, appeared in *The Evening News* of January 20th. The last verse ran as follows :—

Come, do the business in a kingly fashion.
This trial is a thing we've set our heart on.
Picture yourself devoid of fear or passion,
A martyr, with a touch of Sydney Carton,
Informing Bentinck and each faithful Hun,
" 'Tis a far better thing than I have ever done ! "

DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTICS

By FRANCESCO BERGER

(SERIES C, No. 3)

Two of Dickens's characters.

A woman, outwardly severe, but to be trusted;
A man of genial words, not to be "trusted."
In different books are found these two;
Can you discover them, tell who's who?

1.—Majestic and tall we overtop all;
In boots confined, we're tight and small.
2.—Eccentric and queer,
Beheaded 'tis here.
3.—What's this! a tax? Be wise, and name it not.
We have enough to pay with what we've got.
4.—With Dick and Harry I often tarry;
My tail, when cross, erect I carry.
5.—We give it freely when to do so fits us.
For crimes committed "his" commits us.
6.—Once four legs I boasted; then I fed you, roasted;
Now on walls I'm posted, consumed with bread that's toasted.
My head and tail alike are wrought,
My centre multiplies what's nought.
7.—Ill luck I bring
In brooch or ring.
8.—Signal of subsiding strife,
Of days with peace and plenty rife.

(SERIES C, No. 4)

A character in one of Dickens's books.

Reverse these names and find:
Devoted heart and hero's mind.

1.—Above board always, ever on the square,
With royalties familiar, with castles in the air:
Play the game right nobly, with caution move, and wait,
Neglect not home or duty, but still avoid your mate.
2.—Enamoured general of historic fame
Tragic the end of his belovèd dame.
3.—If I'm to dine with you, my friend,
Be sure you're *this*, before you send
The invitation to your party.
Because my appetite's hearty.
4.—A crime abhorred; cut off its head
Man's noblest attribute find in its stead.
5.—Neither a borrower be, nor lender,
Do *this* not; be just, not tender.
6.—'Twas hence he came who helped to build a nation
With Roman and Saxon in unique fashion.

NOTICE.—Solutions to the above Acrostics (Nos. 3 and 4, Series C) must reach the Editor not later than the 31st May, 1920.

SOLUTION OF No. 1 (SERIES C)

TomorroW, UnI(corn), PiN, MonK, ArtificiaL, NonE.

Correct solutions have been received from: Miss F. Dearsly; Miss Bessie Muirhead Rankin; Mary Bibby; "Punchinello"; "M. S."; "Titus."

SOLUTION OF No 2 (SERIES C)

ScofF, TobaccO, EaR, EntreaT, RutH.

Correct solutions have been received from: Miss F. Dearsly; Miss Bessie Muirhead Rankin; Mary Bibby; "Punchinello"; "M.S."; "Titus"; Cedric Bounell.

CHARLES DICKENS

THE name beloved by thousands, aye revered—
The hoary head, the little child at play,
O'er land and sea, where'er that name is heard
All join to celebrate thy natal day.

Great Champion of the poor, th' oppressed, the weak,
Who, crushed beneath th' iron heel of might
Lay helpless; to them thy giant strength
Of intellect was given, their wrongs made right.

Thy facile pen was ever used to redress
Some flagrant wrong; thy master hand
Swept o'er the keys of human passion till
It roused to ready action strong and grand.

A workman skilled who used his tools aright
Sweet sympathy for all most just and true,
And Wit's keen edge for all the base and mean;
Each in its turn received his proper due.

We see again those figures quaintly clad,
Each pulsing with fresh energy and life;
They live to-day as vigorous as when
Their Author dreamed his dreams and gave them life.

Micawber with his never-failing hope
Of "something turning up"; and what befell
The haughty Dombey; while we muse again
Upon the sorrows of dear little Nell.

And once again the glad Pickwickian smile
Beams brightly round on all, both great and small;
Anon we hear the plaintive, childish tones
Of Tiny Tim's "God bless us one and all."

Charles Dickens' memory will ever live
While human hearts still throb in human breasts;
The world is sweeter now because of him
Who sleeps his quiet sleep in honoured rest.

MARY LLEWELLYN CLAYPOLE.

London, Ontario, Canada.

WHY DICKENS IS POPULAR

IN "The Book Monthly" for February last appeared four articles from well-known Dickensians in response to the Editor's question, "Why is Dickens so abidingly and powerfully Popular?" We print below a short extract from each :—

HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, K.C.

The true reason for his popularity is, beyond all question, his strong human sympathy, his power of showing, how deep in the hearts of men there exists, hidden below the surface, a feeling of charity and brotherhood. That feeling it was ever his object to promote; to show, to those whose paths in life are smooth and easy, how much they can do to ease the lives of those who have to battle with want and disappointment. It is for the work he has done in this respect, that he earned the gratitude of those for whom he wrote. This is the reward for which he sought; this is the reward which he has gained.

MISS MARIE CORELLI.

Why? Because he is sane, pure and wholesome! Because he never soiled the pen with degrading "sex problems," and because, with him, as with Shakespeare, evil appeared as evil and good as good. In his healthy brain there were no deceptive subterfuges. The public love and honour him because, in the main, the public know he is right . . .

Dickens is popular, and always will be so, because he knew the goodness and tenderness of heart among the poor; because he honoured unselfish love and the many sacrifices love makes for those who need love's care—because he had unfailing sympathy for the poor and downtrodden, and because he hated humbug with all his soul!

No canting hypocrite has a chance against his powerful pen! . . . .

I devoutly thank God that such a great, whole-hearted man was given to the world.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

Dickens, though writing of his times, was "not for an age," and he remains perpetually fresh. That is his magic touch . . . when we have read a Dickens novel, we have not finished with the book. Thus the old readers remain and the new readers come. This is a main clue to his popularity . . .

Dickens through his life-like characters subtly reaches the source of our emotions, and we sorrow or rejoice with our kin. He is the novelist—or rather the portrayer—of the home life, of pure affection, of natural men and women, of simple souls . . . he is the novelist of flesh and blood . . .

A child can read and relish his pages; a man will read, relish and find hidden wonder also . . .

We learn from Dickens, scarcely conscious that we are being taught, and the lesson goes deeper . . . He is a philosopher and not a pedant. He remains popular because he has something for everybody . . . In short, to explain Dickens's popularity is only to explain what Dickens was and what Dickens did. We do not need to invent arguments; they exist in the man and his works!

· W. Walter Crotch.

Like the writers of the Bible, and like Shakespeare, Dickens renders into words and phrases the things that reach down to the common heart of man—things that interest and hold him suspended in the emotions of the common life . . . He was and still is, popular because he knew how to endow the most commonplace feelings and experiences of life, especially of domestic life, with simplicity, passion, beauty and humour. He thus commanded, and still commands, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, because he held and holds the greatest common measure of human nature . . . Dickens held the mirror up to the commonplace. In doing this, he not only created a universal appeal and a universal response, but he made literature possible to the common people in the artistic effects his work itself educed. Because of this he is still popular.

THE CHARLES DICKENS HOME FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

List of Subscriptions received from 1st October, 1919

	£	s.	d.
London Branch	10	16	9
Cheltenham Branch	160	0	0
Bransby Williams	100	16	6
D. Coats	100	0	0
A. Blackman (Hastings Bowling Tournament)	61	19	6
Miss Hudson	5	7	6
Cinderford Branch	3	1	4
Gov. Director and Office Staff of Griffiths Bros. & Co. (London) Ltd.	17	3	0
Chesterfield Branch	1	1	6½
Swansea Branch	2	7	0
Major W. S. Mills (collected on board B.I.SS. *Mandala* on voyage from Bombay to Devonport)	17	13	0
The Boz Club	114	7	8
Gordon Watson	0	5	6
Anon	0	11	6
Hastings Branch	0	12	6
Hastings Branch	203	3	6
Wilshin & Son	1	3	6
London Branch Guild, Dickens Fellowship	39	10	0
Hackney Branch	45	0	0
Miss Livett	2	11	0
Carried forward	£887	11	3½

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	£887	11	3½
Miss Florence Aylward	8	5	6
Anon	0	3	0
A.C.	10	0	0
Miss Sarah Hurd	0	10	0
London Branch	2	7	2
Mrs. Hadfield	10	0	0
T. Benson	5	0	0
I. A. Mullens	5	0	0
Total	£928	16	11½
£3 3s. each—			
P. T. Carden, T. Coussens	6	6	0
Ernest H. Bibbing	2	2	0
£1 each—			
Mrs. Peter Jones, Capt. Paterson, S. Gambier, Mr. Napier, World's Stores (Hastings), H. E. Alden, Mrs. Kenward, A. E. O. Holloway	8	0	0
Per Miss Tyler	3	0	0
Fuller Whistler	1	1	0
	£949	5	11½
Mrs. Spencer	1	10	0
Total	£950	15	11½

2 Tokenhouse Buildings,
E.C.2

W. Walter Crotch,
Hon. Treasurer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it? "—Rosa Dartle.

QUESTION

Lace. "Penguin," in writing in "The Observer" recently, stated in his column, "The World of Letters," that he could find no reference to Lace in the works of Dickens, and makes a tentative statement that there is none. I cannot recollect any. Can any of your readers recall an instance?—St. Elmo.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE DROOD COVER DESIGN

SIR.—In the January issue of *The Dickensian*, Mr. Willoughby Matchett refers to Charles Allston Collins's letter to Augustin Daly as being "Perhaps the most weighty pronouncement on the Drood question that has appeared since the original statement made by Forster;" but to my mind it throws very little light on the subject. It is, however, itself a somewhat mysterious production. In the first place the writer, while referring to most of the pictures which he drew for the cover, omits all reference to the vignette at the bottom, which would seem to be the most important of all, as bearing directly on the elucidation of the mystery, or to the figures of the opium woman, and the Chinaman, who are obviously connected with the solution; and possibly also with each other. Secondly, why had he drawn the youth kneeling at Rosa's feet, with such a strong resemblance to the figure at the top of the stairs? and with so little resemblance to the figure of Jasper in the top picture, if the picture at the top of the stairs is supposed to be Jasper pointing to himself? With regard to the figure kneeling at Rosa's feet I should like to call attention to a fact which seems to have escaped observation. It is that the young man holds Rosa's hand *palm upward*, and is gazing earnestly into it. This will at once recall a scene between Edwin and Rosa, when they parted after the first meeting described in the book.

> "At the gate, the street being within sight empty, Edwin bends down his face to Rosebud's. She remonstrates, laughing, and is a childish schoolgirl again.
>
> 'Eddy, no! I'm too sticky to be kissed. But give me your hand and I'll blow a kiss into that.'
>
> He does so, she breathes a light breath into it and asks, retaining it, and looking into it:—
>
> 'Now say what do you see?'
>
> 'See, Rosa?'
>
> 'Why I thought you Egyptian boys could look into a hand and see all sorts of phantoms. Can't you see a happy Future.'
>
> For certain neither of them sees a happy present, as the gate opens and closes, and one goes in and the other goes away."

Now in Mr. Collins's picture we have some such scene repeated; only here it is the man who looks into the girl's hand, and not into his own. What are we to deduce from this? Would it not seem to bear out my sister, Miss Mary Kavanagh's, solution that Dickens resurrected Edwin Drood in the person of the sailor Tartar? and that he is represented in the picture as being *found* by Rosa, immediately beneath the picture which represents him as being *lost* by her. That Rosa would have repeated any such scene as the one I have described above, with a new lover, seems highly improbable, but when the new lover happened also to be the old one it is quite possible that she may have done so.

ETHNA KAVANAGH.

SIR.—I have read with much attention Mr. Matchett's article in the January *Dickensian*, especially the last paragraph which deals with the indications of Edwin Drood's death given on the wrapper. I also have been studying the wrapper closely, and have discovered that the last letter of the word "MYSTERY" is the most highly ornamented

letter on the page. I therefore hazard the guess that the author and artist wished to convey the message, "WHY DEAD?"

Faithfully yours,

7th February, 1920. T. W. Hill.

MR. JUSTICE SHEARMAN AND DICKENS

Sir.—On reading Mr. Justice Shearman's remark in the Divorce Court, I thought he might be alluding to Herbert Pocket, but on looking up the passage it is not quite on all fours, but may have been what crossed the Judge's mind—

"You are in a counting house, you know, and you look about you. Then the time comes when you see your opening. And you go in and you swoop upon it and you make your capital and then, there you are! When you have once made your capital, you have nothing to do but employ it."—*Great Expectations*, Chap. 22.

Here, then, is the constant repetition of "you" instead of "one."

I cannot help thinking there is a somewhat similar passage, which I cannot at present discover, where the speaker uses constantly the expression "a man," meaning himself.

Who is *young* Mr. Jarndyce?—I presume Mr. Walter Sichel means Mr. Richard Carstone.

Yours faithfully,

5 The Lees, E. T. Ward.

Folkestone, *January 24th*, 1920.

THE LARGEST BRANCH OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Sir.—The prosperity of the Gloucester Branch, as indicated in your January issue, must be a source of satisfaction to members of the Fellowship everywhere, and may have the added advantage of inviting a friendly comparison from other provincial centres.

We of Southend and District, in this spirit of comradeship, challenge their claim to premier position as regards membership, and a short statement of our position will, I am sure, interest not Gloucester alone. We have been favoured with a succession of able secretaries, but the phenomenal success of the Branch dates from the regime of Mr. H. Hubert, which lasted from 1914 to 1917. When business responsibilities necessitated his removal to London, the membership was well on the way to top the second century, and the impetus given by his intelligent and unsparing labours carried the Society on through the dark days of the war, when most organisations of a kindred nature had to suspend their activities. His successor, Mr. F. J. Moreton, was stricken down soon after taking up the work, but not before we had felt justified in expecting great things of him. Last Summer, our proverbial good fortune reasserted itself, and in Mr. H. E. Mayhew, our present secretary, we secured an executive officer in every way worthy to wear the mantle even of Mr. Hubert. The work of these two gentlemen is reflected to-day in an active membership of three hundred and two.

I do not write this with the primary object of displacing Gloucester from the proud eminence to which it aspires, but rather to ask, "Where does Southend come in?"

Yours fraternally,

February 13th, 1920. C. P. Lester, *Treasurer*.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BIRMINGHAM.—At the invitation of the Birmingham Branch, a conference of Honorary Secretaries of various provincial branches was held at 117 Colmore Row, Birmingham, on February 21st, for the purpose of considering the best methods for extending the influence of the Fellowship in the provinces generally. Mr. Hillman (Chairman of the Council of the Birmingham Branch) presided, and others present, in addition to several members of the local Branch, included the following Honorary Secretaries:—Miss Annie Bennett (Birmingham), Messrs. A. Humphreys (Manchester), A. Rudd (Nottingham), W. F. Bagnall (Sheffield), and E. Kendall Pearson (Gloucester). In the course of an interesting discussion various suggestions were made for furthering the object of the conference, and it was generally agreed that effective work could be done in the direction of starting new branches and of extending the operations of existing organisations by means of a system of co-operation between the branches in conveniently situated areas. Instances of effective propaganda work done from Birmingham, Gloucester and other centres in the Midlands were given, and various parts of England where the Fellowship has so far not been established, were indicated as being suitable channels for "missionary" activity. It was suggested that the Hon. Secretaries of branches within easy reach of one another should get into touch by means of correspondence with a view of seeing what could be done to establish new branches within their respective spheres of influence.

BOSTON (U.S.A.).—Dickens wit and humour bubbled over for four hours, February 7th, in the auditorium of the Twentieth Century Club at the first annual dinner of the Boston branch. Behind the head table hung a portrait of the novelist against a background formed by the intertwined Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack; around the hall were displayed about 50 character sketches from Dickens by Fred Barnard and hand-coloured by Miss Florence Smith; each menu card was faced by the drawing of a Dickens character, selected from more than 100, the work of H. S. Pierson, a member of the fellowship, and on the bill of fare quotations from the Dickens stories abounded. Dickensian also was the music, furnished by E. D. Sherrill, Mrs. A. B. Sherrill, and Miss Carrie E. Sherrill. It included the singing of "The Ivy Green" from *Pickwick Papers*, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" from *Dombey and Son*, "There's a Charm in Spring," from *The Village Coquettes* and "Little Em'ly." The tables were decorated with pots of scarlet geraniums grown expressly for the occasion. An English ivy grown from a slip brought from Gad's Hill by Mrs. Ridgeway, one of the members, stood in front of the President. The "Christmas pudding," which closed the feast, was served up according to Mrs. Cratchit in *A Christmas Carol*, with the single exception of the flame, the absence of which was referred back to January 16. Half a dozen addresses were made, all pervaded by the Dickens spirit and tightly packed with quotations from Mr. Micawber, Dick Swiveller and Sairey Gamp; at least once Mr. Rideout, who presided, was mistaken for Mr. Pickwick. Numerous letters of congratulations were read by Mrs. A Lincoln Bowles, the Secretary of the Fellowship. Among those who spoke were V. W. Houghwout of Fall River and Nixon Waterman, of

Boston. M. J. Stone read a paper prepared for the occasion by the Rev. W. G. Macfarlane, of Westfield, Vt., Mrs. A. Hibbard brought greetings from Laconia, N. H., and an original poem on Dickens was contributed by Miss Louella C. Poole.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE.—An interesting Dickens Reading and Recitation Competition occupied the greater portion of the evening on March 6th, Miss Watts being awarded Recitation Prize, and Miss Beach that for Reading. Following Competition Miss Hale described the interview between " Mrs. Jarley and Little Nell " in a delightful vein of comedy, and Madam Withy read " A Child's Dream of a Star." Her beautiful modulations of voice, and perfect enunciation, was revealed with artistic skill in this exquisite composition.

EASTBOURNE.—The second meeting of the branch was held on 30th January under the presidency of Alderman John Easter. The greater part of the evening was devoted to a recital from the works of Dickens by the Rev. T. Faulkner Jefferis, of Brighton, and it would be impossible to imagine a better interpretation of the spirit of the great novelist. Mr. Jefferis is endowed with a fine and flexible voice, and is equally at home in humorous and pathetic passages. To illustrate the descriptive power of Dickens, Tom Pinch's coach ride to London, and the autumn scene in Chapter II. of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when the boisterous wind treated Mr. Pecksniff so severely, were given. The death of Joe, from *Bleak House*, was given with restrained pathos. Not less tender and touching was the execution of Sydney Carton. Among the humorous selections was Mr. Winkle's clandestine courtship of Arabella Allen ; and the difficulties experienced by Mr. Pickwick with his lantern was inimitably rendered. Although this branch was formed less than four months ago, the membership is already 100. Highly successful meetings have been held when songs, readings, and recitals were given, the Dickensian element being largely predominant. A whist-drive also took place, as the result of which a useful cheque was handed to a local hospital. A " Social," a few country outings and pic-nics are being arranged for the summer months.

GLOUCESTER.—Under the able presidency of Mr. H. W. Bruton, the Branch has held a series of conspicuously successful gatherings during the quarter. At the January meeting readings from *Barnaby Rudge* were given by Mr. Paul Francillon and Lady Bruton, and the Hon. Secretary (Mr. E. Kendall Pearson) gave an account of the Gordon Riots from contemporary newspaper reports, for comparison with the descriptions in the novel. The celebration of the anniversary of the Novelist's birth, on February 7th, was quite a notable event, and one of the most successful of all the Branch's social functions. It was described as a " Birthday Party," and nearly 300 Dickensians participated in the festivities at the Guildhall. Members of the Cheltenham, Cinderford and Tewkesbury Branches accepted the invitation to be present. Many of the company appeared in Dickensian character costumes. Mr. Bruton, who with his daughter, Mrs. G. F. Terry, received the guests, was accompanied by the Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. J. O. Roberts)—who most generously provided the refreshments—the City Member (Sir James Bruton) and Lady Bruton, and other representative citizens. The President, who gave an admirable address appropriate to the occasion, referred with special

pleasure to the presence of representatives of the four Gloucestershire Branches of the Fellowship. The President of the Cheltenham Branch (the Rev. R. H. M. Bouth) acknowledged the welcome on behalf of the visitors, and before the speech-making ended an interesting visitor " turned up " in Mr. Micawber (Mr. E. J. C. Palmer, the founder of the Gloucester Branch) and gave a characteristic address. Cheltenham members gave a couple of sketches, and there was also a dance. At the usual monthly meeting in March further Readings from *Barnaby Rudge* were given by Mrs. W. L. Edwards, Mr. W. Parsons, and Mr. J. W. Barnett (who gave a very dramatic rendering of the burning of Newgate.)

LIVERPOOL.—At the meeting at the Royal Institution, January 14th, 1920, Mr. G. A. Tessimond presiding, sympathetic reference was made to the death of Mrs. Edgar Browne. The evening's entertainment was contributed by Mr. A. T. Wray with " Dickensian Jottings," comprising " Bob Sawyer's Supper Party," " Death of Paul Dombey," " Mr. Pickwick's Adventure with Lady," " The Bringing home of Steerforth's Body." These, ranging from humorous to pathetic and dramatic. were a test from which many would have shrunk, but Mr. Wray, in his inimitable manner, carried his hearers with him, rousing them to enthusiasm by his splendid and masterly reading. On January 28th, 1920, Mr. T. H. M. Fleming read a paper entitled " An hour with Dickens." He considered that Dickens left a legacy of incomparable value in the shape of pictures and reproductions of real human nature. Our vocabulary was enlarged and enriched by his work. Dickens proved that the proper study of mankind is man, and his every book was a literary mosaic. The lecturer interspersed his paper with illustrative readings. On February 11th, 1920, Mr. James Eccles lectured on " Literary Styles and Stylists," descanting on the descriptive strength of the English language, and illustrated his remarks by quoting extensively from the leading intellectual giants of different ages. On February 25th, the meeting commenced with a vote of sympathy with Lady Russell and members of the family of the late Lord Russell, an old Vice-President of the Branch. The book for the session, viz., *Bleak House*, then formed the subject matter of the evening's entertainment. Miss Parnell contributed a short synopsis of the plot with a few remarks on the artistry of the book. A number of members took part in the informal discussion which followed, all paying tribute to the clever and interesting way in which Miss Parnell had described such a masterpiece. Recitals were given by Mr. Van Gelder, Mrs. Helsby and Mr. Wallace, who contributed one of his topical and poetical effusions, " Moving On," which was perhaps in his happiest vein. Mr. T. N. Philip presided at the last three meetings.

LONDON.—A very successful meeting was held on January 3rd when Mr. Stanley Cooper, F.R.S.L., gave a most interesting Lecture on " Ben Jonson." The Chair was taken by Mr. Dalton, M.A. The Birthday Recital at the Guildhall School of Music was one of the most successful meetings London has had. Mr. Henry F. Dickens recited *Great Expectations* to a packed Hall. For an hour and a half the audience was held spellbound by the splendid rendering of his father's work. The table used by Mr. Dickens for his recital was the one used by his father for all his readings, lent for the occasion by Mr. B. W. Matz. At the close, Mr. Warren, the President of the London Branch, thanked

Mr. Dickens for the great treat he had given and appealed to the gathering for the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. The collection amounted to £39 10s.

MANCHESTER.—The second half of the session opened on January 9th with a Dingley Dell Peace Party, when about 100 members and friends were present. The Birthday Celebration on February 6th was a great success. Several members, with the assistance of one or two friends, gave an excellent dramatic representation of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The large Milton Hall was crowded, and the performance appeared to give general satisfaction. The production was under the direction of Mr. Gerald Farmen, who also took the part of Caleb Plummer. During an interval, the President (Mr. J. Cuming Walters) gave an appropriate address and appealed for liberal support to the General Charitable Fund of the Branch. A collection was taken, and after payment of expenses of hire of hall, there will be a balance of nearly £14 to the good. At the meeting on March 12th, a splendid paper was given by Mr. Walters on "Dickens's Heroines." The Branch is now busily engaged on preparations for the Annual Conference of the Fellowship which is to be held there on Saturday, June 5th.

NEW YORK.—The Branch held its regular December meeting, which has become known as the Annual Xmas Party, on December 19th, 1919, at the National Arts Club, its headquarters. This meeting differed from past meetings, in that the literary part was devoted to matter non-Dickensian, being what might be called an "Authors' Reading." Irving Bacheller, H. Hamlin Garland, and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, a sister of the late Theordore Roosevelt, were the stars and read from their own works. A very large number of members and guests were present, among them many prominent authors. The affair was one of the most brilliant gatherings of the season. As is the custom, members and guests brought Xmas gifts to be sent to the Rhindlander School for Crippled Children, one of the particluar charities of the New York Branch; likewise donations of money were made, as formerly, for the purpose of buying and decorating a Christmas tree for the School. The January meeting, on the 16th, showed by the large attendance, the results of recent efforts to draw attention of the city to the work of the Fellowship. The membership has increased very perceptibly, the addition being of a quite desirable, even notable, character. Mr. H. S. Nichols, well-known publisher of fine books and a collector of Dickensiana, gave some "Unpublished Anecdotes of Charles Dickens." On December 20th, 1919, a great Dickens Carnival, in costume, was given on Staten Island for the benefit of the Staten Island Hospital, with immense success. Mrs. Wm. G. Willcox and Miss Edith Pollard, by invitation, repeated at the meeting the immortal quarrel of Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig. Professor Troupe, a new member, spoke on the humorous side of Dickens's character. Professor Troupe has himself a keen sense of humour, and kept the audience in continual gales of laughter. The branch was compelled to turn away would be guests at its Birthday Dinner on Saturday Evening, February 7th. Both the Christmas Party and the Birthday Dinner have taken leading positions in the literary life of the City. For this Dinner, the Exhibition Galleries of the National Arts Club was crowded to capacity, and many well-known people were seen. Mr. Alexander Watson, who is here touring America, gave the Chapter from Copperfield, or

rather the episode, where Little Em'ly goes away; Mr. Watson was wonderful in his interpretation of the tragedy and drama of this scene. Mrs. Augusta R. Kidder read an original poem on Dickens. Mr. Theodore B. Bassett gave delightfully his recollections of Dickens's first and last appearances in New York. Mrs. John H. Clark, President of the New York Browning Society, gave a very interesting address on certain similarities between the two authors. Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, President of the Poetry Society of America, and Editor of "Current Opinion," spoke on Dickens and Poetry, and furnished a little humor, in a whimsical and enjoyable manner. The Rev. Howard Duffield, gave an address on Dickens "Up-To-Date," dwelling on the social troubles and unrest of the present, and the cure as found in Dickens and the Dickens Spirit.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Annual Meeting of this Branch will take place on Tuesday, April 27th, at the Mechanics' Institute. The past session has been more of a social character, owing to the Military still using the usual Dickens Room. However, it is hoped to get in full swing next season, with the usual lectures and readings, and The Dickens Dramatic Society hope to place on the stage *Nicholas Nickleby*.

PHILADELPHIA.—The season was opened in October with a well attended meeting at which Judge John M. Patterson presided. Mr. Lewis James Howell rendered several delightful baritone selections, Mr. George F. Dobbin read with amusing effect "The Steam Excursion," Mr. Thomas K. Ober recited original poems, and Lieut. Col. George C. Kieffer gave some interesting "Observations Overseas." A feature of the meeting was an examination in Dickens. A set of ten questions relating to the novels, printed on sheets, was given to each member and twenty minutes allowed to complete the answers. At the bottom of each sheet was a line for "my favourite novel," and it developed that the majority named *A Tale of Two Cities*, with *David Copperfield* a close second. Three members turned in correct answers to all the questions, and three others had averages of 98, to all of whom prizes were given. At the November meeting the soloist was Mr. Eugene Tyrrell, with Miss Genevieve Mulholland accompanist. An interesting paper on "Some Present Day Problems and Dickens" was read by Mr. Ernest N. Ross; followed by Miss Emilie Krider Norris in an artistic recital of Bernard Shaw's "Meeting of Cæsar and Cleopatra." Mr. J. F. A. Jackson read a paper on "Dickens in Philadelphia," and the final number was a reading by J. K. Thompson of "A Pickwickian Shooting Party." The Christmas Costume Party brought out a large attendance, over forty appearing as Dickens characters. "Mr. Pickwick's Review" was reproduced, with George F. Dobbin as Pickwick, and J. K. Thompson as Sam Weller. When all the characters had been presented Mr. Pickwick arose, and in a characteristic speech "with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat tails, and the other moving in air," extolled the one who had brought us all into being" and concluded with "Behold!" when the curtains parted and Charles Dickens, impersonated by Judge Patterson, appeared, walked to the front of the stage, and began the reading of *A Christmas Carol*. At the end of the reading Thomas K. Ober, Jr., as Caleb Plummer, presented toys and trinkets to some of the active members, the presentation remarks being in the form of very clever and humourous original verse. At the Annual Meeting in January, Mrs. Mortimer

Brown and Miss Emilie Krider Norris were elected members of the Council to fill vacancies, the other officers being re-elected. Dr. Henry Leffmann read a paper on "Bolshevism in Dickens's Novels"; Miss Margaret Evans gave a reading, "Mr. Winkle in Difficulties"; and Judge Patterson read a paper on "Literary Memorials of the Strand." In place of the usual dinner a meeting was held on February 7th, at which Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D., an enthusiastic Dickensian, delivered a splendid commemoration address, followed by three minute tributes to Dickens by Miss L. J. Ashmore, Mrs. John Van Miller and other members. Charles Sessler presided. Miss R. Renee Rigby gave a number of charming piano selections. Two short plays followed. "The Man Next Door," with George F. Dobbin in the title role, Miss Genevieve Mulholland as Mrs. Nickleby, and Miss M. Louise Woodward as Kate Nickleby. The second play was "A Literary Man with a Wooden Leg," with Ernest N Ross as Nicodemus Boffin, and J. K. Thompson as Silas Wegg.

PLYMOUTH.—The growth of the Branch has necessitated its removal to larger premises, and on January 13th, it met at the Athenæum, when Mr. W. C. Spear read a short Paper on "*Hard Times* and Bolshevism." Readings were given by Mrs. Joel Roberts, Mr. G. F. H. McCluskey, Mrs. W. H. Crews and Mr. J. H. Drew. Music followed. On January 21st, a Tiny Tim's Tea was given at the Guildhall, with music and other forms of entertainment afterwards. On February 4th, Dickens's Birthday was celebrated with music and whist. On February 10th, a lecture on "Love Stories from Bobbie Burns" was delivered by the Rev. Albert F. Hall, and on February 24th a paper by Mr. Spears was read on "The Production of *Oliver Twist*," with illustrative readings and a discussion following. On March 9th, Recitals by members of the Shakespearian Society were given and on the 23rd March Mr. G. F. H. McCluskey dealt with Tom Hood.

SOUTHAMPTON.—At the meeting held on January 5th, at the St. Paul's Parish Room, a very enjoyable programme was arranged by Mrs. Candif entitled, "Women as Dickens saw them." Scenes were taken from *Bleak House*, *David Copperfield*, *Barnaby Rudge* and *Dombey and Son*. The performers were Mrs. Candy, Miss B. Dymott, Miss Cue, Miss Brimley, Miss V. Hickley, Miss Pearks, Miss Donkin, Misses Braybrooke and Robson and Mr. Brimley. Mr. H. R. Harwood gave the connective readings and Miss Lily Vera supplied musical selections in the intervals. The performers acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. At the meeting on February 9th, the Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A., of the Avenue Congregational Church, delivered a very interesting lecture on "Dickens as Caricaturist and Artist," illustrated by selections form *Pickwick Papers*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and others of the great author's works. There was a good attendance of members who testified their appreciation of the lecturer's powers.

SOUTHEND.—In November, Mr. H. Hubert gave his lecture on "The Humour of Dickens," at Lindisfarne College Hall, to a record audience of 500. For an hour and a half the audience was kept in a state of merriment; an altogether successful evening. Mr. Joseph Francis, J.P., acted as Chairman. In December, Alderman Potter gave a paper on *Our Mutual Friend*, which was followed by a discussion in which Mr. C. P. Lester and various members took part. On Decem

ber 16th, the Fellowship gave an entertainment on behalf of the Crowstone Social and Literary Society, when over £10 was raised on behalf of the Hamper Fund. In January, Mr. Will King's version of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was played by members at the Palace Theatre for one week. The performances were for Charity and the total nett profit of £70 was divided between The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and The Splint Fund Bed at the local Victoria Hospital. A very successful and enjoyable evening resulted from the Fellowship's efforts on behalf of the St. Saviour's Literary Society, at St. Saviour's Hall, on February 24th. Over 400 people were present and a collection resulted in the sum of over six pounds being raised for the New Church Building. Four sketches were arranged and the performance generally was well up to the Fellowship Standard.—Mr. Bovey and Miss Aldridge, in the scene between Sydney Carton and Lucy Manette, were particularly well suited. Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Grant were happy as Tony and Sam Weller respectively. A sketch, "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," was finely rendered and received. The Misses Butler played the parts of the children splendidly. Mr. Maguire as Cobbs had a part which suited him admirably, and Mrs. Mayhew was quite convincing as the Landlady. Mr. Bovey played Mr. Walmers, senior. Miss Treliving gave two Dickensian recitals, and as usual was thoroughly lost in the characters she portrayed. Miss Bicknell's recitals were up to her reputation.

TEWKESBURY.—The first session of this Branch has been an unqualified success. There are now 95 members. All the meetings have been well attended and the enthusiasm of all concerned justifies the hope of continued prosperity. The President (Mr. W. Dillon Ricketts) presided at the December Meeting, when Mrs. H. Dyer read an excellent paper on *David Copperfield*, which was much appreciated. Readings were given by Mrs. Beckingham and the Secretary (Mr. H. de Courcy Peach). In January a special attraction was provided in a visit from the Rev. A. R. Runnels-Moss, of Ladywood, Birmingham. The Watson Hall held an audience of 300 people who listened for two hours to the masterly recital of *David Copperfield*. In February a scholarly paper was given by the Rev. E. F. Smith, Vicar of Tewkesbury, on "Charles Dickens as a Social Reformer," illustrated by readings from the novelist's works. In the absence of the President, through illness, Mr. O. H. Lace, M.A., Head Master of Tewkesbury Grammar School, presiding. Miss Annie Bennett, Secretary of the Birmingham Branch, was the welcomed guest in March. Miss Bennett has taken a keen interest in our Branch since its formation, and her paper on "Charles Dickens, and the Dickens Fellowship," was listened to with keen interest, and the audience profited by the sympathetic way in which she interpreted the master's attitude to life, and traced his influence through the Fellowship. A short discussion followed.

WINNIPEG.—The Children of Dickens formed the subject of an extremely interesting lecture at the January meeting of the Dickens Fellowship in the Arts building, by Principal John MacKay, of Manitoba college. He portrayed with a fine and sympathetic touch the children characters introduced into his novels by the great novelist, and interestingly entertained the very large audience. On February 7th, a birthday party for the little ones of the Children's Shelter in Winnipeg was given. It was a real old-fashioned affair and lasted to 8 in

the evening. Following there was an entertainment for adults. The regular February meeting was held on the 12th, with the President (Frank Allen) in the Chair. A splendid attendance showed that the Winnipeg Branch is keeping up with their past record. The Speaker was the Rev. Dr. Salton, and with 100 fine slides, he conducted a large number of Dickens's admirers through the time-honoured streets of London, pointing out in passing the many spots made famous by the distinction of having been the scene of some of his novels. The trippers travelled as far east as Petticoat Lane, and as far west as the Crystal Palace. A number of the pictures had been taken at night, and the effect of a misty London night with the reflection of the street lights showing dimly against the drizzling rain, was entirely new and very beautiful.

OTHER MEETINGS

THE CITY PICKWICK CLUB.—On 9th February the City Pickwick Club held its third dinner of the season at the George and Vulture. Mr. Charles F. Webster presided, and among those present were the Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Roll, members; and Sir Harry S. Foster, J.P., D.L., and Capt. Newton Knights, M.P., visitors. The toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was proposed in eloquent terms by Mr. Walter Crotch, and honoured in silence. Mr. B. W. Matz gave the health of the Lord Mayor, who responded, and then proposed "The Visitors," for whom Sir Harry Foster spoke, incidentally giving some extracts from Sergeant Buzfuz's speech. The toast of the Club was submitted by Mr. T. W. Hill, Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship. Between the toasts a musical programme was contributed by Mr. Edward Dykes (baritone), Miss Winifred Mansfield (comedy songs) and Mr. George Blackmore (humorist). Mr. Montague Berryman gave impersonations of Dickens's characters, and Mr. Willie Robinson acted as accompanist. The fourth and last dinner of the season was held on 8th March, when Mr. Alderman J. Roll presided. The toast of the Immortal Memory was proposed by Mr. B. W. Matz, that of the Club by Mr. Cecil Palmer, and the visitors by Sir Louis Newton. The chairman replied for the Club and Captain Newton Knights, M.P., for the Visitors. The evening's entertainment was provided by Mr. Alec Price (Baritone), M .Bret Hayden (Humourist), Mr. Ernest Cherry (Character Sketches and Mr. Walter Croucher. Mr. Charles S. Goodwin, the secretary was, as usual, responsible for the arrangements so admirably carried out.

GLASGOW DICKENS SOCIETY.—Mr. James A. Love Tindal on 12th January addressed a meeting in the Masonic Hall on "The Child Characters of Dickens." Sir Robert Bruce presided. Mr. Tindal, in his introductory remarks, emphasised Dickens's infinite tenderness towards little children and outcasts, and pointed out the skill with which, throughout his works, he intermingled pathos and humour, but observed that in dealing with child life the note of pathos predominated. The correction of social abuses, the achievement of needed reforms, and the condemnation of cant were seldom absent from the mind of Dickens.

HARROW.—The Literary Society connected with Trinity Presbyterian Church at Harrow set apart its meeting of February 13th last

for a discussion on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The Editor of *The Dickensian*, who occupied the chair, lent his collection of books, pamphlets, and other ana bearing on the subject, and these were exhibited before and after the meeting. Various and conflicting views were offered during the debate—some along the well-worn lines and some fresh and interesting points were raised. The chairman, in his opening remarks, confined himself to the author's aim in writing the book and spoke of its comparitive merits as an example of Dickens's genius. The speakers who followed were Messrs. Eugene Mason, Munro Orr, Montagu Saunders, J. A. Anderson, Rowles, T. J. Ross, Percy T. Carden, J. S. Leslie, J. G. Wilson and the Rev. I. Colligan. The end of the meeting left the eternal subject as open as ever, and even the renewed debate by several of the speakers who met in the ante-room afterwards took us no further towards a solution. The Hall was full, and the whole discussion proved a great success and created immense interest throughout.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, EDGEWARE ROAD.—On February 17th, Mr. F. T. Dalton delivered a lecture "Parents and Children in Dickens's Works." Mr. Dalton commenced with a discourse on the difference between the relations existing between parents and children in Dickens's day and those of the present time, showing how the constraint and strict discipline of former days have become relaxed gradually until in modern times children and their parents have become more in the nature of companions. These developments must be borne in mind when reading Dickens's books, which present such a true picture of conditions as they were in his time. Mr. Dalton classified his examples into *The Cruel Parent* (Mrs. Skewton, John Willett, Mr. Dombey) *The Impossible Mother* (Mrs. Wilfer, Mrs. Rudge) *The Pet Parent* (R. Wilfer, Little Nell's Grandfather, The Aged P., Mrs. Nubbles and Mr. Turveydrop). Mr. Dalton read passages illustrating the special phase of his selected characters and rather foreshadowed the fact that his theme was inexhaustible and that he might be tempted to continue his subject in the future.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

Frank Speaight's Popular Readings. Volume I., "From *The Pickwick Papers*," compiled and arranged by Frank Speaight. Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay and Mitchell, Ltd. 2/- net.

Springtime and other Essays, by Sir Francis Darwin, F.R.S. (Chap. "Charles Dickens"). London: John Murray. 7/6 net.

The Touchstone of Dickens, by W. Walter Crotch. London: Chapman and Hall. 6/- net.

Dickens, Reade and Collins: Sensation Novelists, by Walter C. Phillips. London: Humphrey Milford, 8/6 net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Charles Dickens Returns," by E. B. Osborn. *Morning Post*, 20th December, 1919.

"How Christmas ought to be Spent," by Owen Nares. *Evening News*, 24th December, 1919.

"Christmas Weather: No Dingley Dell Temperatures." *Times*, 24th December, 1919.

"Charles Dickens and the Marriage that failed," by Thornton Hall. *John o' London's Weekly*, 27th December, 1919; Letter from S. J. Burley, *ibid*, 7th January, 1920.

"Wellerisms," by E. B. Osborn. *Morning Post*, 27th December, 1919.

"Dickens as a Short Story Writer," by X. *The Guardian*, 27th December, 1919.

"Dickens and the Motor-Bus," by Guenn F. Newnham. *To-day*, January.

"A Monmouthshire Pickwick." *Monmouthshire Evening Post*, 8th January.

"The Classic of Christmas: Our Debt to Dickens and his Message, 20th December, 1919; "A Dickens Fallacy to-day: are his Characters Caricatures?" by the Old 'un. *Liverpool Express*, 2nd January.

"Some thoughts on 'A Christmas Carol,'" and "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work, I.," by W. Kent. *Our Own Gazette* (*Y.W.C.A.*), January and March.

"Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens," by David R. Williamson. *The Scottish Field*, January.

"Around Maidstone with Charles Dickens at Christmas," by J. H. Matthews. *Kent Messenger*, 3rd January.

"The Gordon Riots: Charles Dickens as Historian." *Gloucester Echo*, 8th January.

"First Edition of 'Dombey and Son.'" Correspondence in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 22nd and 29th January, 5th February.

"Smoking in Dickens." Correspondence in *The Observer*, 4th January, 11th January, 18th January.

"Charles Dickens and Edinburgh." *Glasgow Herald*, 7th February.

"The Quotability of Dickens," by F. G. Jackson. *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, 7th February.

"Dickens's Birthday" (Leader). *Gloucester Echo*, 7th February.

"Dickens and the Five Sisters of York," by T. P. Cooper. *Yorkshire Herald*, 9th February.

"The Roman Bath: a story," by John T. Wheelwright (David Copperfield's Roman Bath), with Dickensian Illustrations by Reginald Birch. *Scribner's Magazine*, January.

"Why Dickens is Popular," by H. F. Dickens, K.C., Miss Marie Corelli, J. Cuming Walters and W. Walter Crotch. *Book Monthly*, February.

"A Souvenir of the Anniversary of Charles Dickens: Mr. H. F. Dickens reciting." Full-page plate. *The Graphic*, 14th February.

"The Vogue of Dickens." *Newcastle Weekly*, 21st February.

"Dickens Birthday Celebrations at Cheltenham." Illustrated. *Cheltenham and County Looker-on*, 14th February.

"Dickens and Spooks." *Bristol E. Times*, 28th February.

"The Popularity of Dickens." *Manchester Weekly Times*, 28th February.

"Charles Dickens and the Fellowship," by Miss Annie Bennett. *Tewskesbury Weekly Record*, 13th March.

"Dickens's Method of Writing." *Great Thoughts*, 13th March.

DIARY OF DICKENSIAN MEETINGS

All meetings at 8 o'clock unless otherwise stated.

APRIL

6. Plymouth: Members' Evening at Athenæum.
8. Edinburgh: Annual Meeting followed by Readings, at Goold Hall, at 7-30.
   Winnipeg: Ladies' Evening at Assembly Hall, at 8-15.
9. Glasgow: Annual Meeting at Masonic Hall.
   Manchester: Annual Meeting at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
10. Brighton: "The Doctors of Dickens," by Dr. Gervis, at Brighton Library, at 7 o'clock.
12. Southampton: Monthly Meeting.
12 to 17. Hull: Great Dramatic Performances at the Royal Institution. Dickens's Plays: "Dolly Varden," dramatised by Walter Dexter, and Scenes from *Pickwick Papers*, dramatised by Mrs. H. H. Elsom. Proceeds in aid of the Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors and Local Charities.
14. Bristol: Trial Scene from *Pickwick* at All Saints' Hall, at 7-30.
17. London: Papers on *David Copperfield*. Recitals, music, etc., at Anderton's Hotel, at 3 o'clock: 2-30 p.m., Annual Meeting.
20. Hackney: Lecture, "Some further Histories of Dickens's Undeveloped Characters," by Mr. J. H. McNulty, at Christ Church Hall and Annual Meeting, at 7-45.
20. Plymouth: Annual Meeting.
23. Hull: Annual Meeting.
24. London and Hackney: Visit to Royal Exchange. Meet outside, 2 p.m.

MAY

8. London and Hackney: Wild Flower field path Ramble. Whitewebbs Park, Theobalds Park, etc. Meet at Gordon Hill Station, G.N.R., 3-15. Guides—Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Young.
29. London and Hackney: Visit to St. Dunstan's Hostel and St. Katherine's Royal Chapel, Dickens's old school, etc. Meet St. John's Church (opposite St. John's Wood Road Station, Metropolitan Railway), 2-45. Guide—Mr. S. J. Rust.

JUNE

CONFERENCE OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT MANCHESTER—

4. Reception of Delegates at Milton Hall, Deansgate, 7-8 p.m., followed by a dramatic performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth*.
5. Conference in the Town Hall at 10-30 a.m. Banquet in the evening at 7 o'clock, The Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor in the Chair.
12. London and Hackney: Visit to St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street (The Chimes Church). Meet at 14 Clifford's Inn, 2-30. Guide—Mr. W. J. Roffey.

CHARLES DICKENS, 1861

From the drawing by Rudolf Lehmann

Engraved by Edward Stodart

THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XVI. JULY 1920 No. 3

WHEN FOUND—

THE ninth of last month was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, and few newspapers let the day pass without a eulogy of some sort. Many papers had leading articles on his genius and popularity, and some had special signed articles in addition to their leaders. One paper, "John o' London's Weekly," issued a special Dickens number. A list of the most notable contributions to the press on the subject will be found under "Dickensiana Month by Month," elsewhere.

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The day was observed in many ways. The Dickens Fellowship organised a tour in Kentish Dickensland, and a party of sixty (including American and Australian visitors in London) started from the Golden Cross Hotel, following the road the Pickwickians took, to Rochester, calling at Westminster Abbey to place a wreath of ivy leaves and scarlet geraniums on the grave of the novelist. The wreath bore the inscription "To the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens with the loving and respectful homage of the Dickens Fellowship." An account of the trip appears in another page. In London there were other events. Mr. W. J. Roffey conducted a tour through London, and Mr. Edwin Drew another. It was a Dickens Memorial Day, and the grave at Westminster Abbey was covered with flowers placed there by admirers from all over the world.

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There is no writer, living or dead, who holds such a place in the hearts of his readers as Dickens. Perhaps the one outstanding and remarkable fact about him is, that although he was born over a century ago, and has been dead fifty years, his books are as modern in their appeal as those of any writer of to-day. They stand pre-eminent in our literature serving many ends. His popularity is as great to-day as it was in his life time, when he was as much honoured by his brother writers as he was by his other readers.

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We recall the occasion of his visit to America, in 1867, when he was entertained at dinner prior to his departure. The Chairman (Lord Lytton), after the toast of the Queen had been duly honoured, said: "You are now invited to do honour to another kind of royalty, which is seldom peacefully acknowledged until he who wins and adorns it ceases to exist in the body, and is no longer conscious of the empire which his thoughts bequeath to his name. Happy is the man who

makes clear his title-deeds to the royalty of genius while he yet lives to enjoy the gratitude and reverence of those whom he has subjected to his sway. Though it is by conquest that he achieves his throne, he, at least, is a conqueror whom the conquered bless, and the more despotically he enthralls, the dearer he becomes to the hearts of men."

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That was a tribute from one novelist to another, as wholehearted and sincere as it was just and true. Dickens, himself, said in reply that he had occasionally been vain enough to hope that he might leave the social position in England something better than he found it. That his vanity was not misplaced we know. That the influence of his life and books is still working for good in these days we believe. That they will continue to exercise that influence and power we have not the slightest shadow of doubt.

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The fifteenth annual conference of the Dickens Fellowship took place at Manchester on 5th June, and is reported elsewhere. A Banquet was held in the evening, and in the absence of Mr. W. Walter Crotch, the retiring President of the Fellowship, Mr. J. Cuming Walters presided, and proposed the toast of " The Immortal Memory " in a fine speech which will be found on another page of this issue. All the arrangements were in the hands of the Manchester Branch, who spared nothing to make the event worthy the occasion, and were rewarded with perfect success in all the details.

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The popular appeal which the name of Dickens has in these days is indicated by the fact that when a scheme is on foot for raising funds for some special charity, it is to his books or influence that resort is made. The last two months have been notable in this respect. Early in May a special performance of *David Copperfield*, dramatised by Mr. G. W. Wallands, was given by the Swastika Dramatic Club at Clapham in aid of the funds of the Bolingbroke Hospital on Wandsworth Common. This was followed by a Dickensian Ball at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on 26th May, in aid of the Veterans' Club, which was patronized by leading figures in society and the theatrical world, all of whom appeared representing some character from the novelist's books. Lady Raglan, Lady Wilbraham and Capt. E. J. P. Woollcombe were responsible for the arrangements, and Mr. Bransby Williams was honorary organiser. A third function was a " Dickens Fête " held, by permission of Viscount and Viscountess Burnham, in the grounds of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, for the purpose of assisting a fund to build a " St. Michael's Lodge," or house for the priest-in-charge, in that district, which it is estimated will cost £2,500. All the stallholders and officials were in costumes representing characters selected from the novelist's works ; fourteen tents were named after famous Dickens inns ; and in a cricket match all the players were attired in " Pickwick " costumes.

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At the Artists' General Benevolent Institution dinner at the Prince's

Restaurant, on the 5th May last, an interesting incident was the sale by auction of a cheque drawn in favour of the institution by Charles Dickens, and dated 1862, this being accompanied by an interesting letter from Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, verifying the signature of the great novelist. Mr. Walter Churcher, who acted as auctioneer, stated that the cheque was presented by Mr. Albert Toft for sale by auction at the 1918 dinner. After spirited bidding, it then fell to Sir George Frampton, R.A., for 100 gns. The purchaser generously handed it back, and it was again offered for sale last year, when it was purchased by Mr. A. Nowell for 100 gns. Once more it was generously returned to the institution, and on the occasion referred to was finally disposed of. Bidding began at £50, and the "lot" was ultimately knocked down for 110 gns. to Mr. Sigismund Goetz, who, it was intimated, intended to present the interesting relic to the Arts Club.

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Miss Rebecca West has been writing of Dickens's "enthusiasm over semi-idiots like Dora." Thereupon Mr. William Archer is moved to exclaim that surely Miss West cannot have read *David Copperfield* since her childhood! He adds:

> "Dora is satirically drawn from first to last, and she is killed off because she is manifestly unfit to live. It is true that of such women Dickens had a 'real terror'; and I am much mistaken if he had not personal reasons for that emotion—as had Walter Scott before him."

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There is a portrait in this year's Academy which is attracting a great deal of attention, not because it is of a notable or fashionable personage, or because it is by an artist whose name is familiar to everybody. It is just a faithful portrait of a model whose name is Mr. Minney, and the painter is Mr. Walter W. Russell, one of the newly elected associates to the Royal Academy. At first a sort of mystery surrounded the identity of the subject, and many guesses were made as to who he is in real life. He might be a grocer who had spent some of his huge profits in having his portrait painted, or some other war profiteer. But Mr. Russell has given the assurance that he is neither of these things. He is just Mr. Minney, who sat as his model, and he chose to paint a straightforward portrait of him, because he was at once struck by his Dickensian appearance.

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Mr. Edward Beasly, of Oudle Cottage, Much Hadham, Herts., recalls that Lesage was an early favourite with Dickens, "Gil Blas" being among the "glorious host" who kept David Copperfield's fancy alive under the Murdstone tyranny. In the days, or nights, of David's story-telling at Salem House, it was a jest of Traddles

> "to pretend that he couldn't keep his teeth from chattering, whenever mention was made of an Alguazil in connexion with the adventures of Gil Blas; and I remember that when Gil Blas met the captain of the robbers in Madrid, this unlucky joker counterfeited such an ague of terror, that he was overheard by Mr. Creakle, who was prowling about the passage, and handsomely flogged for disorderly conduct in the bedroom."

When the younger Martin Chuzzlewit had flung himself out of Pecksniff's house with the intention of walking all the way to London, the book which Tom Pinch pressed upon him proved to be an odd volume of the "Bachelor of Salamanca." The coughing of Cymon Tuggs behind the curtain in *Sketches by Boz* is not improbably a reminiscence of "Gil Blas."

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Dickensians visiting the Royal Academy should not miss the very fine portrait of Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., painted by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., K.C.V.O. It is a speaking likeness and perfect in every way.

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The latest story of Dickens to be adapted for the cinema is *Little Dorrit*. It is being produced by Mr. Sidney Morgan, whose aim we are assured is to keep to the text and the spirit of the book absolutely. The cast includes Lady Tree, Mr. Langhorne Burton, Mr. P. Lindon, Mr. Arthur Lennard, Miss Joan Morgan (Little Dorrit), Miss Betty Doyle and Miss Kathleen Spring.

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Two first editions of Dickens, presented by the author to Samuel Rogers, the poet, were sold at Sotheby's on 14th May last, among the books of the late S. M. Robins. Both bore inscriptions in the autograph of the author. One of these, *A Christmas Carol* (1843), was sold for £200; and the other, *The Cricket on the Hearth* (1846), for £198. Both were bought by Mr. Robson.

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"The Haunted Bookshop" is the alluring title of a new novel by Christopher Morley, an American writer, which has just been published in London. We record the fact here, because among the many qualities it possesses is the distinctive Dickensian flavour and whimsicality which runs through its pages. Although it is not the author's first book, we believe it is his first novel, and the only book of his to appear with the imprint of an English publisher. We hope it will not be the last. We should like to enlarge upon the reasons that compel our admiration for it, but it is not within our province to publish reviews of novels in these pages just because we like them. There are, however, several references to Dickens and his books in the story which will come pleasantly upon the reader, as the story of Roger Mifflin, the bookseller, is unravelled. For instance, he always reads Dickens at Christmas—many persons, of course, do the same. But he does not choose the *Carol*. Everybody he says, gets that dinned into them. It is the volume of *Christmas Stories* he likes. "Christmas wouldn't be Christmas to me," he goes on, "if I didn't read these tales over again every year. How homesick they make one for the good old days of real inns and real beefsteak and real ale drawn in pewter . . . ." Then his wife breaks in: "To hear him talk you might think no one had had a square meal since Dickens died. You might think that all landladies died with Mrs. Lirriper." This old bookseller has a great liking for these *Christmas Stories*, particularly Mrs. Lirriper and

Somebody's Luggage. But this is only by the way, and an excuse, perhaps, for drawing the attention of our readers to a novel full of fancy and romance, with a little mystery (which really doesn't matter), brightly and naturally written, and one that is wholly to our taste. It is a novel which the reader who loves books, and finds browsing round bookshops old and new a pure delight, will particularly relish.

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We are reverting to the Pickwickian days in the establishment of the Twopenny post. There is more than one reference to the Twopenny postmen in Dickens. We recall two; the one in *Sketches by Boz*, where he speaks of a character "behaving with extraordinary civility to a Twopenny Postman"; the other, perhaps more familiar, where Mr. Winkle, just prior to the duel, appealed to Snodgrass to deliver a note to his father should he fall. Mr. Snodgrass was affected, but "he undertook the delivery of the note as readily as if he had been a Twopenny Postman."

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A correspondent to an evening paper states that "Mrs. Martha Rigden, who is said to have been the original of Dickens's character Betty Higden, in *Our Mutual Friend*, has died in Strood Infirmary, aged 85. She was postmistress at Higham during Dickens's residence at Gad's Hill, Higham, and frequently came in contact with Dickens." We do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, nor do we recall having heard it before.

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The revival, in London, of Mr. Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," which was popular and much talked of some two hundred years ago, is an event which has a Dickensian interest. It will be recalled that when *Oliver Twist* was first published there were many who took exception to the fact that certain characters in its pages were chosen from the most criminal and degraded of London's population. Dickens took up this point in his preface, and said that he saw no reason "why the dregs of life (so long as their speech did not offend the ear) should not serve the purpose of a moral, as well as its froth and cream," and went on to show how he had read of thieves by the scores, seductive fellows, faultless in dress, plump in pocket, great at a song or so on—fit companions for the bravest. "In every book I know, where such characters are treated of, allurements and fascinations are thrown round them," he says. "Even in 'The Beggar's' Opera, the thieves are represented as leading a life which is rather to be envied than otherwise; while Macheath, with all the captivations of command, and the devotion of the most beautiful girl and only pure character in the piece, is as much to be admired and emulated by weak beholders as any five gentlemen in a red coat. . . . I ask myself, whether any man will be deterred from turning thief because of Macheath's being sentenced to death, and because of the existence of Peachum and Lockit." But our readers may like to turn to this preface again and read the lesson Dickens was trying to force upon his readers, and how he used "The Beggar's Opera" as a forcible illustration of what he was aiming at.

Mr. Ben Barnett, an American dramatist, has written a one-act play which he calls "Boz." It is based on an actual incident in Dickens's life which occurred to him whilst on his visit to America in 1842, when the novelist was only thirty years of age. It will be seen shortly on the Vaudeville stage.

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The Wyllie-Tate Theatrical Company, in their production of "The Follies of 1920," have introduced a novel episode entitled, "Down Dickens Street." The composite scene is made up of the "Bull Inn," "Bleak House," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Mr. Fezziwig's Warehouse," and Scrooge's front door. Over forty of Dickens's best-known characters make their appearance, and carry on dialogues throughout the scene. There is a dainty Dolly Varden song and dance, and many other incidents to please the true Dickensian. Careful attention has been paid as to dress and the impersonation of the various characters. A Dickens-time coach and four, driven by Tony Weller, arrives with its complement of passengers, including the fat boy, and as they alight, their places are again filled, and eventually off it goes, making a fitting finale to a scene which will be much appreciated by all lovers of Dickens.

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We have to record the deaths of four notable Dickensians which have occurred since our last issue, in the persons of Mr. Hugh Thomson, Canon H. D. Rawnsley, Sir Charles Mathews and Mr. Osborn Walford. That of Hugh Thomson is an irreparable loss to the world of art, in addition to that of the world of Dickens. His work was not only unique, but it depicted the life of the early Victorian days more realistically than any other artist we can name. His black and white drawings for Outram Tristram's "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" did, we venture to say, more to make that book popular than even the interesting letterpress. He was equally successful and charming in such books as *Pride and Prejudice*, *Our Village*, and scores of other novels and stories of the period. He would have illustrated Dickens admirably had he chosen to do so. He gave us a few specimens—notably the Pickwickians arriving at the Bull Inn, Rochester—executed in colour for one of the magazines—and his illustrations to the *Holly Tree Inn*, for one of Pears' Annuals, were delightful and faithful. In presenting the world of a decade that is past, he did with his pencil what Dickens did with his pen.

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Canon H. D. Rawnsley was a notable Dickens student amongst his other varied accomplishments. In his book, "Chapters at the English Lakes," there are two valuable and informative chapters on Dickens's association with the district, one dealing with Dickens and Cumberland, covering the ground of the "Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," by Dickens and Wilkie Collins; the other with Angus Fletcher, one of the novelist's great friends whom he described as Mr. Kindheart in *The Uncommercial Traveller*.

In the death of Sir Charles Mathews, the Director of Public Prosecutions, which occurred on the 6th of June, the Dickens Fellowship loses one of its staunchest supporters. As a Vice-President of the Society he was ever ready to be of service in its work, and supported the council in all its undertakings as a faithful and wholehearted Dickensian. To Lady Mathews we offer our sincerest sympathies. We refer to Mr. Osborn Walford's death on another page.

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In co-operation with the London Society, the Dickens Fellowship has inaugurated a series of Rambles around Dickens's London, to take place during the coming months, for scholars of the various County and Secondary Schools. The first of these will be on Saturday, July 3rd, when scholars from the Hornsey County School will visit Lincoln's Inn and the Temple under the guidance of Mr. C. H. Green. A series of Lantern Lectures on Dickens subjects is also being arranged for delivery at Schools during the winter session. It is hoped in this practical manner to extend further the useful work of the Fellowship and encourage a still greater interest in the writings of Charles Dickens among the rising generation. Head Masters or Mistresses and others desirous of participating in the Rambles should communicate with the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship at 14 Clifford's Inn, E.C.

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The memorial cross which was given to St. Thomas's Mission Church, Red Bank, Manchester, by Miss Mamie Dickens is now in Holy Trinity Church, Hulme. It was transferred some years ago when the Mission Church was demolished. It bears the inscription :—

To the Glory of God and In Memoriam
Charles Dickens June 9th, 1870

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In the report of the northern branch of the National Library for the Blind the following note appears :—" The Library has also been able to benefit by the splendid Braille edition of the works of Dickens given to the blind by the Dickens Fellowship. Dickens is the most popular author, and the readers avail themselves eagerly of the books thus made accessible to them, showing in this satisfactory manner a deep appreciation of this valuable gift."

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A French contemporary points out that Boz, the pseudonym immortalised by Dickens, is a real name, although only a place-name. There is a village called Boz on the banks of the Saone, about seven miles from Macon. And, curiously enough, in Macon itself is the Rue Dombey.

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The new President of the Dickens Fellowship takes advantage of his position as editor of this magazine to thank sincerely every one who has sent him such friendly and kindly messages on his appointment. He appreciates, above words, all that those messages contain, and only hopes he will prove worthy of the opinions expressed.

The Editor.

THE IMMORTAL DICKENS*

By J. CUMING WALTERS

I.

THE acid test of reputation is Time. Every period produces its great men and women, every season has its popularities, but history tells us of decline and fall, of forgetfulness and loss; and it is only here and there through the long centuries that we perceive what has endured. Innumerable names have brightened and faded; but we can easily reckon up the rarities of lasting lustre. We know now, better every succeeding year, as Time neither tarnishes nor effaces it, that the name of Charles Dickens is among the chosen few. The Dickens Fellowship is a proof of his immortality, devoting itself, as it does, with unflagging ardour fifty years after his death to the study of his works, and always finding profit in them.

What is the quality, the magic, that ensures this permanence? Unless genius can ever be fresh, unless it can continuously provide charm, unless it can always satisfy, it will have its day and cease to be; but if, despite age, it preserves the aspect of youth—with its delights, its surprises, its novelties, never palling on the senses, never wearying the mind, never creating the feeling that we have completely compassed it, probed it, understood its height and its depth—then its day has no ending, and we rightly acclaim it according to human standards, "deathless," "immortal."

Apply these severe tests to Dickens; contemplate his works which, read again and again, never lose their power and inspiration; turn to his humour, and consider whether it does not always make you laugh; turn to his pathos and acknowledge that it always commands your tears; and then you make the supreme discovery of his immortality. The "inexhaustible" Dickens—with his stories that time does not wither nor custom stale, with his pageantry which ever enchants, with his characters who live in the hearts of generation after generation! "Genius," says Emerson, "is a god in his shining moments," but once he shines, the light is never lost. If Dickens had been a mere teller of tales, if he had been a mere maker of merriment, nay, if he had been a mere compeller of tears, he would not have been immortal. His work is permanent, because it was charged and vitalised with high purpose. He brings us in contact with flesh-and-blood humanity in whom the virtues and vices are personified, and we are directly influenced by their acts and their fate. He made a world and peopled it—and what a world! Not a Dante's Inferno with its writhing victims, not a Homer's battle-arena with its heroic prodigies, not even a Shakespeare's romantic realm with its idyllic figures, but just a world of our fellow men, our friends, our foes, our kin. There are, I believe, some three thousand of recognisable population in this Dickens world. We know their lineaments, we detect their voices, we meet them and call them by their names. They are human nature's

* Speech delivered at the Conference Dinner of the Dickens Fellowship at Manchester on the 5th June, 1920.

daily food. Their very titles are labels, and their phrases enter into our familiar talk. We cannot converse or read with intelligence unless we understand the Dickens allusions—we must know the meaning of them.

The cultured world assumes that every one knows Dickens. We do not expect this in respect to other authors; in respect to Dickens it is compulsory. Is not this fame? His new-coined words are established in the dictionary of the language, and we quote Dickens even when we are not conscious of it. We are carrying Dickens wares with us wherever we go; he is part of our literature, and he is part of *us*. Is not this fame? The man lives, his books live, his characters live, his words live, his motive lives. Truly, he is an immortal memory.

II.

Dickens was born amid squalor, saw the inside of a debtors' prison in his youth, and began his own wage-earning career as a washer of blacking-bottles. We can pity the bleeding heart and yet be profoundly thankful that, once it has bled with its own wounds, it will feel for the wounds of others. This is the terrible, yet blessed preparation of those who learn in suffering what they teach in song. We can trace to the darkness and the sorrow of that child of grim realities all the radiance and happiness that came in the compensations of romance. The lesson he taught others he had first learnt himself. "No words can express the secret agony of my soul," he said in his autobiography in *David Copperfield*, "as I sank, and felt my hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my bosom."

Think of these poignant words, and think next of the words written long and long afterwards—"Adversity," he said in one of his Christmas Tales, "is a good teacher. Remember the days when you were sick and afflicted, and your home will be doubly dear and doubly blest. Isn't that a good, true thing?" And you will remember that haunted man, Redlaw, who asked for the power to forget sorrow, but who discovered that he who forgets sorrow cannot capture happiness. "In the material world, nothing can be spared; no step or atom in the wondrous structure can be lost without a blank being made in the great universe. Let me be haunted," cried the man; "leave me benighted, that the gift of sympathy may be restored. To lose memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble, is to lose all man would remember."

With all his cloudy cares thick upon him, Dickens still saw the sunny side. The first work he ever did was to make people laugh. And having won them to his side, he next told his gathered multitude that there were wrongs to arouse pity and crimes to arouse hate. "Still laugh," he said, "whenever you can, but be ready with tears." And so for thirty years he showed them by his art what to love and what to loathe, what to accept and what to reject, what to praise and what to punish—and it was all done by magic, by the spell he cast upon the nation, by the waving of an enchanted wand which none could resist.

I believe that the English race is the better and feels the better because he lived. I believe it is honester, sincerer, more uplifted, and more

wholesome in being, because Charles Dickens taught it to despise villains and hypocrites, and directed its gaze to simple purity. When he overthrew the Pecksniffs, the Pumblechooks, the Chadbands, the Uriah Heeps, he overthrew them that we could learn to overthrow; when he recognised homely old Peggotty, rustic Joe Gargery, innocent Tom Pinch, as nature's gentlemen, he was but bidding us to recognise them too. When he was labouring for reform he was not concerned with small personal defects, but with vast underlying principles—and, selecting a type for ridicule or denunciation, he made us condemn or hate the harsh Poor Law System in the person of Bumble, Red Tape in the person of Tite Barnacle, Religious Imposture in the person of Chadband, greed in the person of Chuzzlewit, cruelty in the person of Squeers, tyranny in the person of Quilp—and his contemporaries, and we, their successors, have grown up hating these things, seeing them exposed in all their hideousness, marking the wrong they create and the misery they cause, and, inspired to reject them, we are inspired to accept what is better. I call Charles Dickens a regenerator of men, a genius with transcendent mission, divinely gifted for the highest human use. We know whom we serve !

III.

Genius is a mystery and difficult to analyse and explain, but in the case of Dickens—if we cannot wholly account for him—we can trace some of the causes of the hold he has upon us, of the spell that binds us to him, and of the undiminished power he exercises. I should put foremost his intense humanity, which set him in harmony with his fellow men, and made him the sympathiser, the entertainer, the friend, the champion, and the fearless crusader—his humanity which vibrated through his pen, and made him the advocate of what was good for his brethren, and the enemy of what was evil. From this sprang his reforming zeal. It gave him the courage of the warrior, and it gave him the philosophy of the statesman. His humour, his pathos, his tenderness, and his rage, were all infused with noble purpose. Never has there been an author with more consistent aim. He chose his methods, but his end was the same—he could mock at wrong, or he could lash it, and he could inspire a love of virtue and purity by presenting to the view either the humble human guise or splendid exaltation of spirit. He could give you heroines in homespun or silk—a Little Dorrit, an Esther Summerson, an Agnes Wickfield. He could give you integrity in a Newman Noggs, or a Boffin, or a Trotty Veck, or a Gabriel Varden, or a Caleb Plummer—the high and the lowly, the simple and the gentle, the amusing and the serious, all alike crowded into his service—always the lesson, always the example, the lesson so conveyed that we scarcely know we are learning, and the good example so attractive that almost unconsciously we desire to emulate it. He preached, but not in the preacher's vein ; he was a prophet, but never paraded the robes :—" The good, the true, the genial-hearted Dickens, every inch of him an honest man."

Of great leaders it is said that " they pass, but do not die " ; " they

sleep, but they will come again" ; and beneath this is a subtle truth. It is the secret of immortality, of eternal remembrance founded in love and gratitude. The hearts of men will not let their heroes go, will not acknowledge they have gone. That love and gratitude we have for Charles Dickens, and so he abides with us, an immortal memory. Time but makes him dearer, with an ampler realisation of what he wrought, and what he achieved, and with a clearer recognition of the riches he bequeathed. His grave becomes a shrine. The figure of flesh and blood has vanished, but the transcending vision of what he was and what he is remains to enchant us. He is part of our daily life, he is a well-spring of our thought, he is a potent existence animating our spirits. We commune with him ; and he is the intangible but always definite guide to our distant goal. He belongs to the individual, to the race, to the nation—nay, he belongs to the universal heart which has absorbed his message.

I often try to imagine what our literature would have been like had there been no Charles Dickens. The gap is now almost beyond realisation, so wonderfully does he take his place and fulfil his mission. Try to imagine this age without its *Pickwick*, its *Bleak House*, its *Christmas Carol*, its *David Copperfield*—can you do it ? Try to think of a realm unpeopled by his hundreds of characters—characters so loved, so familiar, so completely members of our community, that not to have them now would be like obliterating our families and friends. It is by such methods as these we discover how much he is to us, what a mighty part he has played, and what a topmost place he occupies. Dickens is an immortal because he is an essential. We realise now that we could not do without him. He is one of the master-spirits, one of the intellectual rulers, and the domain would turn barren were he lost. Words, names, phrases, beloved allusions, would lose their significance and perish were Dickens forgotten ; he built himself a monument, more lasting than brass or stone, out of the speech he used ; " and Kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

IV.

" Only the True can teach the Truth,
So that all that listen believe ;
And only the heart that is full of its task
Can the greatest good achieve."

It was because he was in earnest—fiercely, passionately in earnest—that Dickens accomplished his purposes, and infected others with his enthusiasms. We honour his memory best by continuing his work and spreading his gospel—the gospel of goodwill, cheerfulness, brotherliness, helpful service, self-sacrifice if needed, looking to the welfare of the many, not the few, and the uplift and progress of all. Using his great and unique gifts as an author ; showing us, not imaginary play-acting, but the dramas in which we one and all take part ; ever setting forth the ideal to be sought : he was above all the man of practical service.

Dispersing folly with a jest, teaching us to scorn cant and sham,

shaming us out of selfishness, inspiring us with the love of justice, reminding us that morality need not be dull, and that purity does not destroy pleasure—this great evangel, with the heart of a child, and the brain of a statesman, wrought, and ruled, and dominated, and conquered; yet not by force of the sword, but by the beneficent spell of his words.

We look back and recall the England in which he was born, and we think to-day of the England he helped to change, to beautify, and to upraise. There is cause to rejoice that Charles Dickens ever lived; there is great and sacred reason for paying solemn tribute to the man who has passed, but who will not die. Our words are thanksgiving and requiem in one. If it be true that spirits revisit the scenes they loved, may we not believe that the bright though silent spirit of Charles Dickens revisits this England that he made happier, that it is glad to hear our laughter, that it is moved to see our wholesome tears? May we not be permitted to imagine that he, whose memory is immortal, is here with us; that we catch the flash of his eyes, feel the touch of the vanished hand?—and thrilled by this thought, are influenced by his hopes and desires, still led forward to his gleaming goal? Yes, he is still with us, "dear guest and ghost." In our language, in our household tales; in the joys and comforts his works have brought; in those reforms he laboured to produce; in his created world, that realm made visible by his power, Charles Dickens LIVES.

As long as we accept his creed we must accept the creed-bringer, and, like pilgrims of old to the mystic city, "follow the gleam."

DICKENS THE CONSOLER

WRITING to Mrs. Henry Austin, from Gad's Hill, under date 7th October, 1862, Dickens says, "I do not preach consolation because I am unwilling to preach at any time, and know my own weakness too well. But in this world there is no stay but the hope of a better, and no reliance but on the mercy and goodness of God. Through those two harbours of a shipwrecked heart I fully believe that you will, in time, find a peaceful resting-place even on this careworn earth. Heaven speed the time, and do you try hard to help it on! It is impossible to say that our prolonged grief for the beloved dead may grieve them in their unknown abiding-place, and give them trouble. The one influencing consideration in all you do as to your disposition of your self (coupled, of course, with a real earnest, strenuous endeavour to recover the lost tone of spirit) is, that you think and feel you *can* do. I do not in the least regard your change of course in going to Havre as any evidence of unstability. But I rather hope it is likely that through such restlessness you will come to a far quieter frame of mind. The disturbed mind and affections, like the tossed sea, seldom calm without an intervening time of confusion and trouble. But nothing is to be attained without striving. In a determined effort to settle the thoughts, to parcel out the day, to find occupation regularly or to make it, to be up and doing something, are chiefly to be found the mere mechanical means which must come to the aid of the best mental efforts . . ."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BETSEY TROTWOOD

By E. A. FRASER
(Melbourne Branch)

THE gift of showing both the humorous and the pathetic sides of a character is well manifested by Charles Dickens in the delineation of Miss Betsey Trotwood. At her first introduction we get an occasional glimpse of her serious side among all her eccentricities, and later, as we come to know her better and to appreciate her sterling qualities, the comic or eccentric points in her character recede from notice, showing themselves only occasionally. Brusque and uncouth as Miss Betsey was on her visit to the Rookery, her womanly heart was touched by the beauty and helplessness of the young widow, and she could not resist the impulse to stroke the lovely hair of her niece-in-law, though she did it by stealth, pretending to be as stiff as ever. The most humorous part of this visit was Miss Betsey's treatment of Mr. Chillip, the doctor, who was "the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men." Her own life having been spoiled by an unfortunate marriage, she would have welcomed a grandniece who should bear her name. After the fond anticipation of many months past, and after waiting for hours in anxious solicitude till the child should be born, Miss Betsey received Mr. Chillip's congratulations with evident nervous irritation, but when he said, "It's a boy," words failed her wherewith to express the depths of her mortification, and all she could do was to use, or rather ill-use, her bonnet as an instrument of assault and battery on parting. Her prejudice against the male sex, engendered by the conduct of her unworthy husband, extended even to the newborn infant; but it was not a very bigoted prejudice, for immediately after her disappointment to obtain a god-daughter, she championed the cause of Mr. Dick, adopting him as a permanent member of her household.

To David's youthful imagination the family legend of his great-aunt's visit caused her to become an awe-inspiring personality whose fierce, hard nature was a reality, but whose innate tenderness, exemplified by that supposed gentle touch on his mother's hair, was a possibility of unknown magnitude. And so it came about that, after his experience of cruelty, neglect and degradation, the orphan boy sought a refuge with Miss Betsey Trotwood as a last resource. Her hardness could not be worse than Miss Murdstone's had been, and there was always the hope of her having an underlying regard for the son (who should have been the daughter) of her once favourite nephew.

There are women who show their feelings, of anger or sorrow, of joy or surprise, by a burst of tears. But Miss Betsey was not that sort of woman. Tears were as foreign to her nature as to that of a strong man. But she *had* feelings, and when they grew so strong as to defy absolute repression, she always had to do something ridiculous to create a diversion. Thus, on hearing a half-scared, ragged little urchin address her as "aunt," she felt by instinct that he was no impostor, but, instead of embracing him rapturously and shedding tears of joy

down his dusty neck, she simply exclaimed, " Oh, Lord ! " and sat flat down on the garden path. The garden path was hard and cold, and Miss Betsey, being tall, received a considerable shock by suddenly sitting down flat on it. Such a short, sharp shock was just *the* most effectual counter-irritant to an ultra-emotional attack, and might be confidently recommended to any woman likely to become hysterical. The result would doubtless be surprising. So successful was it in Aunt Betsey's case that it deprived her countenance of " every sort of expression but wonder," a feeling that was probably as much excited by finding herself in such a position as by the appearance of her small nephew in a state of destitution.

Another method of self-repression adopted by Miss Trotwood was the cry, " Janet ! Donkeys ! " This cry was a sure safety-valve for all superfluous emotion. After her tirade against marriage in general, and the instances of David's mother and Peggotty in particular, which last called out the child's warm defence of his nurse, and reduced him to tears, there was a strong impulse in the old lady's heart to clasp the chivalrous little man in her arms, cheering and comforting him for all he had lost, but such weakness on her part could not be tolerated by her strong-minded self, so, glancing at the window, she sounded the alarm, " Janet ! Donkeys ! " and the high pressure became normal as soon as the invading quadrupeds were disposed of.

It was wonderful how soon David's intuition succeeded in penetrating the warmth that underlay his aunt's forbidding manner, and he quickly perceived that his presence was far from unwelcome in her household. A few weeks together strengthened their mutual esteem and liking, and from that time Miss Betsey began to soften, although many years had to pass before she could say in plain words to David that he had done her good. Her plan for sending him to school was not formed with a motive of getting rid of him, whatever Mr. Wickfield may have supposed, and her parting precepts were worthy of Polonius. " Trot," said his aunt, in conclusion, " be a credit to yourself, to me and to Mr. Dick, and Heaven be with you ! . . . Never be mean in anything ; never be false ; never be cruel. Avoid those three vices, Trot, and I can always be hopeful of you." Without doubt she said all this in a calm, didactic tone of voice, but then followed the moment when she must part from the new-found sunbeam that had so lately begun to brighten her life. He was a pathetic little figure, so humbly grateful and so affectionate withal, that she would like to have taken him home again. The child was weeping, and tears are very infectious. In the words of Lear, Miss Betsey could have exclaimed, " O, how this mother swells up towards my heart ! " How, then, was she to maintain her dignity ? There were no donkeys convenient so she must use the pony for a safety valve. " The pony's at the door, and I am off. Stay here ! " she exclaimed, and went off so suddenly that the poor boy thought he had displeased her. Then watching from the window he noted her dejected demeanour as she drove away without looking back, and he knew that the parting had been no less grievous to her than to himself.

During the seven years of David's school life at Dr. Strong's, the mellowing process went on gradually in his aunt's manner; but when she found that she *had* to let herself go, she invented the pleasing fiction that she was doing it vicariously for his dead mother. She even got to the length of embracing her nephew with tears of joy on meeting him in London after a month's separation; then pretending to laugh, she told him that if his poor mother had been alive that silly little creature would have shed tears, she had no doubt. Immediately afterwards, however, she reverted to the incursions of the donkeys, which she felt sure Mr. Dick had not sufficient strength of purpose to resist. "If ever there was a donkey trespassing on my green," she said, "there was one this afternoon at four o'clock. A cold feeling came over me from head to foot, and I *know* it was a donkey." Later that same evening, in after-supper confidences, Aunt Betsey finally threw down all her defences, allowing the boy she had made a man of to enter fully into the citadel of her warm, loving, tender heart. Thenceforth the mutual understanding and confidence of aunt and nephew could not have been more complete had they indeed been mother and son.

The hypocritical moralist may ask how it was that so upright and straightforward a woman as Miss Trotwood could be guilty of prevarication, of deliberate untruth, and even of compounding a felony. Nevertheless all these faults she committed with the loftiest and most unselfish motives. When she lost her fortune she believed that the loss was owing to Mr. Wickfield's culpable negligence. Having come to London, she told David that £70 a year, the rent of her cottage at Dover, was all she had to live on, whereas she afterwards confessed that she had put by £2,000 for a rainy day in case her nephew should not turn out so reliable as she hoped. Her scapegrace husband had made her distrustful of all promising young men. Next, Miss Trotwood informed Agnes Wickfield, in David's presence, how her money had been lost, laying her losses entirely to the account of her own bad investments, but her statement of the case was wholly untrue. Lastly, instead of prosecuting Mr. Wickfield for embezzlement of trust funds, and convicting him out of his own mouth by means of the letter he wrote to her charging himself with robbery, Miss Trotwood burnt the letter in his presence, telling him to keep his own counsel for his daughter's sake. Yet, with all these offences fully proved against her, would any reader of the book wish Miss Trotwood to have acted differently? Would any moralist say that this book has an immoral tendency because Miss Trotwood does not suffer for her reprehensible conduct, but, on the contrary, is rewarded by getting back her whole fortune intact? Would any puritan declare Miss Trotwood's doings and sayings to be unfit for the perusal of "the young person?" Would any orthodox theologian maintain that here Dickens defends the pernicious doctrine, "the end justifies the means?" To all these problematical objectors my emphatic reply must be, "Betsey, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"

THE ROYAL HOTEL, LEAMINGTON

By B. W. MATZ

I.

COMPARATIVE little attention has been bestowed upon Warwickshire as a part of Dickens-land, although the wooded shire figures often in the novelist's books, and many of its historic places have sufficient pleasant associations with his life to make an interesting story. That this will be told someday we have no doubt. Our immediate concern, however, is only with one of the hotels in one of its most famous towns: The Royal at Leamington, where Mr. Dombey stayed with Major Bagstock, and where Edith Granger, who became his second wife, visited him with her mother on one occasion.

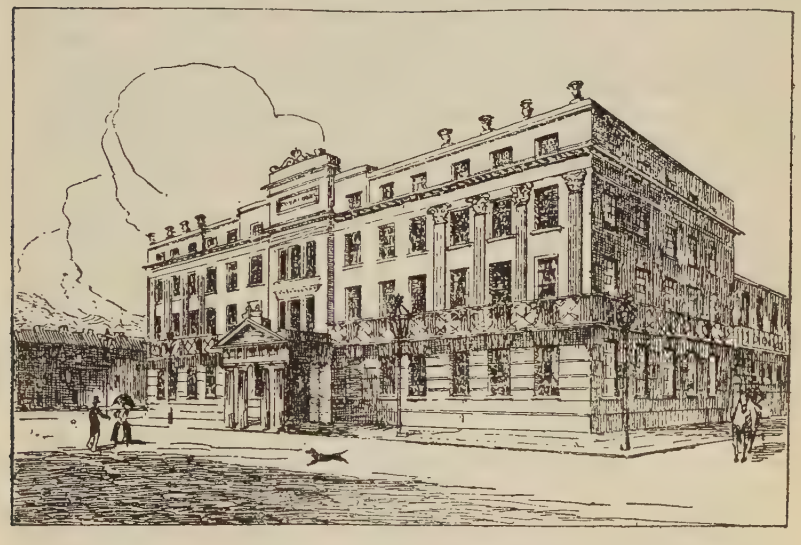
At the time Dickens was writing *Dombey and Son* in 1846, however, the Royal Hotel did not exist, having been demolished about 1841-2 to make way for railway improvements. But he knew the hotel in its palmy and aristocratic days, for in 1838 he and his artist friend Phiz made a bachelor excursion in the autumn of that year into the midlands by coach, their first halt being Leamington, and the hotel they put up at there was Copps's Royal Hotel, which stood at the corner of Clemens Street and High Street. In writing to his wife of his arrival there, he said: "We found a roaring fire, an elegant dinner, a snug room, and capital beds all ready for us at Leamington, after a very agreeable (but very cold) ride." After visiting Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford, they continued their jaunt on to Birmingham.

Some writers, in referring to the incidents in *Dombey and Son* associated with the Royal Hotel, have either assumed that it is still there, or, having discovered that there is no hotel with that name in the town, give the Regent the credit of being the original of Mr. Dombey's Royal Hotel. Neither are correct. The Royal Hotel of *Dombey and Son* was the Royal Hotel of Dickens's visit to Leamington in 1838, and his descriptions of it in the book must have been made from memory, for in 1846, when he was writing of it in that novel, the hotel had already been demolished. Leamington always boasted one peculiarity which it claimed did not belong to any other watering place: the "truly select nature and high rank of respectability of the greater part of its frequenters." For the reception of such notables several really first-class hotels were provided.

The Regent was the most fashionable for a period, owing to the fact that it was the resort of Royalty; but Copps's Royal Hotel was a keen rival, and when in 1828 it was "re-erected on a scale of magnificence almost unprecedented, displaying a grand front, cased in Roman cement to imitate stone . . . . . in the style of Grecian architecture," to quote an old guide book; it even outshone the Regent.

The building was rusticated to the height of the first story and a balcony on a level with the second floor ran the whole extent of the hotel. Its appearance is fully described in an old and very rare guide book, which we were fortunate in securing on a very pleasurable and memorable visit paid to the town recently, and so minutely described that it is worth quoting.

"The wings, which are both slightly projected, are embellished with four fluted pilasters of the Corinthian order, which, springing from the level of the second floor and terminating at the top of the third, support a rich entablature extending the whole length of the building. Each wing is surmounted by four ornamented vases, and, at the extreme height of the centre, beneath the ornamental scroll, is a tablet containing the name of the hotel. The principal entrance is in the centre, beneath a portico projecting ten feet from the building, supported by duplicated pillars of the Doric order, fluted and surmounted by the Royal Arms, richly carved in stone. The interior of this building for chasteness of design, richness of material, and correctness of execution, is, we believe, equal to any in the Kingdom. The entrance hall . . . . . is lighted by a beautiful window



THE ROYAL HOTEL, LEAMINGTON

From a lithograph by W. Rider, 1830

of coloured glass; in the centre of which, on a fawn-coloured mosaic ground, are the Royal Arms, richly emblazoned, surrounded by an ornamental gold scroll on a purple ground, containing medallions, representing the principal views in the vicinity. The sideboards are supported and adorned by appropriate Grecian ornaments. On the right of the public dining room, upwards of fifty feet by twenty-four feet, the ceiling is supported by pillars and pilasters of Doric order. A geometrical stair case of twenty-one steps conducts you to the public drawing-room, of the same noble dimensions as the dining room; on the same floor are a number of private sitting rooms, papered with rich French paper, of vivid colouring, representing subjects classical, mythological, etc. The bedrooms are fitted up with every attention to comfort and convenience. . . . . Detached are extensive lock-up coach houses, stabling, etc."

II.

This meticulous description of its ornateness does not suggest that the Royal Hotel was one which would have appealed very much to Dickens, but it was the ideal spot for Major Bagstock and Mr. Dombey, and so we find that eight years later the novelist makes use of his knowledge of it, and it becomes the headquarters of his two characters during their visit to the fashionable watering place, whilst its rooms furnish the background for a series of scenes to be found in the pages of *Dombey and Son.*

It will be recalled that Major Bagstock persuaded Mr. Dombey that he wanted a change, and suggested that he should accompany him to Leamington. Mr. Dombey consented, became the Major's guest and the two travelled down by train, making the Royal Hotel their headquarters, " where the rooms and dinner had been ordered," and where the Major at their first meal " so oppressed his organs of speech by eating and drinking, that when he retired to bed he had no voice at all, except to cough with, and could only make himself intelligible to the dark servant by gasping at him. He not only rose next morning, however, like a giant refreshed, but conducted himself, at breakfast, like a giant refreshing."

At this meal they arranged their daily habits. The Major was to take the responsibility of ordering everything to eat and drink ; and they were to have late breakfast together every morning, and a late dinner together every day. They occupied, no doubt, a suite of the private rooms referred to above, for there is no reference to the large dining room, nor would it have suited the personal and special requirements of the two men and the friends they brought there.

It will be remembered that whilst these two friends were taking a constitutional, they encountered the Major's acquaintances, Mrs. Skewton and her daughter Edith, and Dombey was formally introduced. On taking their departure from the fair enchantresses, the Major volunteered the fact that he was " staying at the Royal Hotel with his friend Dombey," and invited the ladies to join them " one evening when you are good," as he put it to Mrs. Skewton.

Having met once or twice in the pump room and elsewhere, and the men having called upon the ladies, the latter were invited to breakfast at the Royal Hotel, prior to a drive to Kenilworth and Warwick. In the meantime Carker had arrived to transact some business with his master, and in the evening the three men dined together. At a fitting moment the wine was consecrated " to a Divinity whom Joe is proud to know, and at a distance humbly and reverently to admire. Edith," went on the Major, " is her name ; Angelic Edith ! " " Angelic Edith," cried the smiling Carker, " Edith, by all means," said Mr. Dombey. And thus, in a private dining room of the Royal Hotel, was pledged the toast of Dombey's future wife—the second Mrs. Dombey.

The breakfast was punctually prepared next morning, and Dombey, Bagstock and Carker excitedly awaited the ladies' arrival. A pleasant time ensued and ultimately all set out on the little trip which proved

so momentous a one for Mr. Dombey. For had he not made an appointment with Edith for the next day, " for a purpose," as he told Mrs. Skewton ? At any rate, the three men returned to the Royal Hotel in good spirits, the Major being in such high glee that he cried out, " Damme, Sir, old Joe has a mind to propose an alteration in the name of the hotel, and that it should be called the " Three Jolly Bachelors in honour of ourselves and Carker."

After keeping his appointment with Edith and having been accepted, Mr. Dombey and the Major left Leamington, and the Royal Hotel has no further place in the story.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH AS THE PROTOTYPE OF MR. MELL

By E. BASIL LUPTON

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, when a young man in London, was employed temporarily as usher in the school of Mr. Milner at Peckham, known as a classical academy of some repute. Goldsmith's chief hobby was flute-playing, and he became popular with the boys by telling them stories, joining in the games, and performing on the flute. He was, however, wofully deficient in dignity, and on one particular occasion he had cause to regret this failing. After playing a tune he waxed enthusiastic over the art of music, describing it as delightful in itself, and a valuable accomplishment for a gentleman ; whereupon one of the boys, staring at the uncouth musician, enquired whether he regarded himself as a gentleman, a sneer that long rankled in poor Goldsmith's memory.

John Forster's " Life of Oliver Goldsmith," dedicated to his friend Charles Dickens, was published in 1848, and it is a reasonable assumption that the book was read by the novelist. In the Spring of 1849 Dickens began to write *David Copperfield*, and Mr. Mell, the flute-playing assistant of Mr. Creakle, the schoolmaster, appears early in the tale.

We can almost perceive the mental process by which Dickens draws the character of Mr. Mell from the Goldsmith incident, and moulds and fashions his material. The four essential points in the prototype are the shabby-genteel appearance, the flute-playing, the occupation as school usher, and the sneer evoked at the claim to be a gentleman. The pertinent scenes in the novel are the visit of Mell and Copperfield to the almshouse, and the affair in the schoolroom when Mell says to Steerforth : " And when you make use of your position of favouritism here, sir, to insult a gentleman—" " A what ?—where is he ? " Steerforth interposes, just as Goldsmith's pupil is said to have done. These two scenes, impressed on the reader's memory by Phiz's illustrations, together reproduce the essential points in the story of Goldsmith. In the former are introduced the shabby-genteel appearance and the flute-playing, as well as the fact of the mother's home being an almshouse that serves Steerforth as an excuse for his sneer ; and the latter scene completes the points of resemblance by showing Mell at his duties in the school and describing himself as a gentleman, with Steerforth sneering at the claim.

THE BURIAL OF CHARLES DICKENS

JUNE 14, 1870

THROUGH the many-coloured window,
Largely lifted in the Eastward,
Throbbed the pulses of the morning
Down the Silence of the Transept.
Coming through the solemn distance,
Lo ! the tremble of the organ ;
In its first prophetic breathings,
Breathing with so soft a language,
That the voice seemed born of stillness,
Seemed incorporate with Silence.
From the quiet of the cloisters,
Underneath the grey old arches,
Shaken by the grasp of sunlight,
Entered in a sad procession,
Eloquent in mighty sorrow
That refused to be acquainted
With the glare of splendid burial.
Little knew the City's great heart
That a King was to be gathered,
Gathered in the early morning,
To a Company of Monarchs,
Who had lighted up the ages
With the torches of their greatness,
That a King was to be buried
In the Silence of the Transept.
Broken only by the stifled
Sobbing of the friends who loved him,
Rose the nobly-uttered burden
Of the grandly-purposed Service ;
While a bird—who, through the open
Casement of an upper window
Entered in to sing a Carol
In the quiet of the choir,—
Flew aside and hushed its cadence ;—
Perching on the hoary chaplet
Of a pillar broadly shining
In the glow of purple fire
Scattered from the ancient windows
By the full triumphant sunlight ;—
There the bird sat still and listened ;—
Looking down upon the Burial
Of a King, who now was gathered
To a Company of Monarchs,
In the Silence of the Transept.

From *Will o' the Wisp*, 18th June, 1870.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS FRIENDS

WHAT THEY DID IN THE GREAT WAR

By S. J. RUST

I HAVE a bad habit of putting Dickens's characters into modern situations; and as I reread *David Copperfield* I found myself asking each character, "What did you do in the Great War?" You will probably be surprised at some of the answers I received, but I think you will agree that the enquiry was worth while.

At the declaration of War the Hero hesitated for three days—somewhat weakly; a little cowardly—and then went to his aunt and informed her that he had determined to enlist. Miss Trotwood appeared to be somewhat nonplussed by the intelligence, though she must have expected it; and she immediately sent for Mr. Dick.

"Mr. Dick," she said, "there's Trot wants to go into the Army and kill Germans."

"Wants to kill Germans—to knock off their heads like they did King Charles's?"

"Yes. Now be sensible; what do you advise?"

"I should make him an officer."

And forthwith David entered a cadet corps, which he passed through well and quickly; and soon left for France.

There he met an old schoolmate—a brilliant young field officer. Together they entered into David's first engagement; and it was he who found his friend afterwards with his head upon his arm and a German bullet through his heart. At Major Steerforth's death, a dozen maidens wept, each thinking she alone had cause to weep.

Some months later, David was wounded and taken prisoner and suffered much in a German prison; but he emerged a more matured man; and his book on his experiences has had a good sale.

As soon as David left England Miss Trotwood started for Dover; but on reaching Canterbury, she found that she could go no farther without a permit; and as her cottage had been commandeered by the Military she stayed with Mr. Wickfield.

She wrote to ask the Military if they would see that no donkeys got on the green; but some facetious clerk replied that there was so much scrap iron there that no donkey—four or two legged—could stay on it.

Mr. Dick's kite soon got him into trouble with the police, for he was arrested on suspicion of signalling to the enemy; but Dr. Strong vouched for his loyalty; and the Superintendent of the Police shook hands so warmly that Mr. Dick's admiration for the Force knew no limit. He was present at the arrest of a suspected spy, and it was he who noticed a partially destroyed note-book which proved that Uriah Heep had been selling information of the Richborough sailings to German agents. As a reward for his vigilance Mr. Dick became a Special Constable, and wore a uniform in which he took special pride.

Miss Trotwood remained at Canterbury until that old soldier, Mrs. Markleham, with her nephew, the conscientious objector, Jack Maldon, fleeing from Ramsgate after the first air raid, called to frighten

her daughter and all others into leaving Kent at once. Hastily commending Mr. Dick to Mr. Strong's care—for that brave old man refused to budge—Miss Betsey put on her bonnet and left—for Ramsgate.

Here she gave her services to that sorely stricken town; and her practical common sense, her decided manner, her calmness in danger and her generosity proved of great assistance.

Janet had left to work on a farm; and when two years later she visited her old mistress in her farm worker's garb, and informed her that she was going to marry her employer's disabled son, Betsey declared that she didn't know what the younger generation were coming to; but that they seemed to be coming to something much nearer common sense than she had ever expected.

Ramsgate was not the only town to suffer. Yarmouth was bombarded from sea and air, but those who suffered were sure of practical help and kind sympathy from Mrs. Peggotty Barkis, who was always accompanied by a bright cheerful woman, a lone lorn creetur no longer, whose bearing suggested that however much the world may be out of joint, things never went contrairy with her.

Ham went into the Navy, of course, and became a typical bluejacket—simple and resourceful; of boyish spirit and manly resolution, diffident in company, and daring in danger; of plebeian birth and noble in all else. He did his duty well off Jutland and in Heligoland Bight, but was struck by a shell when chasing a German cruiser, and was buried at sea, honoured by his shipmates, but unknown in this country.

Old Dan'l Peggotty joined the Naval Reserve and served on a converted trawler. Submarine chasing, and mine sweeping, he was in great danger daily, but he knew not that he was a hero. In fact, when Mr. Joram, the Mayor of Yarmouth, wished to praise him in public, Dan'l threatened that if another word was said he'd be gormed if he wouldn't desert. Yet there was one thing of which he was proud, and for which he courted praise—the work of his niece, Em'ly, in the W.R.N.S.

There is one inhabitant of Yarmouth—or rather of the road from Blunderstone to Yarmouth—of whom I could not get full information. The carrier's horse was commandeered at the beginning of the war, but whether he reached France or died on the way to London, I cannot say. All I know is that when the soldiers took him, he lifted his head as though he, like his master, was " willing."

You will probably not be surprised to hear that towards the end of 1914 something turned up. Whitehall was hungry for men, and Mr. Micawber obtained a situation in the Circumlocution Office. Here his command of polysyllabic periphrasis, his capacity for constructing euphuistic explanations " With words of learned length and thundering sound," which created the impression of a wealth of erudition, but conveyed no intelligence, in short, his ability to say a lot while telling nothing—won immediate admiration from his superiors; while his facility of graphic illustration of questions of high finance and of individual economy—such as " Income twenty pounds; expenditure nineteen, nineteen, six, result happiness "—made him invaluable in

War Loan propaganda, so that he quickly rose to be the head of his department.

Or rather the nominal head. For the real head was his typist—the most feather-brained, the most incompetent, the most irresponsible of all the bobbed and powdered flappers who daily brightened the dark offices at Whitehall. She misspelt his mightiest words, and punctuated his bombastic sentences in the most impossible places, but she had such a wheedling way with her, and dispensed tea with such a fascinating grace, that when the comb-out arrived, the list of those who were absolutely indispensable was headed by the name of Miss Dora Spenlow.

Irrepressible as Miss Spenlow was in Whitehall, she became quite subdued as she approached her suburban home. This was not due to the restraining influence of Miss Julia Mills, for that young lady had gone as a welfare supervisor at a Munition factory, where she listened so sympathetically to the domestic woes of the woman workers, and expressed her sympathy so poetically, that those who had no grievances became quite envious of their less fortunate sisters, while those of her intimate friends who have read Miss Mills's Journal declare that it combines the best features of the writings of Pepys and of Omar Khayyam.

Neither could Miss Spenlow's demureness be attributed to the presence of her father, for that gentleman was constantly occupied at the Commons—both Doctors and the other—in the affairs of his clients, Messrs. Dilly and Dally, to whom Mr. Jorkins was invaluable.

I discovered that the real cause of Miss Spenlow's sedateness was the fear of a certain policewoman, whose sternness of feature struck awe into every flapper from Herne Hill to Norwood—for Miss Jane Murdstone had found a post after her own heart.

Mr. Micawber often entertained his fellow clerks at dinner, sometimes at Windsor Terrace, but more frequently at their own homes, for Mrs. Micawber had great difficulty with the servant girl question, especially since the Orfling had gone off to ride a motor cycle. At such times Mrs. Micawber would explain that she had always urged Mr. Micawber to go into a government office where his talents would be appreciated. But did his fellow clerks think they were really appreciated there? Didn't they think that if he went into the wholesale grocery trade for instance—like Mr. Murdstone, the gentleman who spoke so eloquently on the need of facing the situation with firmness and pulling together—it would give him more scope? It is true that Mr. Murdstone had been heavily fined for profiteering, but he must have made a great fortune out of the war for all that.

Then Mrs. Micawber would go on to speak of her old friends, of dear Captain Copperfield languishing in a German prison, and of brave Flight Commander Traddles. For Traddles entered the Air Force, and with his buoyant spirit soon became an excellent pilot. They still tell of his fighting a long duel with a German "ace," and after bringing down his opponent, returning with a shot-riddled machine to make his report, and covering the sheet of paper with little skeletons.

At last Traddles met his Waterloo when attempting to fight four

enemy planes at once. He succeeded, however, in landing his disabled machine behind British lines, and was taken, badly wounded, to a base hospital. From thence he was transferred to a V.A.D. at Highgate, the house of James Steerforth's mother, who had early in the war given it as a hospital for officers. Here he found every comfort, except that one of the nurses would keep him awake asking numerous indirect questions; and as he turned through sheer exhaustion to sleep, he would hear her say, " I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it ? " But there was one nurse whose kindness and patience made up for all, and soon after Traddles began to use his artificial leg, he informed all his friends that she was, without exception, the dearest little thing in the world. And he was not far wrong. She was so tender, and showed not the least sign of jealousy when Traddles praised the nurses in France, especially the one whom he described as " The bravest when they were bombed, the most tireless when a new ' push ' over-filled the hospital with suffering men, the tenderest always " ; for Traddles was one of the many whose eyes moistened and voices softened when they tried to say what they owed to Sister Agnes Wickfield.

WHO WAS THE LADY?

By JAMES WESTLEY

I HAVE just been re-reading a book well-known to collectors, but probably seldom heard of by the majority of people of the present generation—" Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens," edited by Richard Henry Stoddard, published in Charles Scribner and Son's " Bric-a-Brac Series," New York, 1887. It is a very " scrappy " production of no real value, but of a curious interest. I have been struck by some " Reminiscences of Dickens," by a lady whose identity is not disclosed. Can some Dickensian better informed than I am tell me who this rather spiteful lady was ? She met Dickens when he was very young, apparently about 1840, and she depicts him in those days as a very boisterous and rather loutish individual. Some friends of hers, for instance, took a house at Broadstairs when Dickens was there, and invited her to stay with them. She saw Dickens daily, and from what she relates one would imagine him to have been a hobbledehoy of about seventeen, and her a very feather-headed young " flapper." This is one yarn she tells.

One evening, after dark, they were all on the pier of the jetty. They had a quadrille to begin with, Fred Dickens whistling for them, and Dickens himself accompanying him on a pocket comb. After that, on this dark night, starless and moonless, they strolled nearer to the water. " Dickens seemed suddenly to be possessed with the demon of mischief ; he threw his arm round me and ran me down the inclined plane to the end of the jetty. . . . ." Then he is alleged to have indulged in some melodramatic nonsense, holding her there, what time the water surged around her feet. She screamed, and Mrs. Dickens asked her husband how he could be so silly, adding that the girl's silk dress

would be ruined. And Dickens replied: "Dress! Talk not to me of *dress*! When the pall of night is enshrouding us in Cimmerian darkness, when we already stand on the brink of the great mystery, shall our thoughts be of fleshly vanities? Am I not immolating a brand-new pair of patent leathers still unpaid for? Perish such low-born thoughts! In this time of abandonment to the voice of destiny, shall we be held back by the puerilities of silken raiment? Shall leather or prunella (whatever that may be) stop the bolt of Fate?"

And when the lady wrenched herself free, her *only* silk dress ruined, and Mrs. Dickens suggested that her husband should purchase another, this lunatic replied: "Never! I have sacrificed her finery and my boots to the infernal gods. Kismet! It is finished! Eureka! etc., etc.; and now I go to tug myself black in the face getting off my pedal covers."

On two other occasions, he did things almost as insane—so we are told. In rough weather the waves would dash against certain rocks and fall back in big showers. Twice this madman grabbed this girl and ran her, *nolens volens*, under the cataract, "to the irretrievable ruin of two bonnets of frail fabric," and her slender purse was taxed to the utmost to replace them.

There are not many printed reminiscences of Dickens that I have not read, but, hang me! if this does not beat everything! I have no doubt that he could be boisterous; I have no doubt that he was capable of indulging in skylarking, but I find it very difficult to believe such yarns as these. So difficult that I've given up the effort.

Another story is to the effect that one day Dickens bought a lot of comic songs for a penny, and insisted upon singing one about an expected interesting event in the Royal family, despite his wife's protests. And when the party were starting for an excursion, he announced that he was going to sing that song and a good many others, so those who thought them vulgar could go in the other carriage. So our historian thought it best to go in the other carriage; and she says: "I was not sorry on the whole to be where I was, as I heard for the next half-hour small portions of those songs wafted on the breeze to us whenever our vehicle approached near them, and the bursts of laughter from ladies and gentlemen, and the mischievous twinkle in Dickens's eye proved that he was in such a mad-cap mood that it was well there were none but married people with him, the subject, being what it was, of a 'Gampish' nature."

Once this lady drew a sketch of Dickens, and showed it to a Miss F——, who was staying with the novelist and his family. When she saw him again he treated her coolly, and she believed that it was because Miss F—— was jealous of her—jealous of Dickens's friendship with her—and had told him that she had done a caricature of him.

Don't you think this is nonsense?

After this visit to Broadstairs, Dickens snubbed our historian persistently. Her friend, Mrs. S——, was going to his house to a party,

and "Milly" (Mrs. S.'s daughter, presumably) proposed taking her. Mrs. S——, however, feared it might be taking a liberty, and said: "If it was anybody else but Charles Dickens I should not hesitate for an instant, but he is so odd! One never knows how he might take such a thing. *Although I am his daughter's godmother*, and we are such friends, I cannot do it."

The italics are mine. Who was "Mrs. S——"? Forster says that he was godfather to Mary Dickens, Macready was godfather to Kate Dickens. The only other daughter, Dora, was not born till some years later. Forster says nothing about godmothers.

This lady met Dickens a few times after, but he avoided her if he could, and when he could not, was studiously cool in his manner. She tells us "A great deal has been said about his hearty willingness to help young struggling people, and his kindly feeling for governesses. All I can say is, he never helped me, though he had it in his power to do so to a great extent."

I never heard before that Dickens had a special regard for governesses.

We are told of a young lady friend who did some clever outline illustrations to *The Chimes*. Our historian sent them to Dickens, who returned them with a curt note, "thanking her for the sight of her very talented outlines." And "the last I ever had to do with Mr. Dickens was when I wrote to ask the favour of a few lines from him in support of an appeal I was about to make to a statesman in high office on behalf of the aged and necessitous widow of an author of repute formerly; but he declined in a few curt sentences, on the grounds that I had been 'absurdly misinformed as to his having any influence in that quarter.'"

What I should like to know is: Who was this lady? I cannot even guess at her identity. It is very obvious that she had a spite against Dickens for some reason or another. Her picture of him when they were very friendly presents him as a loutish young irresponsible; her later picture of him presents him as a churlish—even morose—man with very little, if any, of the milk of human kindness in his make-up. Both pictures, as far as my reading goes, stand alone, and I should very much like to know the name of the artist, and why Dickens cut her. It is perfectly clear that there was something behind it all which she had not revealed.

THE OLD "COMMODORE" COACH

THE International Horse Show held in London last month had for one of its chief features a parade of historic coaches and other vehicles. Most prominent in the pageant was the actual "Commodore" coach which traversed the Kentish roads a hundred years ago. The coach immortalized by Dickens as that by which the Pickwickians travelled from the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross, to Rochester: To make the event as realistic as possible, the occupants were all dressed to represent the famous characters with Tony Weller driving.

CAMEOS FROM DICKENS

THE DOVER MAIL

IT was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked uphill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did ; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbid a purpose otherwise strongly in favour of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with Reason ; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles, as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary " Wo-ho ! so-ho then ! " the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it had roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road ; and the reek of the labouring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers besides the one were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like ; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and ale-house could produce somebody in " the Captain's " pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable nondescript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye

and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited in a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes, good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a decided scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach-door to let the passengers in.

—*A Tale of Two Cities*, Chap. II.

THE CHARLES DICKENS HOME FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged				14,236	12	7
MISCELLANEOUS:—						
Griffiths Bros. & Co.	33	19	0			
1st Class Passengers, S.S. Megantic	25	0	0			
Liverpool Branch Dickens Fellowship	25	0	0			
Plymouth Branch Dickens Fellowship	10	10	0			
London Branch Dickens Fellowship	4	9	11			
Mrs. H. S. Owen	3	0	0			
Mr. Cook	1	2	9			
Miss Helena Sharp	1	1	0			
Anon	0	9	0			
				104	11	8
Total ...				£14,341	4	3

W. WALTER CROTCH, *Hon. Treasurer*,
22 Austin Friars, E.C.

17th June, 1920.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

The only discordant note in Monday's celebration was struck by Bob Sawyers and Ben Allens of this generation. These young gentlemen do not seem to alter much with the progress of civilisation and science. I hope that Mr. Asquith, under the pleasant attentions of Bart's and the other schools, shared Mr. Pickwick's sentiments when he heard how the couple of Sawbones were enjoying themselves in the kitchen.

> "Ah!" observed Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands, "overflowing with kindly feelings and animal spirits. Just what I like to see!"

And then there was the memorable occasion when Mr. Pickwick travelled to Birmingham with Mr. Ben Allen inside the coach and Mr. Bob Sawyer on the roof. History indeed repeated itself in the triumphal progress from Cavendish Square to Westminster. It seems worth the consideration of the authorities, however, whether in these days measures should not be taken to keep these kindly feelings and animal spirits from overflowing too violently. It was only the other day that the whole country was shamed and disgusted by the outrage on the unfortunate Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson. This time ladies were involved. Is it the considered opinion of the educationists of the medical profession that in order to qualify as a hall-marked doctor you must first graduate as a hooligan?—*Truth*, 3rd March, 1920.

The great Conference of Powers, on which the hopes of civilisation rest and for which infernal chaos yawns, is fast becoming a matter of comic opera, pantomime, and romance. The firm of Spenlow, Jorkins, and others, are at their old game. Mr. Spenlow is in Court—but he can be sent for: he bobs about between Court and the office. He has a partner—Mr. Jorkins, "who keeps himself in the background." Mr. Jorkins is not seen, "he cannot be seen at present." But nothing can be done in business without his approval. "Mr. Jorkins is immovable." Mr. Jorkins will not listen to this. Mr. Jorkins "will have his bond." He does not come down into the office to discuss things with his partners. However "painful to their feelings," the partners dare not act without him. He is really "a mild man of a heavy temperament"—but he is "the most obdurate of men." That is why business drags on in the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins. Alas! There is no comedy at all. It is the Tragedy of Nations, in the twentieth century crisis of the civilisation of the world. Famine, massacre, more wars—all are around and upon us. Everything is adjourned till the Powers can agree.—FREDERIC HARRISON in *The Fortnightly Review*, April.

We who were born in Victorian homes are forever falling into the habit of quoting the old books of Dickens in a world which has not read the old books. There must be many people who have not heard of the Pogram Defiance. The Pogram Defiance was spoken by the Honourable Elijah Pogram and printed in the "Gazette" of an American town. It defied the British Lion in gorgeous language. Those who read it told Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit that a copy had been posted to Queen Victoria "at her luxurious location in the Tower of London," and that when it came to her hands that young creature would be, as they put it, "considerably chawed up."

The history book will tell you that Queen Victoria was not "chawed up": she reigned for many prosperous years after the days of the

Pogram Defiance. I think that it will be so with the tradition of the home. It was not really torn to shreds by the Holborn Defiance: it was as lively as ever at the breakfast table. Most of us ordinary folk will go home to-night, at the end of the day's work, to a home whose traditions have not been chawed up.—Extracted from an Article by "Londoner," on a lecture in *Evening News*, 9th March, 1920.

Miss Rebecca West admitted in the course of a lecture she delivered to the members of the Women's Freedom League at the Minerva Cafe, Holborn, last night, that at one time there was no doubt justification for calling women capricious, emotional, and generally tiresome, but the indictment, she said, was no longer a fair one. Men now went on making it from force of habit. "To put it frankly," Miss West added, "I think we are very much nicer than our grandmothers. We are no longer baulked or denied the opportunity to express ourselves."

It was a real terror of women, the lecturer declared, that led Dickens into enthusiasm over semi-idiots like Dora, and Thackeray into the creation of "vegetables" like Amelia in "Vanity Fair."—*Daily News*, 19th March, 1920.

Stockport Election.—The Coalition couple are almost comically profuse in their proclamation of mutual affection, and the puzzled, if rather passive electorate is amused by the nightly demonstration on the part of Mr. Henry Fildes and Mr. William Greenwood of their love for one another.—Compared with either, Mrs. Micawber was cold as a stone."—*Daily Graphic*, 19th March, 1920.

Chitterlings were always spoken of as "chidlins." I confess I have never tasted this dainty. I knew of it as a child only from my father's contemptuous references to it. When I first came across the word "chitterlings" in print—in Dickens's *Christmas Carol*—I did not know what it meant.—*Daily News*, 26th March, 1920.

It took one ghost, three spirits, and a power of visions to convert Ebenezer Scrooge: it only took one sound rating from a younger brother to convert Sir Robert Graham.—*Observer*, 28th March, 1920, on "Uncle Ned," at the St. James's Theatre.

Truth and fiction have an unhappy similarity in the following parallels:

"I had pledged my word to skin him alive. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in His Majesty's service, I was bound to skin him. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done."—The ferocious Dowler, in the *Pickwick Papers*.

Daily News, 1st April, 1920.

"As an officer in His Majesty's service I was bound to do it. I had no alternative. I had warned them that I would fire on them. I regretted the necessity; but if I did not do it, I would have been laughed at."—Evidence given before the Hunter Commission of Inquiry in India.

The New Pecksniff.—As we anticipated, the Coalition Liberals and their leader regard their adventures at Leamington purely in the light of the sacred causes of free speech and of Liberal unity. With regard to the first, the Coalition Ministers who suppressed the "Freeman's Journal" for weeks without trial may be congratulated on the manner in which they suppressed at the same time their own ardent passion for public debate. With regard to the second, Mr. Lloyd George's letter is a little too reminiscent of Mr. Pecksniff. "I weep for your depravity, sir," said Mr. Pecksniff. "I mourn over your corruption, I pity your voluntary withdrawal of yourself from the flowery

paths of purity and peace" ; here he struck himself upon his breast, or moral garden ; " but I cannot have a leper and a serpent for an inmate,"

" The present dissension is, to me, a source of grief," say Mr. Lloyd George, who more than any other man has caused and brought about this dissension by his own tortuous methods, his intrigue with Sir George Younger, his coupons and his combines.—*The Star*, 12 May, 1920.

THE JUDGE ON " TOMATO SAUCE."—Mr. Justice Darling : Yes. Say women, and we will see whether they turn out to be ladies. (Laughter.)

The two women in the case, continued counsel, did not quite agree, and on October 22nd matters came to a head with an incident arising out of the cooking of some chops.

His Lordship : With tomato sauce ? (Laughter.)

Counsel did not know, and was glad that that question would not arise.—*Daily Paper*, May, 1920.

DISCIPLES OF MR. TURVEYDROP COME TO LIFE AGAIN.—The old-fashioned dancing master, beloved by early Victorian novelists, still exists and flourishes, although he was believed to have been long since dead. He came forward in full force yesterday, and waged a hot battle of words against the modern ballroom teacher.

This quaint dispute arose out of an apparently innocuous dancing conference.

" All this talk about one-steps, fox-trots, and two-steps," said a contemporary of the late Mr. Turveydrop of immortal memory, " means nothing to me. Can Mr. Maurice do the schottische and the polka. I wonder.—*Daily Express*, May, 1920.

The fat boy placed the reins in Sam Weller's hands, laid his head on an oyster barrel, and before going to sleep said, " Straight as you can go ; you can't miss it."

So on arriving at Maidstone I had little difficulty in finding the meet of the Caravan Club of Great Britain and Ireland at Abbey Court, Sandling, adjoining Dingley Dell, of Pickwickian fame. It is little wonder that Mr. Pickwick fell into an " enchanting and delicious reverie." To-day Dingley Dell looked like fairyland.

From " Whitsun with the Nomads," *Daily News*, 24th May, 1920.

Speaking of John Roberts, the billiard player, a writer in the *Daily News* of May 4th said " ' Old John ' used to make a solemn ritual of the business of entering a billiard hall, and Mr. Turveydrop could not have matched his austre and yet gracious bow."

The Edinburgh contests have hitherto been comparatively free from the Eatanswill spirit, but the Coalition have taken to personalities and insinuation.—*Daily News*, 8th April.

For Bumble, Babies are atoms to be scheduled in figures. They are not human beings—little Tom or Bill. They are Baby A6734 (Schedule D) and so on. One effort of Bumble is to make Babies into machines. This Bumble can only do if he abolishes mothers first. " Bumble's invasion of the Homes of the Poor," in *Sunday Pictorial*, 23rd May.

" The blow has fallen," says the *Manchester Guardian*. " A Bolshevist, a real live representative of Lenin, has spoken with the British Prime Minister face to face. A being, as Sergeant Buzfuz would say, erect upon two legs and bearing the outward form and semblance of a man, was seen to approach 10, Downing Street, yesterday, to ring at the door, and gained admission.

DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTICS

By FRANCESCO BERGER

(SERIES C, No. 5)

A character in one of Dickens's books.

Conceited donkey, much like a monkey,
Proud of his voice, his language choice.

1.—Though ever so small at start
I run through the world's great mart.
2.—With more than one head,
Neither living nor dead.
3.—With missing head I'm silly chatter,
But headless here, so it does not matter.
4.—If E you insert before my last letter
A great man is named, few knew better.
5.—I cure what's meant to kill,
But take me quickly, ere you're chill.
6.—A city and a queen
Combined in me are seen.

(SERIES C, No. 6)

Two male characters in *one* of Dickens's books.

1.—If you have an axe to grind, bring it not here ; I grind no axes.
If you axes me what I grind, the staff of life in me you'll find
2.—Of brothers five we are but two,
The other three are E, O, U.
3.—Small but heroic, golden-souled girl,
'Mong sufferers a martyr, of womanhood a pearl.
4.—No change in me, when change you need,
Would be a state most sad indeed.
5.—With final E I always agree,
I always decline when with N I combine.
6.—The ruling passion here you see
Deprived *pro tem* of final E.
7.—Here, not there, is where I am,—
Because I'm French, dear Sir or Ma'am.
8.—Half a night,
"Tes" out of sight.
9.—Medium most useful in man's transient lot,
Good deeds to register, lives without blot.

NOTICE.—Solutions to the above Acrostics (Nos. 5 and 6, Series C) must reach the Editor not later than the 31st August, 1920.

SOLUTION OF No. 3, (SERIES C)

TreeS, (c) RanK, OctroI, ToM, WorshiP, OxO, OraL, DovE.

Correct solutions have been received from : "Punchinello" (Chelmsford) ; F. Dearsly (Crouch End) ; Miss B. M. Rankin (Liverpool) ; "Titus" (Shifnal) ; "J.S.U." ; Mary Bibby (Oundle). Several of these have given "Freak" as solution of light 2, instead of "crank," but the Editor does not consider them disqualified on that account. A. P. Lowell, of Boston (Mass.) has omitted to fill in light 3.

SOLUTION OF No 4 (SERIES C)

ChesS, AnthonY, RegistereD, TreasoN, OwE, NormandY.

Correct solutions have been received from : F. Dearsly ; "J.S.U." ; "Titus."

APPRECIATIONS OF DICKENS

THE new Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, elected at the Manchester Conference, were invited to send a message to our readers. We have received the following.—EDITOR.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I do not know how Charles Dickens strikes the rising generation, but to one who—like myself—read him thirty to forty years ago, and lately has re-read him, he seems ever green. A great humorist, and what is better a great humanist. I am always inspired and astonished by the richness and vigour of his phrasing; the warmth and reach of his sympathies and insight; the fecundity of his creative genius.

MR. W. J. LOCKE.

I feel greatly honoured by my election as a Vice-President of the Dickens Fellowship, of which in my heart I have been a member since my infancy. The earliest printed book in my memory—before I learned to read—is the two volume edition (1841) of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. At the age of five I knew and loved Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, and at fifty-seven I love them still.

It is hard to understand how any follower of Dickens's craft can fail in reverence towards the Grand Master. The only claim we have to immortality lies in our creations of men and women. How any novelist can look on Dickens's world of created beings and not feel very humble, as before the manifestation of something divine, passes my comprehension.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, BT.

Of all the novelists of the Victorian Era, Charles Dickens remains the most popular and beloved. Thackeray is read and loved but Dickens remains the one figure of never-changing devotion. I remember the first two books of Dickens that I read—*David Copperfield* and the *Christmas Carol*—and how I was moved by the power and beauty of them. In spite of his occasional extreme sentimentalism he was truer to life than any other novelist who has written in our time. No novelist has had so many characters quoted in every-day talk as Dickens, none has had so many phrases become household words. In some ways Thackeray is a greater writer than Dickens, but Dickens is the greater novelist. Almost Dickens's last novel was his greatest triumph in construction—*A Tale of Two Cities*. It shows how his years of writing had left his imagination undiminished and had increased his writing powers. Charles Dickens is immortal, and the British Empire and the world are his debtor.

MR. H. SAXE WYNDHAM.

As a lifelong reader and lover of the greatest English novelist, it is a very keen pleasure to become associated with the Dickens Fellowship. As I read its objects and aims, I understood that it not only seeks to

promote the honour, and spread the fame of Dickens, but, as he himself would have doubtless urged upon us, to try and serve humanity as he did—by spreading far and wide the sweetness and light of good deeds, and by showing in their native ugliness the meanness and wickedness of evil ones, by exposing shams, and pointing out realities, by helping the sick and needy, and, not least, by absence of " swank " in oneself and the recognition of modesty and kindliness in others. These I take to be part of the whole duty of a good member of the Dickens Fellowship.

THE REAL MICAWBER*

IN the first of a series of monographs by Mr. T. P. Cooper of York, the author produces a number of interesting facts to substantiate his claim that Micawber had his original in one Richard Chicken of York. There is undoubtedly a Dickens ring about the name, but that by the way. The points of interest to Dickensians are that Chicken was invariably impecunious, was an adept at writing epistles in a bombastic and grandiloquent strain, of which the pamphlet contains several specimens bearing a remarkable resemblance to those of the celebrated Wilkins. He possessed " an indescribable character of faded gentility," and was by turns itinerant actor, law-clerk and teacher of elocution, and appears to have been well acquainted with creditors, pressing landlords, bailiffs and other accompaniments of chronic insolvency, while his wife made at least one perfunctory attempt to conduct a Preparatory School. The point is made that Dickens may have met Chicken in the flesh while at York about the time he was writing *David Copperfield*, and that, in any case, Chickens's eccentricities would most certainly have been brought to his notice.

One is glad to observe from the text that Mr. Cooper does not claim the absolute identity of Chicken with Micawber, but confines himself to the issue that Chicken is more likely than any other to have been the principal subject for the fictitious character. To claim more, as has so often been done in the futile and sometimes dangerous endeavour to establish a prototype, is to indicate a lack of appreciation of the superb imaginative gifts of Dickens.

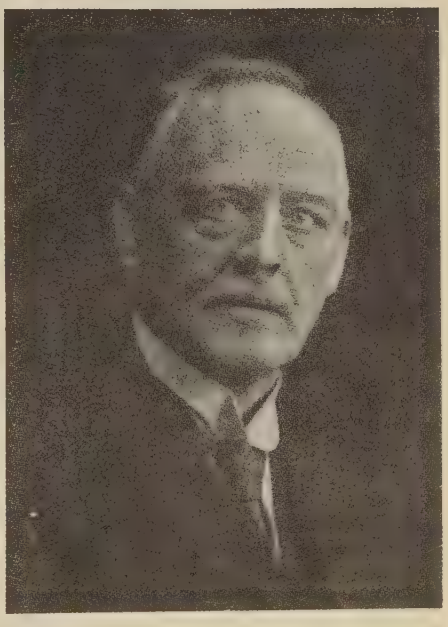
It is unnecessary here to elaborate the theme, but in view of the controversy that seems likely to arise in the press as the result of this monograph, one may state that the multitudinous characters in the novels are no more portraits than landscapes of the great masters of painting are photographs. To quote Mr. Arthur Machen in this connection : " No one ever saw Falstaff in that vast flesh ; Hamlet never walked visibly at Elsinore ; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza shine for ever, but not in the actual sunlight that pours on the burned lands of La Mancha. These are creations of great artists ; and Wilkins Micawber is of their company." To which truism there is nothing to add.

* Dickens's Footsteps No. 1. " The Real Micawber," by T. P. Cooper. 1s. 6d. Simpkins.

MR. C. H. GREEN

THE FELLOWSHIP'S NEW HON. SECRETARY

THE Dickens Fellowship has always been exceedingly fortunate in its Hon. Secretaries, and we feel sure that Mr. C. H. Green, who has just accepted that office, will fully maintain the tradition. Mr. Green is no new comer to the Fellowship, having been an enthusiastic member from its very early days, whilst his position on the Council for many years past as a guiding spirit in its administration work will serve him well in taking over the responsible post of Chief Officer. He is a true lover of Dickens, imbued with that temperament which the influence of Dickens inspires, and should, therefore, be of great assistance to the Fellowship in carrying out its chief aims and objects. With its recent re-organization the Fellowship starts on a new lease of life, and knowing Mr. Green as we do, we are satisfied that no effort on his part will be wanting to further its success.



MR. C. H. GREEN

In the past it has only been possible for the Hon. Secretary and Members of the Council to accomplish the Secretarial and other work of the Fellowship in the evenings or other odd leisure moments. Circumstances have arisen, however, which enable Mr. Green to alter this, and he proposes to be in attendance at the Fellowship's offices, 14 Clifford's Inn, on certain days between the hours of 10-30 and 4-0 o'clock, and will be pleased to receive a visit from members and friends whenever they are in London. This is an advantage which the Fellowship has never previously enjoyed, and should prove of inestimable value in the future.

Mr. Green is not only an authority on Dickens, but an enthusiastic expert on the history of London as well, so that any member when in town will find in him not only a good friend but an excellent guide too.

We wish him every success in his new undertaking.

A SKETCHY JINGLE-TALK OF THE PICKWICK PERIOD

WHO WAS ITS AUTHOR?

By JOHN SUDDABY

IN "Chambers's Journal" (Edinburgh) of February 25th, 1837, appears the following extract from the London "New Monthly Magazine":—

SPECIMENS AND PATTERNS OF DINNER SPEECHES.

OFFERED FOR PUBLIC USE.

"Dinner speeches are extremely to our purpose. There might be patterns for them as easily as for the plates. Take the following one for returning thanks. Instead of humming and hawing, and drawing out an unnecessary chain of sentences, what should hinder a person of any gratitude from showing a proper sense of his audience's time and attention, by delivering himself with a pregnant brevity; as thus:—'Gentlemen—Feel it impossible—Proudest day of my life—Honourable Gentlemen who—Those feelings which—Extremely obliged—Happiness—All your healths in return.' If the company meet for the purpose to make speeches, or to compliment one another (pretty nearly the same thing), something longer must be allowed for the sake of all parties. The following patterns would do.

Chairman's Speech.—'Totally inadequate—Some other more worthy—Your pleasure—My modesty—Will for deed—Inspiring occasion—Illustrious friend—Head and Heart—Thoughts which—Considerations which—Those feelings which—All, I am sure—When I name the name of Jenkins (*shouts of applause*)—Hasten to conclude—Happiness to propose—Health, gentlemen, of our worthy, illustrious, eloquent, independent, loyal, interesting, agreeable, modest, and consummate friend, Sir Thomas Jenkins. (*Cheers—three times three.*)'

Speech of Sir Thomas Jenkins.—'Quite overwhelmed—Most unaffectedly say—Proudest day of my life—Latest day of my life—Heir-loom—Honourable and admirable friend who—Flattering things which—Those things which—Defy any man to say—Can safely say—When I look round me—Rank and talent—Illustrious friend on my right—Incomparable friend on my left—Worthy Chairman—However unworthy myself (*Cheers.*) All of you perfect (*deafening applause.*) Cannot conclude better—Propose the health of our worthy, excellent, pure, upright, downright, indefatigable, simple-minded, inimitable friend, Sir George Tomkins (*Vociferous applause—three times three.*)'

Speech of Sir George Tomkins.—'Cannot express—Feel it here—Doubly welcome—Grace this meeting—After eloquent speech—Humble endeavours—Proud sensations—Those persons who—Questions which—Insinuations which—Times like ours—Understandings like yours—Common, if I may use the expression—Immortal bard—Challenge any person—Gallant officer—Words of my illustrious friend—Cannot conclude better—Propose the health of our truly noble, fine-hearted, fine-headed, graceful,

useful, ornamental, high-minded, example-giving, facetious and superior friend, Earl Hipkins. (*Cheers—long applause—three times three.*')

Speech of Earl Hipkins.—' Totally want words—Highly honoured —Deeply affected—Bosom—Carry it home with me—Children —Posterity—Celebration—Displays of talent—Worthy Chairman— Illustrious friends—Gallant officers—Brilliant assembly—British Nation (*cheers*)—Fair sex (*continued cheers*)—Under the rose (*a laugh*)—Moral order—Arguments which—Events which—Things which no man that—That which, I am sure, no gentleman that —Effects of this day—Will not take up your time—One word more—Presume to differ—Delight to agree—Sorry to be informed —Happy to hear—Long pull and strong pull—Immortal bard— Distinguished living writer—Homely but acute proverb—Valuable time—Found at my post—Words unnecessary—English hearts— Bumper at parting—Health of our worthy, solid, polite, thinking, drinking, impartial, indefatigable, paternal, private, public, plain-hearted, and prodigious chairman. (*Riotous applause—three times three. Chairman returns thanks—New Chairman—Songs—Festivity —Late hour.*)'

Every student of Dickens on reading the above will probably recognise how powerfully it is in Jingle style as in Pickwick. And further that its few introductory remarks and their form are very much after the manner of Boz's sketches. The " we " and the " our " are so nicely introduced in the sketches as the basis of talk as in the famous parochial and other sketches and scenes that they impress us, and here in this list of Jingle-talk now reproduced one is certainly put on the same basis in the opening sentence. And the humour which follows, for instance, in quietly saying that making speeches or complimenting one another are pretty nearly the same thing, is of the sort which Dickens readers have read somewhere before. But when one reaches the four speeches condensed, abridged, boiled or simmered down to Jingle language the feeling of Dickens readers of having scanned something like it before must be intensified. And it seems to be no ordinary artist who has penned these specimens or patterns of dinner speeches. There is the crispness of perpetual humour about the Jingle talk, so well abridged in these skeletons of great and famous oratory, that one enters fully into the spirit of the thing. And the artist's ability and power in arranging two lines of adjectives in the closing sentence or peroration of each speaker is unique. Closing the speeches with such uniform measurement or metre is to say the least of it artistic and poetic. And as one reads these jerky jingle speeches one after another the excitement rises until the close when " riotous applause, three times three, chairman's thanks, new chairman, songs, festivity, late hour," and then there seems in the pull up, as the elder Weller would call it, a right down collapse with the whole dinner party under the table. Such were the passing thoughts or feelings that occurred more or less to the writer.

I am not able to say where the article appeared in the "Monthly,"

and until this is ascertained one must not conclude it was just prior to its appearance in "Chambers," as that journal months after Boz's various early writings served up portions of chapters from *Sketches, Oliver Twist* and *Pickwick* for the delectation of its readers. Certainly "Chambers" at that period and for very many years after was looked upon as a journal which had extremely good judgment in its selections. The editor gave the selection now quoted as worthy of the columns of his paper, which had a national circulation, presumably seeing unusual merit in the Jingle-talk. He had not failed from the first to observe and gauge the merit of Dickens as a writer, for on April 6th, 1836, in quoting that author's article, "The Boarding House," he preceded it with the following in brackets :—

> The following tale is abridged from "Sketches by Boz illustrative of everyday Life and everyday People," 2 vols., recently published by Mr. Macrone. This work appears to be an early, perhaps a first attempt, of some new writer ; if so we would recommend him to proceed, for, unless he falls off very miserably in his subsequent efforts, he can scarcely fail to become a successful and popular author. His chief object in the present publication has been to depict life and character as exemplified in the middle ranks of the metropolis; and this he has accomplished in a style, which barring a little caricature and exaggeration, strikes us as extremely happy. He has much comic power and perceives traits which are not consciously noted by ordinary observers, and yet, when mentioned, remind everybody of the thing described. We warmly recommend his two amusing volumes to the notice of our readers.

The first and second editions of Boz's "Sketches" had only appeared during the winter of 1835-6, and this Edinburgh editor recognised its merit and became prophetic as to the author. And then a year later, April 29th, 1837, he paid the compliment of quoting in a full page of his journal the inn scene where Pickwick first became acquainted with Sam, and preceded it with the following editorial note :—

> "We are extremely glad to find that the distinguished success of Boz's first production has encouraged him to launch forth as a regular contributor to the public amusement. At the present moment he is unrivalled in the peculiar line he has selected, and to the wonder of everybody, has risen from comparative obscurity to a high point of fame in the short space of a single year. . . . .
>
> Boz is the fictitious signature of a young man named Dickens, who was for some years engaged as a writer in one of the London newspapers, which he enlivened with his humorous and graphic sketches. We are not aware that he is a native of London, but he has at least, by his residence there, made himself minutely familiar with the peculiarities of the people, chiefly of the middle and lower ranks, which he has the knack of hitting off in a singularly droll and happy manner. We have never visited London without noticing that it possessed a prodigious fund of character for description, and yet, since the time of Smollett, this inexhaustible fund has lain untouched. The most odd-looking and odd-speaking beings were suffered to vegetate unheeded, unchronicled, except

when partially brought into notice by a foreigner—Washington Irving. Upon this mine of character and manners, Boz has successfully struck. He is now busy in the work of excavation. The chief talent of this clever writer consists in close perception, not only of character, but of every minute circumstance and local peculiarity. Nothing escapes his notice, or fails to be made the subject of humorous observation. In order to deal out the results of his experience to the best advantage, he lately began, and is now issuing, a series of monthly pamphlets, called the 'Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. . . . . One of the best hit-off scenes in the papers already published, is that in which Mr. Pickwick first becomes acquainted with Sam. We give it as a sample of Boz's Pickwickian style.'"

The question arises, perhaps never to be answered with certainty whatever one's opinion may be—Who wrote this item of Jingle-talk? We know there can and have been similarity in writings. For instance, in 1837, Chapman and Hall published "Sketches of Young Ladies," and "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," the first-named being by "Quiz," and the latter by Dickens, and both might easily be mistaken as by one author, being alike in style and in illustrations (by Phiz) and general get-up. It must be recalled that Dickens had written his early sketches for the "Old" and "New Monthly Magazine" during 1833-5 and then later in the "Evening Chronicle," the continuation in the latter being on financial grounds. Forster, in Vol. I. of the "Life of Dickens," thus alludes to the transference :—

"The magazine was owned as well as conducted at this time by a Mr. Holland who had come back from Bolivar's South American campaigns with the rank of captain, and had hoped to make it a popular mouthpiece for his ardent liberalism. But this hope as well as his own health quite failed; and he had sorrowfully to decline receiving any more of the sketches where they had to cease as voluntary offerings. I do not think that either he or the magazine lived many weeks after an evening I passed with him in Doughty Street in 1837, when he spoke in a very touching way of the failure of this and other enterprises of his life and of the help that Dickens had been to him."

Here we leave Dickens associated with the "Monthly" as his first publishers, and Holland at Doughty Street as late as 1837 (almost simultaneous with this Jingle-talk) full of gratitude for the help Dickens had variously given him. Had Dickens, at some time during this association before or after Pickwick was started and the character of Jingle created, written and given this bit of Jingle to the publisher or editors of "Monthly" as an act of help? And when in the winter of 1836-7 the "Monthly" in its declining days was using up any casual copy to keep the journal going, was this Jingle copy a kindly current help from Dickens or one of his older contributions brought out of the pigeon-holes of the editor's desk? Or is the article a clever counterfeit by some reader and early student of Jingle in Pickwick in the summer of 1836?

M

PILGRIMAGE TO GAD'S HILL AND ROCHESTER

THE Dickens Fellowship celebrated the 50th anniversary of Dickens's Death by making a pilgrimage to places in Kent associated with his life and the characters of his novels. Some 60 in all, including several visitors from America, the pilgrims started, like Mr. Pickwick, from the Golden Cross Hotel at Charing Cross. Their first stay was at Westminster Abbey, where Mrs. B. W. Matz, the wife of the president, laid a wreath of geraniums, Dickens's favourite flower, on Dickens's grave.

The motor chars-à-bancs, which supplied the place of the stage coach by which Mr. Pickwick and his friends travelled, stopped at Chalk, in the neighbourhood of Gravesend. These and other interesting places nearer home were pointed out by Mr. Matz and Mr. Walter Dexter (the honorary treasurer), who acted as guides on the journey. At Rochester this duty was undertaken by Mr. Harris and other members of the local Fellowship. In the cathedral the visitors were received by the Archdeacon of Rochester, and a few words were spoken on behalf of the Rochester Dickensians before the memorial tablet, which also was decorated with geraniums.

In the crypt the vexed question of the plot of "Edwin Drood" came up—not to be settled then or at any future time during the day. But some light was thrown on it by reference to the actual topography of the cathedral. The Deanery garden was visited and afterwards the party had luncheon at the Bull Hotel, in the room, overlooked by its old-fashioned musicians' gallery, in which was held the ball where Jingle, in his borrowed suit, quarrelled with Dr. Slammer, and let in the unfortunate Mr. Winkle for the duel that did not end fatally to anybody concerned. The President, after luncheon, delivered a short eulogy of Dickens; and Mrs. Prall, speaking for the Rochester Fellowship, mentioned, as evidence of the general familiarity of Dickens's characters, the fact that she was often asked by strangers, in the streets of the city, where Mr. Pickwick lodged. The memory of Dickens was drunk in silence.

Luncheon over, a visit was made to the Eastgate Museum (Miss Twinkleton's Academy), to Richard Watts's Charity, the strange old 16th-century house on which was based the story of the "Seven Poor Travellers," and to other Dickensian landmarks.

The party were courteously received in the afternoon by Mr. Latham, the present owner of Dickens's house at Gad's Hill. They saw his library and the room in which he was seized with his mortal illness; they were photographed on the lawn; they were permitted to pass through the tunnel under the road to the little bower in which was situated the chalet given to Dickens by Fechter, and in which he did some of his best work. Later on, in the lovely park of Cobham, by permission of Lord Darnley, they were enabled to discover the chalet itself; for at Cobham, after various adventures, it now rests, with mirrors in its lower room, as in Dickens's own time.

"The Leather Bottle," associated with Mr. Tupman's endeavours

at amorous melancholy, was the inevitable place for tea; and here the opportunity was taken to welcome the American visitors with kind words concerning the future of England and the United States, quoted from Dickens, and also to thank those tireless Dickens enthusiasts, Mr. Dexter and Mr. Harris.

The pilgrims entered on the long ride home full of renewed zeal for the object of their literary worship. Into one short day they had crammed more acquaintance with the Kent of Dickens than was easy to recall.—From *The Times*.

MR. OSBORN WALFORD

IT is with sorrow and regret that we have to record the death in his ninety-second year of Mr. Osborn Walford, which took place on the 14th May at his residence, 42 St. Augustine's Road, N.W.

Mr. Walford was probably the oldest member in the Dickens Fellowship. He became associated with it at its inception, and has remained an interested and enthusiastic member ever since. He attended the meetings and all other functions connected with it up to within a few months of his death, and his sympathy in every undertaking on which the Fellowship embarked could always be relied upon. His kindly good nature and pleasing temperament attracted everyone, and although he never obtruded himself or desired to be prominent, his handsome head and beautiful shock of white hair, made it impossible for him to be unobserved, much as he might have tried.

Mr. Walford was formerly a partner in the firm of Walford Brothers, the famous antiquarian booksellers. He and his brother Robert founded the firm at 320 Strand in the middle of the last century, whilst the third brother, Cornelius, was a journalist, book collector and a great authority on insurance. Their shop attracted all the famous book collectors to its quiet saloon, among whom were such notable authors of the Victorian Era as Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, and later, Buxton Forman, Andrew Lang, Lord Salisbury, Lord Brabourne, Sir Richard Tangye, all of whom became intimate friends of Osborn Walford.

In those far away days there was no greater expert on first editions of the great Victorians than he, and naturally he collected rarieties himself. At the sale of Dickens's effects at Gad's Hill, he became the owner of much of the table silver of the novelist, which a year or two back he parted with to Mr. Bransby Williams, because, as he said, he wanted it to pass into the possession of a man who would prize it as he had himself.

After cremation his ashes were buried in Highgate cemetery on 19th May. The Rev. J. T. Bingley officiated at the brief service held in the chapel and afterwards at the graveside. Those present included three sons, Messrs. Osborn, Frank and Tracy Walford, Mr. R. L. Campbell (son in law), Mr. Arthur Walford (nephew), Mr. W. B. Warren and Mr. Sydney Marriott (representing the Dickens Fellowship), Mr. Falck and Mr. and Mrs. Spalding.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE Fifteenth Annual Conference of the Fellowship was held at Manchester on Saturday, June 5th. It was preceded by a Reception of Delegates and members at the Milton Hall on the Friday evening, when the visitors were received by Mr. J. Cuming Walters (President of the Manchester Branch) and Mrs. Walters. This was followed by a performance of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, by members of the Manchester Branch, under the direction of Mr. Gerald Farmer.

About twenty-five delegates were present at the Conference, in addition to members of the Manchester Branch. The gathering took place in the Lord Mayor's Parlour of the Town Hall, Mr. E. H. Burden, Chairman of the Headquarters Council, presiding. Those attending included, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Matz, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hill, Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. A. W. Edwards, Mrs. Carden, Mr. P. T. Carden, and Mr. W. B. Warren (London), Mr. A. W. Ratcliffe (Rochester), Mr. W. G. Palser (Cheltenham), Mr. Albert Rudd (Nottingham), Mr. H. de Courcy Peach (Tewkesbury), Mr. W. F. Bagnall and Mr. Sykes (Sheffield), Miss Annie Bennett (Birmingham), Mr. F. A. van Gelder (Liverpool), and Mrs. Newcomer (New York). In the unavoidable absence of the Lord Mayor, the representatives were welcomed by Mr. Cuming Walters.

The Chairman said that Manchester had an abiding interest for the Dickensian, for it was during a visit to the city in 1843 that Charles Dickens got the idea which issued in the production of *A Christmas Carol*. The Fellowship's chief effort during the past year had been in connection with the fund for the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. By means of the Fellowship scheme, a sum of £14,000 had now been raised. He suggested that the Fellowship might turn its attention to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This was a cause that would have appealed to the heart of Dickens, for it was he who had largely created the atmosphere which had made possible the work of men like Benjamin Waugh, Dr. Barnardo and Dr. Stephenson.

Mr. Walter Dexter presented the Financial Statement, the adoption of which, with thanks to Mr. Dexter for his work, especially during the past months as Hon. Secretary *pro tem.*, was unanimously adopted on the motion of the chairman, seconded by Mr. Arthur Humphreys (Manchester).

On behalf of the Manchester Branch, Mr. Walters proposed the election of Mr. B. W. Matz as President for the year. The Chairman seconded, and the resolution was carried with acclamation, after tributes had been paid to the long and self-sacrificing labours of Mr. Matz. The speakers to the resolution included Mrs. Newcomer (U.S.A.), Mr. Ratcliffe, Mr. van Gelder and Mr. Warren. Mr. Matz briefly replied, and the Vice-Presidents and Executive Officers were then appointed. The meeting heard with much satisfaction that Mr. C. H. Green had accepted the position of Hon. Secretary, vacant through

the much regretted ill-health of Mr. T. W. Hill, who was, however, happily sufficiently restored to be present at the Conference. Mr. Walter Dexter was re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Mr. William Miller, Librarian, and Mr. B. W. Matz, Editor of *The Dickensian*. The new Vice-Presidents elected were :—Sir Gilbert Parker, Bt., Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham.

After letters had been read from Mr. John Harwood, and the Hull Branch, brief reports of the year's work were given by representatives, and a resolution expressing devotion to the memory of Charles Dickens was passed by a standing vote, to be forwarded to Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., and Mrs. Perugini on the 9th June. The message was as follows :—

> " That this meeting of the Dickens Fellowship in Annual Conference desires to convey to Mr. Henry F. Dickens and to Mrs. Perugini a cordial message of their undying loyalty to the immortal memory of their father on this fiftieth anniversary of his death. The members of the Fellowship are proud in the conviction that his fame as a writer and as a social force is more firmly established than ever before, and they feel that the future of England must always be linked with the name of the man whose writings and example have probably done more than those of any other writer to improve the social conditions on which civilisation depends."

The invitation of the Cheltenham Branch for the Conference to be held in that town next year was unanimously accepted.

Thanks to the Lord Mayor and to the Chairman brought the business meeting to a conclusion. The delegates then adjourned to the Athenæum, where they were entertained at luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Walters, whose health was drunk on the motion of Mr. Hill, as was the toast of the new President, Mr. B. W. Matz.

In the afternoon, a large number of representatives and other members of the Fellowship visited the famous Rylands Library. They were received by Mr. Henry Guppy, the Librarian, who, after delivering a most interesting address on many of the treasures which were laid out for inspection, conducted the party round the building. Mr. Burden, on behalf of those present, expressed the thanks of the visitors for the treat Mr. Guppy had given them.

The Fellowship Dinner was held in the evening at the Victoria Hotel. As Mr. W. Walter Crotch, the retiring President, had not been able to reach Manchester from New York in time for the function, the chair was occupied by Mr. Cuming Walters, who, in proposing " The immortal memory of Charles Dickens," delivered the eloquent address printed on another page.

The Dean of Manchester submitted, in a felicitous speech, " The Dickens Fellowship," to which Mr. Matz and Mrs. Newcomer responded.

Mr. Gerald Farmer proposed " The Visitors," and Mr. Warren (London) in replying, expressed the thanks of the visitors to the

Manchester Branch for the arrangements made for the Conference proceedings.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. T. W. Hill of a cheque, in recognition of the great services he had rendered to the Fellowship during his Secretaryship. Mr. E. H. Burden, in making the presentation, expressed the regret of the members at Mr. Hill's retirement from office, and assured him of the good wishes of all for a speedy and full restoration to health. Mr. Hill, in responding, said his great aim had been to bring the Branches into closer touch with Headquarters, and he hoped he had not been unsuccessful in this endeavour.

The proceedings were also agreeably diversified by songs by Mr. Leonard Andrews, the recital of the speech by Sergeant Buzfuz by Mr. Frank Speaight, and some interesting conjuring by Mr. J. Lea Axon.

The proceedings throughout were of the happiest character, and after the toast of "The Chairman" had been given by Mr. Walter Dexter, and duly honoured, the company joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," thus bringing to a close a successful Conference, curiously enough in the same hotel in which the first Conference of the Fellowship was held fourteen years ago. A. H.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

RECONSTITUTION IN LONDON

THE first meeting of the reconstructed Fellowship was held on the 20th May, at Anderton's Hotel, London. There was no doubt about the enthusiasm of those present, and it was a source of pleasure to the executive to see so many of those members or, more properly speaking now, Fellows, who with the tenacity of Mrs. Micawber, have been faithful throughout the Society's many eventful years. Mr. W. B. Warren, President of the late London Branch, presided, supported by Mr. E. H. Burden, Chairman of the late Council. After the necessary prefatory remarks, the business of the election of fifteen Councillors, who, with the Branch representatives, constitute the new governing body, was proceeded with. There were no less than 37 nominations, and the result of the ballot was as follows :—Messrs. E. H. Burden, P. T. Carden, A. E. Brookes-Cross, W. W. Crotch, A. W. Edwards, F. T. Harry, A. S. Hearn, T. W. Hill, F. S. Johnson, W. J. Roffey, S. J. Rust, L. Staples, W. B. Warren, Mrs. Hill and Miss Lowe. The Officers elected were Mr. C. H. Green, Hon. Secretary, Mr. Walter Dexter, Hon. Treasurer, Mr. B. W. Matz, Editor of *The Dickensian*, and Mr. W. Miller, Librarian. All these elections were submitted to the June Conference at Manchester and duly ratified.

The next business was to fix the subscription, and the following resolution was submitted by the Chairman :—

"The annual subscription is 10/6 (which shall include a copy of *The Dickensian*, post free, as published), and 7/6 for subsequent

members of the same family living in the same house (not to include *The Dickensian*). Subscriptions are payable on the 1st of October each year."

Several members supported the resolution with enthusiasm and expressed relief that, having regard to existing circumstances, the executive had been able to recommend so moderate a subscription. The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to those who, by the change of constitution, lost their offices, namely, Mr. Warren, who on retirement from the Presidency of the London Branch would have figured among the list of Past Presidents; Mr. F. T. Harry, Vice-President, who in ordinary course would have become President in the forthcoming season. Mr. W. C. Edwards, the retiring Secretary, to whom the London Branch is indebted for much hard work, conscientiously performed through three trying seasons; Miss Lowe who had to resign her Treasurership some months ago owing to strain, and Mr. Woodhead, who stepped into the breach and carried on until the close of the season.

Finally Mr. Dexter, who has been acting Secretary in addition to his other duties, gave a brief forecast of the proposed activities in London under the new régime, and spoke of other matters relative to the Fellowship's future.

It will perhaps not be out of place here to mention that there are those who still think that it would have been in the best interests of the Fellowship to have raised the subscription to considerably more than the figures mentioned above, in order that, unhampered by funds, the Fellowship might pursue the career for which its founders have always worked and hoped, but have never been quite able to accomplish through lack of adequate income. Bowing to expediency, and to the wishes of the members, these few have, in the true Dickens spirit, acquiesced, and no doubt need be felt that they will unite in promoting to the best of their ability in the future, as in the past, the interests of the Fellowship that we one and all love; but it can not be repeated too often that the success of the Fellowship is bound up with, and dependent upon, an ample revenue if it is to further those interests for which Dickens himself strove.

Bearing this in mind a special appeal is made to every one to enrol new members, and so increase our numbers to such an extent that we may all work to a common end, with adequate means to realize our desires and ambitions. The measure to which we may succeed depends upon the degree to which the Fellowship flourishes. A.E.B.C.

DICKENS AND SWEENY TODD

THE scholarly Jackdaw of "John o' London's Weekly" points out that the revived gruesome legend of Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, has an interest for Dickensians. He reflects that, some eighty years ago and for long afterwards the myth had a strange charm for many in the then commonly illiterate classes;

that " Grub Street " and Spitalfields developed it into a long tale which was issued in various weekly forms ; that it was staged at several theatres devoted to melodrama, where it was seen by all students of London life. " Jackdaw " shows, too, that Charles Dickens did not disdain to refer to the story, and recalls that after Tom Pinch's giddy arrival in London, and while he was walking with John Westlock, " he was particularly anxious, among other notorious localities, to have those streets pointed out to him which were appropriated to the slaughter of countrymen." Also that " Tom's evil genius did not lead him into the dens of any of those preparers of cannibalistic pastry who are represented in many standard country legends as doing a lively retail business in the Metropolis." So the legend could be alluded to by Charles Dickens in 1843 in general terms with the certainty of the allusion being understood. All the same, that Fleet Street legend was nothing but an importation from Paris—whence, by the by, much of the British melodrama was dervied in all its forms in that day. In 1823, its first English version had appeared in a monthly journal called " The Tell Tale," published by Henry Fisher. It was then offered frankly as, " A Terrific Story of the Rue de la Harpe, Paris." It is here we are told of the murder of a country gentleman by a Paris barber, who disposed of the body to a vendor of highly popular pastries. And, doubtless, Jackdaw is right in guessing that " Dickens had this precious narrative satirically in mind when he put into the mouth of Sam Weller that story of the inventor of the ' patent-never-leavin'-off sassage steam engine ' which turned Mr. Pickwick pale."

In Sergeant Ballantyne's " Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life," it is related that upon one occasion Dr. Elliotson, Charles Dickens, and the afterwards famous lawyer, wit, and man-about-town, started together in the packet from Boulogne for Folkestone. " Neither of my comrades was a good sailor, and they knew it themselves. The illustrious author armed himself with a box of homœopathic globules ; and the Doctor, whose figure was rotund, having a theory that by tightening the stomach the internal movements which caused the sickness might be prevented, waddled down to the boat with his body almost divided by a strap. The weather was stormy, and neither remedy proved of any avail." Ballantyne doesn't mention it. but Charles Dickens used to vow the lawyer was the sickest ot the company.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JINGLE'S STACCATO MODE OF EXPRESSION

Sir.—Whence did Dickens derive inspiration for Jingle's delightful *staccato* mode of expression ? Was it from Chettle, Haughton, and Dekker's *Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill*, of 1603—which, likely enough, he was acquainted with ?

Sir Owen ap Meredith's servant, Rice, is stopped as he goes to dinner, and questioned by Farneze and Urcenze as to an alleged duel between the cowardly " Euphuistic " braggart, Sir Emulo and Sir Owen. Rice replies :—(I give it in the original spelling, exactly as printed) :—

" In a worde ile tell you all, challenge was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fooles, Emulo coward, Sir Owen brave man, farewell, dinner, hungrie, little cheare, great great stomacke" [*i.e.*, tremendous appetite], " meate, meat, mouth, mouth, mouth, adue, adue, adue." [4to of 1603, Folio C.].

Or is it merely coincidence ?

The Athenæum, Pall Mall.

Yours faithfully,
M. H. SPIELMANN.

MR. JUSTICE SHEARMAN AND DICKENS

I am surprised to find, from Mr. E. T. Ward's letter in your April issue, that this matter is still in doubt. It is strange that among the multitude of Dickens experts no one has thought of Markham, one of the " gay and lively fellows," who initiated David Copperfield into the doubtful pleasures of dissipation :—

" I observed that the latter (Markham) always spoke of himself indefinitely as ' a man,' and seldom or ever in the first person singular.

" A man might get on very well here, Mr. Copperfield,' said Markham—meaning himself. ' Upon my honor, town seems to sharpen a man's appetite. A man is hungry all day long, a man is perpetually eating.'

" Markham continued to hold forth, in the same way, after he had cheered the company up with his song, ' When the heart of a man is depressed with care.' "

This delightful chapter occurred to my mind immediately I read Mr. Justice Shearman's remarks, and I had no doubt that this was what he was searching for. Your little magazine, however, is so very much alive and well informed, that I thought a letter on the subject would be what Mr. Micawber would call a " work of supererogation."

4 Severn Road, Weston-super-Mare.

Yours truly,
CHAS. ANDREWS.

MR. T. W. HILL RETURNS THANKS

SIR.—May I crave the hospitality of your columns to convey a cordial message of thanks to all those kind friends who subscribed so generously towards the handsome cheque which was presented to me in the name of the Fellowship at the banquet which followed the Conference at Manchester on June 5th.

That auspicious occasion only permitted an opportunity of expressing my feelings to those who actually heard my inadequate, but sincere, phrases.

To relinquish the office of Secretary to the Dickens Fellowship has been a great wrench to me. To all—Branch Committees, officials, and members, as well as to my own personal friends in London—I desire to express my heartfelt thanks for the sympathetic co-operation that has made my term of office so congenial.

I ask for my successor, my old friend Mr. C. H. Green, a long and prosperous secretaryship, with as happy a time as I have had while I have been the Fellowship's servant.

44 Upper Tollington Park, London, N.4.

Yours faithfully,
T. W. HILL.

June, 1920.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BRIGHTON AND HOVE.—The session concluded on 10th April at the Art Gallery of the Brighton Library, when Alderman Dr. Gervis gave a lecture on "The Doctors in Dickens." The varieties of the profession were instructively discussed by the lecturer who read well selected extracts from the novelist's books to illustrate his points.

CHELTENHAM.—A very successful season was brought to a close by the eighth annual meeting held at "The Cosy Corner," on April last, the President, Rev. R. H. M. Bouth, M.A., J.P., being in the chair. The report and balance sheet were considered to be highly satisfactory; the former showing a considerable increase in the membership and the latter a fair amount on the right side. Among the outstanding features of the year under review were the capital dramatic performances given before the delegates at the N.U.T. Conference in Easter week to a crowded and enthusiastic audience in the Town Hall; secondly, the very successful Garden Fête, on Whit Monday, when £160 was realised for the "Dickens Home for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers"; the interchange of visits with the sister branch at Gloucester; and lastly, the many charitable objects which had been supported, one in particular being the Children's Hospital to which the Branch becomes a "Santa Claus," each 25th December, to the appreciative delights of its little sufferers. After the adoption of the report had been carried the agenda was varied slightly, while Mr. W. H. Symonds (one of the Vice-Presidents) moved a vote of thanks to the Hon. Secretary for his untiring interest and inspiration in the work of the branch since its formation. Mr. T. Lyon (Past-President) also spoke in eulogistic terms of the manner in which the Secretary had carried through the many self-imposed tasks and kept things going during the difficult period of recent years; following which the President associated himself cordially with the foregoing speakers and asked the Secretary to accept, as a token of their appreciation and gratitude, a handsome gold watch, inscribed, "The Dickens Fellowship, Cheltenham. To our Mutual Friend, W. E. Palser, 9th April, 1920," and a small gift to his wife. The recipient, taken wholly by surprise, replied in the best manner possible under the circumstances, and most heartily thanked one and all for their most beautiful gift, which would always remain a treasured possession. Readings followed by Mr. W. Banks and solos by Miss Goldfinch.

EASTBOURNE.—This branch of the Fellowship, which continues to make good progress, brought its winter activities to a close with a highly popular entertainment organized by a member of the committee, Mrs. Wade-Cook. The principal items were the following three scenes from Dickens, in character costume:—"Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," "Jonas proposes to Mercy Pecksniff," and "The Gentleman next door," from *Nicholas Nickleby*. The Hall was crowded to overflowing by an enthusiastic audience. In order that members may keep in touch with each other, summer outings are being arranged. The first of these will be an excursion to Pevensey, when the Rev. A. A. Evans, Vicar of East Dean, has kindly consented to give an address on the local antiquities. A "Tiny Tim Guild" has been formed under the Presidency of Mrs. Heyliger, for the purpose of helping to brighten the lives of crippled and mentally defective children of Eastbourne.

EDINBURGH AND LEITH.—The Annual General Business Meeting of this Branch was held in the Goold Hall on Thursday, April 8th, the president, Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A. (Scot.) in the chair. Reports by the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer showed that the membership is larger than in any previous year since the formation of the Branch, and that the amount of funds in the bank is very satisfactory. Reference was made to the full programme which had been carried through, including the support given to the League of Pity at the highly successful Dickens Fair, and the Birthday Celebrations organised by Mrs. Laurence Raithby, at which her admirable dramatic version of *Great Expectations* was played in aid of local charities. The following office bearers were elected for next session :—President, Mr. R. C. H. Morison ; Vice-Presidents, Mr. J. Cooper Calder, Miss Martin, Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A. (Scot.), Mr. J. Murray Minick, Mr. A. Canning Williams ; Hon. Minute Secretary, Mrs. E. Law ; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Leslie Sim, 60 Bruntsfield Gardens, Edinburgh, and six members of Committee.

GLOUCESTER.—The winter session, which has proved to be particularly successful and enjoyable, was brought to a close on April 14th, when the excellent attendance and keen interest which have characterised the proceedings throughout were fully maintained. The closing chapters of *Barnaby Rudge* were read by Mr. F. W. Chambers and Mr. Charles Fox, and Miss Darkin gave a "Miss Miggs" recitation in first-rate style. *The Old Curiosity Shop* has been selected as the book for consideration next session. The Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. J. O. Roberts) were presented with an album containing the photographs of many of the Dickens characters represented at the Fancy Dress Birthday Celebration on February 7th, in recognition of their generous hospitality upon that occasion. Upon the proposition of the President, a vote of sympathy was passed with the Hon. Secretary (Mr. E. Kendall Pearson) on the death of his mother. The annual excursion took place on June 17th, when a large party went for a steamer trip down the Gloucester and Sharpness Canal to Moreton Valence and Frampton-on-Severn.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—A very successful season was brought to a close with the Annual General Meeting on Tuesday, April 20th, held at Christ Church Hall, Clapton. Our Chairman, (Mrs. K. Chapple) presided over a goodly attendance of members. The election of Officers resulted in the unanimous re-election of Miss M. Denny and Mr. William Taylor to the office of Secretary and Treasurer respectively. The very fine financial response of this Branch to the appeal for the "Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors" owes much to the untiring efforts of Miss Denny and Mr. Taylor. On the much regretted retirement of Mrs. Chapple, Mr. J. H. Mahony was elected Chairman for next season. At the conclusion of the business portion of the programme, Mr. J. H. McNulty read a very interesting and scholarly paper on "Winter Time with the Poets," wherein he showed that from the time of Chaucer and Shakespeare down to the present day, all the poets have sung the praises of Winter with almost as much avidity as they have extolled the merits of Spring. Very naturally our Lecturer devoted a considerable part of his paper to the *Christmas Carol*. The meeting terminated by a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. McNulty.

HATFIELD.—On 31st May, an interesting event took place here. Mr. Edmund F. Woodrow, who has been Honorary Secretary of the Branch since its foundation in 1912, has had to retire in consequence of now living in Norfolk, and a re-union of the members of this flourishing little Branch afforded the opportunity to make him a presentation in recognition of his past work. It took the shape of a handsome silver tray, with a portrait of Mr. Pecksniff, also in silver, inlaid in it. The presentation was made in a felicitous speech in the name of the members by the Rev. W. Hunt, with cordial good wishes for Mr. Woodrow's future happiness.

LIVERPOOL.—The Annual General Meeting was held on March 10th, 1920, Mr. T. N. Philip presiding. The following Officers were elected :—President, Mr. T. N. Philip ; Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. A. van Gelder ; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. E. H. Bell ; Auditors, Messrs. Wallace and Marsden. Mr. Tessimond resigned his position as joint Hon. Secretary, and was unanimously elected a Vice-President of the Branch. Mr. van Gelder also resigned his position as Hon. Secretary, but consented to retain his position until a suitable successor could be found. The Meeting then resolved itself into a Social Evening, when a number of Dramatic and Musical items were agreeably rendered by members and friends, and a highly enjoyable evening terminated a Session which was marked by the high standard and excellence of its Literary evenings.

LONDON.—Annual General Meeting was held at Anderton's Hotel on Saturday, April 17th. The President, Mr. W. B. Warren, was in the Chair, and there was a full attendance of members. Reports on the year's work were given by the various officers, and the Chairman made a brief statement as to the future of Fellowship in London. The Business meeting was followed by a " Members' Afternoon " ; Mr. E. H. Burden presided. Papers on *David Copperfield* by Mr. R. Corthell (Boston), and Miss E. Fraser (Melbourne) were read by the Secretary. Other papers on the same work were given by Miss Alice J. Hammond, Mr. W. J. Roffey and Mr. S. J. Rust. Musical items were contributed by Mr. Douglas B. Edwards and Mr. Donald Lindley. In addition to these items, Miss Frances Jolly and Mr. Neville Jolly gave a sketch, " A Coster Idyll." Mr. A. Ben Allen presided at the piano.

MANCHESTER.—The Annual Meeting was held on Tuesday, June 15th. The report showed a total membership of 181, of whom 46 had joined during the past year. There was a satisfactory balance in the hands of the Treasurer. Mr. Richard Bagot was elected President in succession to Mr. J. Cuming Walters, to whom a cordial vote of thanks was given for his services during the past year. Mr. Arthur Humphreys was re-appointed Secretary. Messrs. Axon and Parry, Treasurers, and the Vice-Presidents and Council were also elected.

MELBOURNE.—The first meeting of the new year was held at the Austral Salon, on the 2nd of February, when Miss Maud Grantham occupied the whole evening with a recital of *A Christmas Carol*. Miss Grantham's rendering of " The Carol " was a finished one, and was highly appreciated by the large audience present, her efforts calling forth unanimous commendation. Another large audience was present at the March meeting. The programme was based on the novel

Our Mutual Friend. Miss Monckton contributed a paper on "Stray Thoughts about our Mutual Friend"; Mr. A. Glencross one on "Podsnap," and Miss Onions, who is greatly interested in the City Newsboys' Society, also gave an interesting paper, in which she touched on her experiences in London. All the papers were of a high order. The dramatic items were: an excellent representation in character of "Rogue Riderhood" by Mr. W. M. Wright, and a very successful sketch from the "Wilfer Household" by Miss Belle Murray, Miss Bertha Collins and Messrs. Southwell and Wright.

NEW YORK.—The New York Branch of the Fellowship met on Friday, April 16th, at the headquarters, the National Arts Club. The evening was one of our "Study Classes," the book being *The Tale of Two Cities.* After Dr. Duffield, the Chairman of Study, had finished his interesting analysis of the novel and its motives, a general discussion was engaged in by the audience. This was followed by a playlet by Louis N. Parker, "The Minuette," acted by pupils of the School of Modern Drama, the scene of which is laid at the Bastille at the time of the French Revolution. The acting was of quite a high grade. On Thursday, April the 8th, the Branch gave a dinner at the National Arts Club, in honour of Mr. and Mrs. W. Walter Crotch, the retiring President of the Dickens Fellowship. In replying to the speeches of welcome, Mr. Crotch told of the inception and early days of the Dickens Fellowship, and the ideas underlying its reason for being. He spoke at length of Dickens's wonderful foresight and his predictions of present events and conditions, as given in various miscellaneous papers and writings. He also dwelt strongly on the positive cure for social ills which Dickens so clearly understood, and so successfully combated in his own day, a cure which is so sorely needed now. He showed that the Fellowship might become a great force for bringing the world back to safety and sanity by the spread of the Dickens spirit. Mr. Crotch's earnestness and eloquence could not fail to impress all his hearers, and the charming personality of both himself and Mrs. Crotch caught the immediate friendship of the New York Branch. The last meeting for the season took place on May 21st, with an unusually large attendance. Dr. Allen was in the Chair and addressed the meeting in greeting. Dr. Howard Duffield spoke at length on the book of the evening, *Great Expectations.* Mr. James H. Heron, the well-known Scotch actor, recited some of his own poems. Following this, and totally unexpected by the audience, came the introduction of Mr. W. Walter Crotch, the retiring President of the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Crotch told of the origin of the Fellowship and of its growth, and spoke earnestly of the ideals for which it stood, making a profound impression. He also spoke of Dr. Duffield's review of *Great Expectations.* Mrs. Ihlseng, Vice-President, replied to some of Mr. Crotch's compliments, and spoke of the Children's Summer Home at Bath Beach, at which the New York Branch supports several "Tiny Tim" Cots. New cots were announced as follows; through the generosity of Mrs. Kilburn Kilmer and Mrs. Wm. H. Beardsley, four memorial cots in memory of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer and Rose Kilburn Kilmer; and Hal Beardsley (two cots). Members and guests were asked to contribute to the fund, and a large amount was realized. Mr. Crotch told them of the home for Blinded Soldiers that the Fellowship was instrumental in founding in England, and of its great need of money. He was assured that the American branches would do something towards this splendid cause.

ROCHESTER.—The new year opened with a social party, when about 150 members were received by the President and Mrs. R. Evans Prall. Music and recitals contributed to the evening's enjoyment. Miss Dorothy Graham's "Gundulph Orchestra" was a notable feature. The Mayor made a truly Dickensian speech. The Mayoress (Mrs. Granville Winch) is the daughter of Mrs. Lewis Levy, an enthusiastic supporter, whose brother is Sir Harry Johnston, the author of "The Hay-Dombeys." The February meeting was occupied by a powerful paper from the pen of Mr. Topping of Carlisle, entitled "The Realism of Dickens." It was read by his brother, who is Hon. Treasurer of this branch. On March 18th, a large audience welcomed Mr. B. W. Matz, who gave his highly interesting Lantern Lecture entitled "The Illustraters of *Pickwick*," from R. W. Seymour (1836) to Christopher Coveney (1883). About 90 slides, shewing the work of each artist, were exhibited by Mr. N. D. Littlewood. The April meeting was full of alertness, for *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was the topic. Mr. R. Evans Prall presided, and Mr. Edwin Harris led off with a paper on "The Original of Sapsea." Mr. A. W. Ratcliffe followed in support of the theory that "Tartar" was "Edwin Drood" in disguise. He quoted largely from Mary Kavanagh's booklet with evident approval and conviction. Mr. Henry Smetham made a powerful contribution on the other side, and Mrs. Prall gave interesting extracts bearing on the subject.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The monthly meeting of the Fellowship was held on the 8th March when a dramatized version of *Martin Chuzzlewit* was given by the Southampton Dramatic Society under the direction of Mrs. G. H. Bishop. The Characters were all well represented. The Annual General Meeting was on April 12th at the St. Paul's Parish Room. There was a good attendance of members. The Committee's report was read by the Chairman (Mr. A. C. Hallett), after which the Treasurer's balance sheet was presented showing a favourable balance in hand. Both reports were received and adopted. The office of President, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Alex Hill, was filled by the unanimous election of Rev. Canon Lorett, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton. The Vice-Presidents were all re-elected. Two vacancies on the Committee were filled by the election of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Barber, the other members being re-elected. The Secretary (Mr. Winship), the Treasurer (Miss Conroy) and Auditor (Mr. Newnham) were re-elected. Several new members were enrolled. At the conclusion of the business, a social gathering of the members was held, consisting of songs and recitations, dancing and whist.

TEWKESBURY.—The last meeting of the session was held in April, when Mr. H. W. Bruton, of Gloucester, gave his interesting lantern lecture entitled, "Charles Dickens and his Illustrators," to an audience of over 200 people. As a result of this lecture £9 was sent to the "Save the Children Fund." The first summer excursion was held on June 16th, when 70 members went by steamer on the Avon to Eckington, where the secretary gave an account of the Annual Conference held in Manchester.

WINNIPEG.—On the 11th March, the entertainment at the University Arts Building consisted of an address by Rev. Dr. R. C. Johnstone, one of the Fellowship Vice-Presidents and a musical pro-

gramme which occupied the first part of the evening. Rev. Dr. Johnstone spoke at some length on "Dickens, the man and the writer." Taking the books of Dickens from his first effort, which proved a success itself, Dr. Johnstone pointed out the human interest features. By the force and consistency with which the author attacked the abuses in schools and institutions, Dr. Johnstone showed how Dickens had been a marvellous power for reform in social life and conditions in England, and the children of the then rising generation were immediately given the benefit thereof. The 8th of April was "Ladies' Night," and an excellent programme of musical items and sketches from various works of Dickens was presented. The sketches selected were, "The Betrothed," from *Edwin Drood*; "Snagsby's Tea Party," and "The Gentleman Next Door," from *Nicholas Nickleby*. In the first Ernest Mills and Miss Isla Henry took the parts of Edwin Drood and Rosa, and the part of Miss Twinkleton was taken by Mrs. Stoughton. Those taking the various parts in "Snagsby's Tea Party" and "The Gentleman Next Door" were Ernest Mills, L. J. Raycraft, H. O. Bennion, Mrs. Stoughton, Miss Isla Henry and Miss A. F. Evans.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Real Micawber: With a batch of his remarkable letters, by T. P. Cooper. Illustrated. "Dickens's Footsteps Series," No. 1. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1/6 net.

Dickens's Early Friends and Holiday Jaunts, by T. P. Cooper. "Dickens's Footsteps Series," No. 2. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1/6 net.

Charles Dickens, by Wilhelm Dibelius. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner.

English Notes. A rare and unknown work, being a reply to Charles Dickens's "American Notes." With critical comments by Joseph Jackson and G. H. Sargent. New York: L. M. Thompson.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"A New Bit by Dickens" (Van Noorden). *Book Monthly*, April.

"Why was Dickens Popular?" By Corporal James Turton, R.M.L.I. *Chatham News*, 30th April.

"Early Issues of First Editions: Dickens's Christmas Books." *Bookman's Journal*, 7th May.

"Boz," "Boz Again," and "Boz Once More," (Roundabout Papers), by A. Sherring. *Paisley Daily Express*, 29th May, 4th and 11th June.

"Dickens and His Friends." *Great Thoughts*, 29th May.

"Linked with Dickens," by C. M. Clark. *Chambers's*, 29th May.

"Key to the Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Arthur Machen. *Evening News*, 31st May.

"Dickens," by M. P. Willcocks. *The Nation*, 29th May and 5th June.

"Charles Dickens after Fifty Years," by J. Cuming Walters. *The Book Monthly*, June.

"The Blind Side of Dickens," by W. Kent. *The Bookman*, June.

"Dickens and His Lancashire Stories," *Manchester City News*, 5th June.

"Dickens after Fifty Years." *Sunday Times*, 6th June.

"Dickens Fifty Years After," by G. K. Chesterton; "The Dickens Cult," an interview with B. W. Matz. *Observer*, 6th June.

"Charles Dickens" (From a Correspondent). *Times*; *Yorkshire Observer*, by R.S.; (Poem by Fred Wallis), *Morning Advertiser*; *Morning Post*; by Sidney Dark, *Daily Mail*; *Daily Herald*; by T. Earle Welby, *Daily Graphic*; (after fifty years), *Monmouthshire Evening Post*; by Robert Lynd, *Daily News*, 9th June.

"Pickwick's Tribute to Dickens." *Star*, 9th June.

"Fifty Years After," by Sidney Dark; "People who Remember Dickens," by H.R.S.; Dickens in France," by Sisley Huddleston; "How the World Received the News"; "Is Dickens Still Popular"; "Dickens and the Spiritualist," by Charles Dickens, *John o' London's Weekly* (Special Dickens Number), 12th June.

"The Ship Tavern, Greenwich." *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, U.S.A., 28th May.

"In Memory of Dickens." *Yorkshire Herald*, 9th June.

"The Value of Dickens." *Glasgow Bulletin*, 9th June.

"Dickens's Day," by G. H. Mair. *Manchester Dispatch*, 9th June.

"The Cult of Dickens." *Daily Telegraph*, 10th June.

"Charles Dickens (1812-1870)," by M. *Athenæum*, 11th June.

"Why Dickens is Immortal," *Evening News*, 9th June.

"Charles Dickens." *Notts. Guardian*, 10th June.

"Charles Dickens and Manchester," by Arthur Humphreys. *Manchester Guardian*, 9th June.

"Pilgrims in Dickens Land." *Daily Chronicle*, 10th June.

"Dickens Pilgrims." *Times*, 10th June.

"The Unpopular Immortals" (To-night's Gossip), by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 10th June.

"Dickens on Epitaphs." *Rochester Journal*, 11 June.

"Dickensian Pilgrims: Rochester Revisited." *Chatham News*, 11th June.

"Charles Dickens." *Altrincham Guardian*, 11th June.

"The Dickens Fellowship Annual Conference." *Manchester City News*, 12th June.

"Dickens the Artist." *Glasgow Herald*, 12th June.

"Charles Dickens," by Sidney Dark. *Daily Mail*, 12th June

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

HEADQUARTERS AND HACKNEY.

July 3.—Council Meeting of the Dickens Fellowship, at 2-30.

,, 10.—Ramble from Carlton House Terrace to Regent's Park, "From Pillar to Post," under guidance of Mr. T. W. Hill. Meet at Duke of York's Column, Waterloo Place, 2-45 p.m.

,, 24.—Ramble to Chigwell. For particulars apply to Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, 379 Clapham Road, S.W.9.

Sept. 11.—Ramble to Richmond and Petersham under guidance of Mr. S. J. Rust. Meet Richmond Station (District Railway) at 3 p.m.

,, 25.—Ramble, "From Traddles Staircase to Fagin's Kitchen," under guidance of Mr. S. J. Rust. Meet in South Square, Gray's Inn, 2-30 p.m.

CHARLES DICKENS

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by T. P. Cooper

THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and the Official Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. XVI. OCTOBER 1920 No. 4

WHEN FOUND—

IT has been frequently stated in the press recently as a fact, that there is a valuable collection of letters and MSS. of Charles Dickens now in private hands which have not yet been published. This material, it is said, will necessitate a re-writing of the life of the great novelist, and, making allowance for the natural enthusiasm of Dickensians who are aware of this new field of information, it is evident that the new material, when—if there are no unfortunate accidents—given to the world will be of the utmost interest and importance. Several experts are aware, we are further informed, of these unpublished letters, and the difficulties in the way of securing their release must be curious, in view of delay in giving to the world what, considering the position of Dickens's works in our literature, might almost be considered national property.

* * * * *

These are awe-inspiring and mysterious words, and we wonder whether the question of copyright has anything to do with it, and whether the decision of the family, who own the copyright of all unpublished letters and MSS. of Dickens is against them being printed? We remember some years ago a good deal of publicity was given to a "new" life of Dickens, then about to be published, which contained copyright matter in the nature of letters. It never appeared, although we believe it was at one time all in type. Is there anything about Dickens we don't know that we ought to know in order that we might know him better? As to the MSS. referred to, if they were worth printing, surely the novelist would have printed them himself.

* * * * *

"The Daily News," above all papers in the world," made the amazing statement recently that "one as rarely hears Dickens quoted now as one sees a Dickens novel in the hands of youth," and quotes a very up to date young woman as saying Dickens "is as out-of-date as Spencer, and almost as unreadable. . . ." A day or two afterwards the following reply appeared over the name of Mr. Walter Dexter, the Treasurer of the Fellowship:—

> It is a sure sign "the silly season" has arrived when we are confronted in your columns with the question: "Is it true that Dickens is read a good deal less than he was even ten years ago?" and the direct answer: "One as rarely hears Dickens quoted now as one sees a Dickens novel in the hands of youth." If one does not hear Dickens quoted (and I do not admit it), at least the Press of to-day—and yours in particular—never fails to use the language and

the creations of Dickens to point their moral, which shows that Dickens, like the Bible and Shakespeare, is a part of our language, and read and understood by all. And as regards Dickens in the hands of youth, a recent census of free library officials gave splendid testimony of this, and only this morning on my way to my office in the tram a young lady opposite me was deep in *David Copperfield*; and on my return home this afternoon by bus a lad next me was smiling at the Master's description of Government officials. "How not to do it"—as up-to-date a satire as one could wish to read.

* * * * *

One of our readers writes to say that during a fortnight's holiday at the seaside by his very cursory reading of a couple of papers daily and a couple of Sunday papers, he increased his collection of Dickens cuttings by nearly thirty. These he assures us were not mere references such as A.E.B.C. collects for our pages, but actual articles or paragraphs. He asks "Is there any other novelist like that?"

* * * * *

A letter of a young girl of thirteen, written to one of her school friends with whom she had been corresponding about the books they had read, came into our hands. The following extracts from it is not unworthy of a place here, considering the age of the writer:—

"People in books always seem to write very long letters. Do you remember Mr. Micawber's? I think I'll try and finish my letter after his style. Mr. Micawber is a great friend of mine. Do you like him? I think Dickens's characters are much better than any other author's, they always seem like real people. I don't think Dickens will ever get old-fashioned, he will always be delightful because everybody can enjoy his books, they seem to be in sympathy with all classes of people. He is the sort of author that makes people understand him and feel as he felt when he wrote his books. When you read them you seem to somehow begin to think as he thinks, and he has the power to make you feel as he pleases, happy when he writes happily, and sorry when he makes the story more sad or unhappy."

* * * * *

Miss Sadie Isaacs, Shoreditch, 19 years of age, is the first blind girl to pass the London matriculation examination in Braille. She has been blind since she was eight years of age. After learning Braille for three years she was accepted at the Central Foundation School, where she has won many distinctions and rewards, including a Dickens Fellowship prize for the best essay on Dickens.

* * * * *

The London County Council scheme for demolishing Jacob's Island, Bermondsey, will remove the house described by Dickens in *Oliver Twist* as the scene of Bill Sikes's death. Some time ago Mr. G. W. Mitchell, a clerk employed at Bermondsey Town Hall, was examining some old plans of Bermondsey at the office of the London County Council, when he found one dated April 5th, 1855, on which was a house marked "Bill Sikes's House." We dealt with the matter in an article in our issue of July, 1918, giving a reproduction of the plan of 1855, and another of the district as it is to-day.

Another Dickens landmark is threatened by the pick and axe: 52 and 53 Hatton Garden, which was the Police Court where Oliver Twist was charged with stealing Mr. Brownlow's handkerchief. The court was presided over at the time by Mr. Laing, whom Dickens immortalized as Mr. Fang.

* * * * *

A very interesting article appeared in the "London Evening News" on the 17th of August last, written by Miss Jennie Lee, telling how she first staged "Jo" and the success it met with. The first time she played the character was at the California Theatre, San Francisco, and Jo was only a small part in a play founded on *Bleak House*, and appeared in three scenes only. She made a big hit, and after the first performance Dion Boucicault, who was present, went to her and said: "See here, tell that man of yours" (Miss Lee's husband) "to take the book *Bleak House* and write a play making Jo *the* part, and you'll never want a penny, and you can play Jo until you're .... seventy —if you don't get too fat." That play was written, but no one could be persuaded to produce it, each and all declaring that Dickens did not pay on the stage, even after a huge one week success in Liverpool. Ultimately Jennie Lee and her husband produced the play at their own risk, using the last penny they possessed, at the Surrey Theatre on 22nd February, 1876. Every one predicted failure, but every one was wrong, for it was a tremendous success, and the critics who came to condemn, remained to praise, and it soon became the talk, not only of London, but of the provinces too.

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A writer who hides himself behind the initials H.J.M. in "The Nation" has given the best estimate of the value of "Pickwick" in a single paragraph that we have yet encountered. It runs as follows:

> I try Pickwick on an average every eighteen months and have done so for at least fourteen years. There is a tale of the late Canon Rawnsley that he climbed some hazardous mountain to remove a poster advertisement of its charms, but it would surely not be inappropriate to have a special tablet erected over the tomb of Dickens to the effect that we (the English-speaking race) have found the *Pickwick Papers* a sovereign cure-all, that it dissipates all doubts, dumps, disappointments, and disillusions, that it suits all constitutions and all complaints, and that successive applications of it over generations only increase its health-giving properties and potencies. This, indeed, is the unique heritage of the *Pickwick Papers*, that it is a prophecy of the complete integration of the human race, quite apart from the fact that it is the final corroboration of our being the chosen race, since it is written in English. The test of the human pariah is that he cannot read Pickwick, and a proof of the validity of progress that most men can and many more will.

* * * * *

A correspondent writing to "The Times" apropos of a reference in a previous issue to "a well-spoken woman at Tottenham who wrote verses and sold boot polish of her own manufacture," proceeds to draw attention to the connection Dickens had with Blacking, and the

Poetical advertisements of that domestic article manufactured by Warren. He goes on to ask why Dickens collectors haven't made more fuss about Mr. Warren. "Any 'grangerized' copy of 'Pickwick' is flagrantly imperfect," he says, "without some specimens of his poetical advertisements." We submit that Dickens collectors do make a fuss about Warren, and that no self-respecting "grangerized" copy of "Pickwick" is ever without its specimen of Warren's poetical advertisements. But perhaps our correspondent looks in the wrong place for them. He won't, as a general rule, find them in Chapter X., where Sam is described as having put a polish on a pair of boots "which would have struck envy to the soul of Mr. Warren"; but if he looks in the chapter where Sam reads his Valentine to his father, who warns him not to write poetry because its "unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blacking, or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows," he is pretty sure of finding not merely specimens of Warren's verses, but of the Beadle's too. He will even find illustrations of Warren's advertisements in the "Memorial" edition of Forster's Life of Dickens, and in the "Topical" edition of the "Pickwick Papers." No, sir! Dickens collectors are not so remiss as that!

* * * * *

The Fellowship in London as a result of its reorganisation is showing splendid activity. Apart from the meetings for the next three months noted in our diary, arrangements have been made for the new year as follows:—A lecture by Mr. G. K. Chesterton; a Dickens Exhibition; a Recital by Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C.; a Banquet to celebrate the 109th Anniversary of Dickens's birth; and a Performance of the Pickwick Trial on an elaborate scale. During the summer months that have just passed, rambles have been taken to Dickensian spots and elsewhere, which are reported on another page. Everything points to a very successful season.

* * * * *

A new Branch of the Dickens Fellowship has been formed at St. Pancras and already shows signs of being a most successful and influential one. It was inaugurated on 26th July, at the Town Hall, under splendid auspices. The Mayoress was in the Chair, supported by Major R. W. Barnett, M.P., and Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, rival politicians of the Borough, and Messrs. C. H. Green, Secretary of the Fellowship, W. B. Warren, T. W. Hill and S. J. Rust. The latter gentleman was the prime mover, and was fittingly elected first President. A report of the meeting appears on another page.

* * * * *

The efforts being made to organise new branches of the Dickens Fellowship are not merely confined to this country, for our friends in America are actively doing similar work. At the second conference of American branches held in Philadelphia this year this question, among others, was discussed, and various schemes proposed for its realization. A reference is made to the conference in the report from Philadelphia on another page.

THE EDITOR.

THE MAN DICKENS AND HIS CRITICS

By J. W. T. LEY

I.

WHAT sort of man was Dickens? That may seem a strange question to ask in such a place as this; but there are people of this generation who feel no atrraction towards him. Lately I have read some declarations by living writers who have exactly—and only—the same means of judging that I have, and I have been interested to note that the impressions on their minds are quite different from the impression on my mind.

This is what one of them has to say: "He (Dickens) had the actor's temperament; he was like a clever little boy sitting up late at night, as Mr. Chesterton put it, and he remained throughout a Philistine of genius, a nervous, irritable creature, for all his gaiety, who did not make the best of his life." And another writes thus: "Dickens is an author who, for most of us, lives exclusively in his characters. His books no doubt express a noble personality, just as the plays of Shakespeare do, but the Shakespeare we love is not Shakespeare the man, but Shakespeare of the play. In the same way the Dickens we love is hardly Dickens the man, but Dickens of the novels. Neither Shakespeare nor Dickens is good company in his 'off hours' in the way in which Dr. Johnson is. Shakespeare and Dickens seem insignificant compared with what they wrote. What Dr. Johnson wrote seems insignificant compared with Dr. Johnson."

Is not this second quotation just one of those well-sounding utterances which, carefully examined, amount to very little, or are hopelessly faulty? Just re-read it. What *were* Dr. Johnson's "off-hours"? Not the hours he spent at the club, surely? How often did he write at all, save under compulsion? The hours that he spent in writing would be more correctly described as his "off hours." Dickens's "off hours" were the hours he spent at Twelfth Night parties, or in theatricals, or in social functions of some kind or other. The social hour was Dr. Johnson's "on hour," if I may so put it.

"The Shakespeare we love is not Shakespeare the man, but Shakespeare of the plays." I beg leave to doubt it. If Shakespeare of the plays was not Shakespeare the man, then who was Shakespeare anyway? What *do* we know of Shakespeare outside the plays? Very, very little. His plays, says our critic, express a noble personality. Is not that saying that the Shakespeare of the plays was Shakespeare the man? Suppose Shakespeare had had his Boswell; would our critic suggest that Shakespeare would not have been as great a personality as Johnson? Totally different, of course, but as great? None of Johnson's eccentricities; none of his uncouthness—obviously Shakespeare was more finely tempered—but as great, surely!

If Dickens's books are works of genius they express his personality as surely as Shakespeare's plays express Shakespeare's personality. And, reading his novels, what sort of man should we expect to find

him? Perhaps I can speak on this point rather more definitely than many. I was almost of age before I ever heard of Dickens. One of his novels came into my hands—it was *Nicholas Nickleby*—and I' read it without the least curiosity as to the authorship. I very well remember closing the book as I finished the last chapter, then opening it again and turning to the title-page and reading "By Charles Dickens." Who Charles Dickens might be or have been I had no idea, but I do remember this thought passing through my mind: "He must be a splendid man, and a good man; a jolly man, if a restless man, who enjoyed good fellowship and high spirits, yet had a strong vein of sentiment in him—a delightful, lovable man." I don't say I thought in those very words; but those words express what I thought. I bought another book by this Charles Dickens; it was *David Copperfield*, and my impression was confirmed. Then I discovered that there was a *Life* of this man whom I so wanted to know about, and I read Forster's book, and was not disappointed or disillusioned. I relate all this, because the critic to whom I am referring cannot understand anybody being particularly attracted to Dickens the man. He is not interested in any but Dickens of the novels. You see I was so interested at first, and I found that Dickens the man and Dickens the novelist were identical. That is exactly the point. They must be identical if Dickens was a great genius.

I dare say a Boswell would not have made much of Dickens, who was not a conversationalist or an eccentric—who was ruled by his heart. But that heart was a big one, and a warm one, and it was always in the right place. Says our critic: "Dickens was obviously a man of a boisterously affectionate disposition. Whether one is attracted or repelled it depends upon whether one considers that it was entirely genuine or not." This reads strangely. Has Dickens's genuineness ever been called into question? Never by a single soul, so far as I am aware. Dickens was apt to show his lack of "breeding" (as another critic of whom I will speak in a moment, says) by the boisterousness of his affection, but I have never heard his sincerity called into question. Do you remember how when Stanfield was very ill, Dickens went to see him, and told him about Fechter's latest play, "fighting a duel with the washstand and saving the life of the sofa cushion," and so reviving his old friend's interest in life that "he turned the corner on the spot"? Johnson could not have done that, nor, I expect, could Shakespeare, but you do not therefore count it against Dickens.

Says one who knew him well: "Charles Dickens was, and is, to me, the *ideal* of friendship." Not a conversationalist, not a man for saying profound things at a club, not a man who possessed the habit of beating down an antagonist in argument with an assertion that was no argument at all or with a brutally rude remark; but "the *ideal* of friendship." A noble epitaph, surely. One can scarcely imagine Dickens carrying home a woman of the streets, but we know that he devoted years of a very strenuous life to the establishment and maintenance of a home for women of that class. A good man, the soul of

happy company, the loyal, helpful, *cheerful* friend in sorrow or sickness; the very man, in short, that one would expect the author of Dickens's novels to be. If Dickens the man is not Dickens the novelist, then "I don't believe there ain't no sech person."

II.

Now, as to the first-quoted critic. His assertion that Dickens remained a Philistine of genius calls for no argument. It is not true, and that's that. Nervous and irritable?—Yes. What man of true creative genius is not? He did not make the best of his life? Who ever did? One cannot meet that assertion unless it be elaborated. But this can be said, and it cannot be controverted: Dickens lived a full life, on the whole a happy life; he did immeasurable good by his novels, he did immeasurable good in his personal capacity. For well over thirty years the limelight shone full upon him; he never really "lost his head"; certainly he never suffered from "swelled head." He never prostituted his genius; he was staunchly loyal to his public; he never failed a friend, even though, being human, he quarelled with some friends. By his public he was idolised, by his personal friends he was truly loved. His children worshipped his memory all the days of their lives. If all this can be truthfully said of a man of acknowledged creative genius, what mere mortal dare say that he did not make the best of his life? A human being must be judged by human standards, and if we judge Dickens by those standards is he found so very wanting? I ask that, at the risk of being called an idolator. I know he had faults, but I do demand that our judgments of men be tempered with charity. It is so easy to find faults. No microscope is needed to find them in Dickens, but they aren't half so obvious or a hundredth part so numerous as the good qualities.

III.

Now here is another critic with whom we may have a word or two. "Dickens, as well as being a great genius and lovable man, was underbred . . . . . and like all underbred men, was constantly picking quarrels." This critic proceeds to proclaim that "a man can be lovable and noble although he has hardly a genteel quality to his name," and to talk about "Dickens's constant estrangements from his friends."

How far are we from "the limit" now? Our critic has discovered that a man may be a gentleman though he was not educated at Eton or bred in West-end drawing-rooms, though he knows more of shabby-genteel neighbourhoods than of Mayfair. Some of us knew it before, but I envy our critic the shock of pleasant surprise the discovery must have caused him. But this whole utterance is of snobbishness snobbish. Dickens was "underbred." He had not graduated at the University; he had been bred in Camden Town or Somers Town. In that sense he was underbred, but he *was* lovable and noble; he *did* hold his own with men and women who had been more fortunate in the worldly sense than he had been—he *was* a gentleman though he may not have been genteel.

But what is this about constant estrangements from his friends? It is just—sheer nonsense. Let us see. Dickens definitely quarrelled with Thackeray and with Lemon. With both he became reconciled, and in a peculiarly worthy manner. There was an estrangement with Jerrold, but we have his assurance—which I accept, whatever our critic may do—that it involved no personal quarrel. He was forced to "freeze out" Hans Andersen. And he had trouble with Sala, who was not a friend as the others were, and the trouble with whom arose entirely out of his conduct as Dickens's employee. There were difficulties with publishers with reference to purely business matters. In short, it is possible to find only three estrangements from friends, and in each case there was reconciliation. Consider that he had an exceptional host of friends, and then say what justification our critic can have for such talk.

POE AND DICKENS*

ONE of the rarest items of Dickensiana is a small pamphlet entitled "English Notes, intended for Very Extensive Circulation, by Quarles Quickens, Esq.," which was published in 1842 by the "Boston Daily Mail" in reply to Dickens's *American Notes*. It was a parody on Dickens's style, and began very cleverly, but rather fizzled out towards the end.

Few copies are known to exist; indeed, at one time, the only copy we knew of was in the hands of Mr. W. Glyde Wilkins of Pittsburgh. To *The Dickensian* for 1908 (p. 214) Mr. Wilkins contributed an article on the American Parodies of Dickens's *American Notes*, and gave copious extracts from this particular specimen, which he characterised as vile and in utter bad taste.

In 1912 an article appeared in *The World's Work* on "Dickens and America," in which the writer, Mr. Joseph Jackson, spoke of having discovered a copy of this rare pamphlet, and on carefully studying it advanced the opinion that it was written by Edgar Allan Poe.

The pamphlet has now been reprinted in a handsome form by Lewis M. Thompson, of New York City, with a lengthy introduction by Mr. Joseph Jackson, in which he elaborately sets out his reasons for attributing its authorship to Poe. We have carefully weighed the evidence he adduces, and are bound to confess that we are not convinced by it. Personally we feel that Poe would not have descended to such hack work, not even under the circumstances alleged by Mr. Jackson that Poe had taken offence at Dickens's treatment of him.

However, as Mr. Wilkins said in our pages, the only interest the pamphlet really has is in the fact of its rarity as an item of Dickensiana. For that reason the finely printed edition which contains two portraits of Poe, will be welcomed by collectors, and no doubt will become as rare as the original itself.

* English Notes: Being a reply to Charles Dickens's "American Notes," with Critical Comments by Joseph Jackson and George H. Sargent. New York: Lewis M. Thompson. $15.

HARRIET PARR AND HER ASSOCIATION WITH "HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

By T. P. COOPER

Author of "The History of the Castle of York," "The Literary Associations of York," "The Real Micawber," etc.

I.

MISS HARRIET PARR, one of York's literary worthies, a novelist who adopted the pseudonym of "Holme Lee," was born in Blake Street, opposite the famous Assembly Rooms, in the parish of St. Wilfred, on the 31st January, 1828, and was baptised at the Church of St. Michael le Belfrey, where her father was churchwarden, on the 22nd March following. She was the fifth child of William Parr, who was admitted a freeman of the city in 1821, as a haberdasher; and her mother was Mary Grandage of Halifax.

Her father, of whom she had no remembrance, died in March, 1832, and was interred in the extra-parochial burial gound of St. Michael le Belfry, situated in Groves Lane; thus she was left an orphan at the age of four. Miss Parr was educated in York, and from a little volume of reminiscent essays entitled "In the Silver Age," published in the sixties, we glean a few episodes of her early life. In the pages which she calls "rambles, recollections and fancies," there is a chapter "Old Familiar Places." Wandering "to and fro in the old walks," she wrote—"The Dean's garden is green in the youth of Summer, and a children's playground now just as it used to be. There are the ruinous arches of the old palace, but the seats that were under them they have taken away; and there are the cool library-steps where many a sunny noon I have learnt my bits of lessons; and there at the lodge-gate is the identical fat woman, in frouzy black, who always looked as if resenting a personal injury fresh in her feelings. . . . . The besom of destruction! It had been here with a vengeance, and has swept down the whole side of one familiar street (Little Blake Street). Gone is Dutton's bunshop; gone is the brazier's at the corner; gone is the ancient Shakespeare Tavern where the players met; and gone, too, are many familiar faces along with them."

Miss Parr in her girlhood was a diligent reader, and in recording her recollections, allusion is made to the days when, unconsciously, she was acquiring a taste for literature—"My mother let us browse at large on the wholesome pasturage of English literature, and a subscription to the town-library (York Subscription Library) supplied us with books of every kind and every degree without stint, children's books excepted. . . . . Learning-made-easy was not then the fashion, and many stumbling-blocks still encumbered the paths of knowledge; but I think we have reaped some advantage from having our taste formed on standard models, which have proved signally useful in the exercise of our vocation since. . . . . From quite young children we knew that the close of our school-days would be the opening of a self-dependent and self-helpful life. The anticipation of this epoch never

daunted me. I contemplated it much as I imagine a lad contemplates the termination of his apprenticeship."

When her school course was completed, Miss Parr went out into the world to fulfil the prosaic duties of a governess, with a family resident near Middleham, in Wensleydale. She says: "They were two healthy, happy years—no moping, no enforced solitude, no fanatical grievances prevailed there to spoil my courage or my temper; only a sobering, hardening discipline, that made me the fitter for the work and the burden of the years that were to follow."

During her leisure moments she mused in the adjoining firwoods, and thoughtfully wandered at twilight along the sheep-paths on the neighbouring uplands; for sustained reading, she remarks, was not always possible within doors. Her brief hours of respite from duties were systematically devoted to writing; and she mentions that it was from this remote, though romantic, dale that she addressed her "first literary effort to the sixpenny magazine, and had the superlative delight of seeing it in print, and the haunting agony and dread lest anybody should find it out—but nobody did."

Subsequently she fulfilled a similar engagement at the parsonage, Stillingfleet, near York. She liked teaching, but felt it "hard to reconcile" herself "to the chill isolation of living in other people's houses," and for ten years she "warmed herself at strange fires."

The desire to become an author irresistibly engaged her thoughts during her stay at Stillingfleet. She continued writing short stories; and in the "History of Poor Match," introduced the quaint sayings of the children under her care, and in her pen-pictures portrayed certain peculiarities of her master and mistress. She was "found out," the tale caused annoyance, and she was requested to either discontinue her literary work, or resign her governess-ship. Miss Parr had tasted the seductive pleasures of authorship, and at once resolved to devote her whole time to literature as a profession.

II.

In 1854, at the age of twenty-six, she published her first novel, "Maud Talbot," a story of the rich and poor of Salford and neighbourhood. It did not attract much attention; but undaunted and with cheerful confidence she produced her second novel, "Gilbert Massinger," which was sent to Charles Dickens, who was much impressed by it. Its length prevented its appearance in *Household Words*, but Boz was an ideal editor, and distinguished for the "consideration and delicacy evinced by him to all his contributors." He wrote to "Holme Lee" a letter of encouragement and appreciation, which is cited by Forster as evidence of the amiable relations which existed between Dickens and those privileged to write for his periodical:

> "I read your tale with the strongest emotion, and with a very exalted admiration of the great power displayed in it. Both in severity and tenderness I thought it masterly. It moved me more than I can express to you. I wrote to Mr. Wills that it had com-

pletely unsettled me for the day, and that by whomsoever it was written, I felt the highest respect for the mind that had produced it. It so happened that I had been for some days at work upon a character extremely like the Aunt. And it was very strange to me indeed to observe how the two people seemed to be near to one another at first, and then turned off on their own ways so wide asunder. I told Mr. Wills that I was not sure whether I could have prevailed upon myself to present to a large audience the terrible consideration of hereditary madness, when it was reasonably probable that there must be many—or some—among them whom it would awfully, because personally, address. But I was not obliged to ask myself the question, inasmuch as the length of the story rendered it unavailable for *Household Words*. I speak of its length in reference to that publication only; relatively to what is told in it, I would not spare a page of your manuscript. Experience shows me that a story in four portions is best suited to the peculiar requirements of such a journal, and I assure you it will be an uncommon satisfaction to me if this correspondence should lead to your enrolment among its contributors. But my strong and sincere conviction of the vigour and pathos of this beautiful tale is quite apart from, and not to be influenced by, any ulterior results. You had no existence to me when I read it. The actions and sufferings of the characters affected me by their own force and truth, and left a profound impression on me."

"Gilbert Massinger" was, however, published in 1855, and in the Christmas number of *Household Words*, the same year, Miss Parr contributed "The Poor Pensioner" to the series of tales entitled "The Holly Tree Inn." Under the leadership of Dickens, the author of "Gilbert Massinger" achieved recognition and reputation, and her book had a considerable sale, which was much increased when it was re-issued in a cheap single volume in 1862. It was translated into Italian in 1869. Another novel, which came out in 1855, "Thorney Hall," reached a second edition of 1862, and was translated in French in 1860.

The 1856 Christmas number of *Household Words*, "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," included "Poor Dick's Story," from the pen of "Holme Lee." This pathetic little story is especially remarkable for a tender and beautiful child's hymn, which has been in error attributed to Dickens. Miss Parr was the actual composer of the verses, and in the New Congregational Hymn Book, prepared in 1856-57, where the hymn appears, she is credited with the authorship. During the compilation of the Hymn Book, Dr. Henry Alton, struck with the excellence of this hymn, communicated with Dickens, by whom he was referred to the authoress, at that time residing in York, who gave her consent to its use. The hymn commences with the following verse:

"Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy Angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep."

III.

Between the years 1854 and 1882, Miss Parr published some thirty novels, all of them refined in tone, somewhat sentimental, and written in an easy unaffected style. These merits, it is said, supplemented by the enthusiastic support of Charles Edward Mudie—that disseminator of literature, who founded the famous circulating library bearing his name—secured Miss Parr considerable popularity as a writer of fiction.

"Kathie Brand" appeared in 1856, and was reprinted in 1873. The tale, which is the life story of Kathie Brand, told by herself in the first person, was deservedly popular; in it are beautifully expressed recollections of the author's native city. Many celebrated and historic places in the Minster city—which is called Eversley in the book—are referred to in an interesting and charming manner. Several of the incidents related appear like actualities of Miss Parr's own life, some experiences indeed are largely autobiographical.

Another volume, "The Wortlebank Diary, and Some Old Stories from Kathie Brand's Portfolio," is also of local interest, and is full of personal reminiscences. In the advertisement or foreword the writer remarks: "In the 'Wortlebank Diary,' which is entirely new, I have set as in a framework, many old stories, some of these have appeared in *Household Words* and the *National Magazine*, and are reprinted by the kind permission of the late Mr. Charles Dickens and Messrs. Kent."

The story of the "Haunted House"—St. William's College—is especially noteworthy, and the dreamy old-world precincts of the cathedral are enshrined in its pages. The ancient college she renames Nevil's Court, and the byway Minster Gates is called The Barbican, where, at the corner of High Petergate, old Marsh the printseller had his shop. Old fashioned shops, especially old-time bookshops, have a fascination for many of us; they are the very doors of romance, and conjure up many pleasant recollections.

Many of the characters delineated were actual residents in the spacious apartments of the disused college, or lived in the neighbourhood. The bookshop mentioned had been kept by Thomas Marsh, the printseller, for close upon fifty years, and was closed when he died, in 1869. At the corner of the building, above the old shop front, parts of the peculiar sign—a modelled representation of a pile of books, and other typical accessories—representing wisdom, the drama, and literature—still remain, and often passers-by curiously gaze upon them and wonder what they mean. In the "Silver Age," Miss Parr tenderly describes this haunt of her girlhood days: "Every stone of the ancient streets in this quarter of the city is as familiar to me as my own face. There are the dim overhanging houses, with their peaked gables, and dusky, white-latticed windows, untouched yet by the profane finger of modern improvement. Luckily for the picturesque, progress is very slow in these quiet country places. Here is the bookshop at the corner with its projecting panes walled-up, as of old, with a queer miscellaneous literature; and the self-same master behind the self-same

notched counter as I remember more years ago than I care to count. Time had stood still with him; he was withered then—withered as a dry apple—and all the summers since have not mellowed him. He has on the identical suit of rusty black clothes, the yellow wisp of neckerchief, and the tarnished spectacles that he wore on that memorable day of my youth when, after long hesitation, I ventured into his den to inquire the price of a tawny volume, the romantic title of which had tantalised my curiosity until it was no longer to be borne."

The more serious works of "Holme Lee" consisted of three books published under her own name, "The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc," which appeared in 1866; "Maurice and Eugénie Guéren," in 1870, and "Echoes of a Famous Year," in 1872. The first of these was a solid and creditable performance.

Miss Parr passed her later years at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, and devoted much of her time to the pleasures of her garden. Her house, "Whittle Mead," situated in the charming locality of West Hill Road, was screened from the roadway by a neatly-trimmed holly hedge. She died on the 18th February, 1900, and was buried in the graveyard of the "Old Church," near the remains of her sister. A simple headstone bears the following inscription:—

Harriet Parr,
Born, January 31st, 1828,
Died, February 18th, 1900.
"Patient in Hope."

Miss Parr had not the intellectual force, the vivid imagination, or the strength and originality of a great novelist; she wrote of homely subjects and incidents, and interwove them in her romances. Her simple stories, ideas and language, are perhaps regarded as commonplace now, and looked upon as dull by the side of what is put forth and tolerated to-day. But her life-work, her association with the genial editor of *Household Words*, and her writings, possess a fascinating interest to the keen Dickensian, and a mysterious pleasure to the enthusiastic book-lover.

MRS. CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING

MOST families have their own special recipe for making the Christmas pudding; and every self-respecting one declares theirs to be the best. At the last Christmas dinner of the Boston Branch of the Fellowship in America, every one voted the Christmas pudding served on that occasion as most delicious and demanded the recipe. Accordingly it has been printed on a suitable card, headed "Mrs. Crachit's Christmas Pudding," and decorated with Sol Eytinge's picture of Bob Cratchit's Christmas party. There is not only the recipe for the pudding, but for the yellow sauce also.

Whether a pudding made from it will be "as good as mother makes it" remains to be seen. Those desiring to try it should send for a copy to Mrs. A. Lincoln Bowles, 324 Washington Street, Boston, U.S.A.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE AND ITS LINK WITH DICKENS

By O. SACK

THE famous Devonshire House in Piccadilly, which was recently sold, and is shortly to be demolished to make room for some modern building, has a unique link with Dickens as noteworthy as any of those Royal and political associations which figure in its chronicles spreading over a period of close upon two hundred years.

In 1850 Dickens and Edward Bulwer Lytton conceived the idea of founding a "Guild of Literature and Art."* It originated at the latter's country seat at Knebworth during some theatrical performances there. The object of the Guild was to encourage Life Assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists, to render assistance to both and to found an institute for their use.

To procure the necessary funds to carry out the scheme, it was decided to give amateur dramatic performances, first in London, and afterwards in the chief towns and cities in Great Britain. For this purpose, Lytton wrote a comedy, entitled "Not so Bad as we Seem, or Many Sides to a Character," and in order that it might secure a good send off in London, Dickens was anxious that the first performance should take place before Queen Victoria and her Court.

With this object in view, he wrote to the Duke of Devonshire† soliciting his interest and help. How successful he was, the following extract from a letter he wrote to Bulwer Lytton on the 4th March, 1851, indicates:—

> My Dear Bulwer,
>
> I know you will be glad to hear what I have to tell you. I wrote to the Duke of Devonshire this morning, enclosing him the rough proof of the scheme, and plainly telling him what we wanted—*i.e.*, to play for the first time at his house to the Queen and Court. Within a couple of hours he wrote to me as follows:
>
> > Dear Sir.—I have read with very great interest the prospectus of the new endowment which you have confided to my perusal. Your manner of doing so is a proof that I am honoured by your goodwill and approbation.
> >
> > I'm truly happy to offer you my earnest and sincere co-operation. My services, my house, and my subscription will be at your orders. And I beg you to let me see you before long, not merely to converse upon this subject, but because I have long had the greatest wish to improve our acquaintance, which has, as yet, been only one of crowded rooms."

It will be seen from this letter that the Duke and Dickens were not then personal friends, but it is interesting to know that they not only

* An article on "The Guild" appeared in *The Dickensian* for March and April, 1918, by W. Glyde Wilkins.

† The Most Noble William Spencer, the sixth Duke of Devonshire, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Bath, to give him his full title.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 16th, 1851,

THE AMATEUR COMPANY

OF THE

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART,

WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF PERFORMING, FOR THE FIRST TIME,

IN THE PRESENCE OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT,

A NEW COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS, BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.,

CALLED

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM:

OR,

MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX THE EARL OF LOFTUS	*Piers attached to the Son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender*	Mr FRANK STONE. Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
LORD WILMOT	*A Young Man at the head of the Mode more than a Century ago, Son to* LORD LOFTUS,	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Mr. SHADOWLY SOFTHEAD	*A Young Gentleman from the City, Friend and Double to* LORD WILMOT	Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Mr. HARDMAN	*(A Rising Member of Parliament, and Adherent to Sir Robert Walpole)*	Mr. JOHN FORSTER.
SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE	*(A Gentleman of good Family and Estate)*	Mr. MARK LEMON.
Mr. GOODENOUGH EASY	*(in Business, Highly Respectable, and a Friend of* SIR GEOFFREY)	Mr. F. W. TOPHAM.
LORD LE TRIMMER		Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM.
SIR THOMAS TIMID		Mr. WESTLAND MARSTON.
COLONEL FLINT		Mr. R. H. HORNE.
Mr. JACOB TONSON	*(A Bookseller)*	Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT.
SMART	*(Valet to* LORD WILMOT)	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
HODGE	*(Servant to* SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE)	Mr. JOHN TENNIEL.
PADDY O'SULLIVAN	*(Mr. FALLEN'S Landlord)*	Mr. ROBERT BELL.
Mr. DAVID FALLEN	*(Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer)*	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.

LORD STRONGBOW, SIR JOHN BRUIN, Coffee-House Loungers, Drawers, Watchmen, Newsman.

LUCY	*(Daughter to* SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE)	Mrs. HENRY COMPTON.
BARBARA	*(Daughter to* Mr. EASY)	Miss ELLEN CHAPLIN.
THE SILENT LADY OF DEADMAN'S LANE		Mrs. COE.

SCENERY.

Lord Wilmot's Lodgings	Painted by Mr. PITT.
"The Mazille"	,, Mr. ABSOLON.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside's Library	,, Mr. PITT.
Will's Coffee House	,, Mr. PITT.
The Streets, and Deadman's Lane	,, Mr. THOMAS GRIEVE.
The distrest Poet's Garret (after Hogarth)	,, Mr. PITT.
The Mall in the Park	,, Mr. TELBIN.
An open space near the River	,, Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
Tapestry Chamber in Deadman's Lane	,, Mr. LOUIS HAGHE.
The Act Drop	,, Mr. ROBERTS, R.A.

The Proscenium by Mr. GRACE. The Theatre constructed by Mr. SLOMAN, Machinist of the Royal Lyceum Theatre
The Costumes (with the exception of the Ladies' Dresses, which are by Messrs. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street, made by Mr BARNETT, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand. Prompter, Mr. COE.

THE WHOLE PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S PRIVATE BAND WILL PERFORM DURING THE EVENING,
Under the Direction of Mr. COOTE, who has composed an OVERTURE for the occasion.

TO COMMENCE, BY HER MAJESTY'S COMMAND, AT NINE O'CLOCK,

THEREFORE, THE WHOLE OF THE AUDIENCE ARE PARTICULARLY REQUESTED TO BE SEATED, AT LEAST A QUARTER OF AN HOUR BEFORE THAT TIME.

W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE PLAY-BILL OF "NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM" AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

soon became more intimate, but frequently corresponded afterwards and, no doubt, often met.

Forster refers to the Duke as one whose love of letters and interest for men of that calling was considerable, and speaks of his magnanimity in lending his handsome home as " one of the many instances that adorned a life which alone perhaps in England was genuinely and completely that of the Grand Seigneur. Well-read and accomplished, he had the pleasing manners which proceed from a kind nature ; and splendid in his mode of living beyond any other English noble, his magnificence, by the ease and elegance that accompanied it, was relieved from all offence of ostentation."

He not only placed his house in Piccadilly at the service of Dickens and his friends for carrying out their desires, but, as Forster puts it, " in his princely way discharged all the expenses attending them." A movable theatre was built and set up in the great drawing room, and the library was turned into a green-room. Under these pleasant and unique conditions Lytton's comedy was presented. The first performance took place on the 16th and a second on the 27th of May, 1851.

The Duke's interest throughout was real and personal, for we are told by Dickens that he asked permission to read the manuscript of the play before the performance took place. This request was gladly conceded, and the few suggested alterations he made were adopted by Lytton the author and Dickens the producer.

About a month before the performance the Duke entertained at dinner at Devonshire House, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and about thirty of the gentlemen interested in the Guild of Literature and Art, the dinner being succeeded by an evening party, at which a selection of music was performed by His Grace's private band, and no doubt the company included Dickens and his actor-friends. The outcome of this dinner was, no doubt, the appearance of the Duke's name as one of the sponsors on the special Bill of Parliament incorporating the Guild, an evidence of his wholehearted approval of the scheme, and of his interest in the play, the dress rehearsal of which he honoured with his presence.

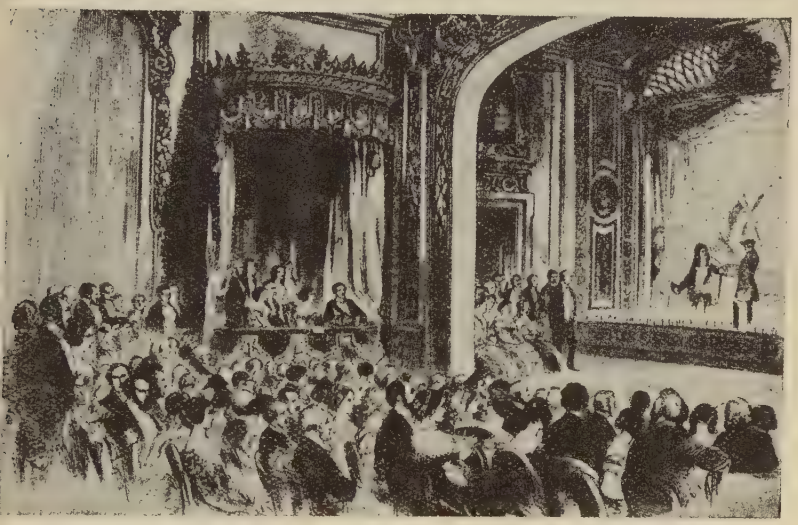
The first performance was confined to Lytton's comedy, and was in every possible way an unqualified success. Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and the members of their Court were amongst the distinguished audience, which included also the Duke of Wellington, Lord Macaulay, Chevalier Bunsen and other notabilities. Charles Knight, who took the part of Mr. Jacob Tonson, referring to the performances, said : " The actors and the audience were so close together that as Mr. Jacob Tonson sat in Wills's Coffee House he could have touched with his clouded cane the Duke of Wellington, who was of Her Majesty's suite."

The scenery was especially painted by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., W. Telbin, Pitt, Thomas Grieve, David Roberts, R.A., and Louis Haghe, whilst the cast of the play comprised the following distinguished writers and artists : Frank Stone, R.A., Dudley Costello, Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Mark Lemon, F. W. Topham,

Peter Cunningham, Westland Marston, R. H. Horne, Charles Knight, Wilkie Collins, John Tenniel, Robert Bell and Augustus Egg, A.R.A. The ladies of the company, Mrs. Henry Compton, Miss Ellen Chaplin and Mrs. Coe, were professionals.

Mark Lemon was stage manager, the Duke of Devonshire's private band, under the direction of Mr. Coote, who composed an overture for the occasion, played during the performance, and " The whole produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Dickens." The performance commenced at nine o'clock by command of Her Majesty.

Surely no amateur theatrical performance in the history of the stage produced so many men of eminence in its cast, and probably no



PERFORMANCE OF " NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM " BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER COURT AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

From a Contemporary Print

effort for charity was given under such distinguished auspices, and gained so wonderful a success. The price of single admission ticket was £5, and the receipts reached the sum of £1,250, the Queen's contribution being £150.

At the second performance at Devonshire House, the Farce entitled " Mr. Nightingale's Diary," that rare and coveted item of Dickensiana, written by Dickens and Mark Lemon, was also given, in which Dickens sustained the following parts : Mr. Gablewig, Charley Bil, Mr. Poulter, Captain Blower, a deaf Sexton and a respectable Female (Mrs. Gamp.)

The two performances realised a sum of about £2,500, far exceeding the most sanguine expectations.

Following immediately on the Devonshire House representations, the Comedy and the Farce were transferred to the Hanover Square

Rooms for a short time; afterwards the company, with a few alterations in the cast, travelled throughout the country, carrying with them the movable theatre constructed for the original performance, as well as the fine scenery especially painted for the play by the distinguished artists. Everywhere success followed the players.

These performances at Devonshire House were the commencement of a friendship between the Duke and Dickens, and the admiration the former had for the works of the latter is evidenced in the letters which passed between them afterwards. And now the link which first coupled their names together, and which contributed history to a famous mansion already rich in historic associations, is to pass away with all the glory attaching to it as a notable London landmark.

THE SON OF HIS MOTHER

O MOTHER, who in Portsea held him close,
On his first day, a hundred years ago;
Wondering with that wonder which is known
Only to mothers,—did your torn heart know
Even a little of the good and gain
Born to us through your pain?

I think God gives all mothers sight
Beyond what Time will let them see,
And though they cannot tell of it,
They know within what is to be!

If, in your journeying, you still can see
This sun-basked star of toil, and how his hand
Has waved away old cares and planted laughter
In the heart-soil of every wakened land,—
If you can know how this world loves your boy—
Full is your cup of joy.

I think God gives some beings power
To clearly read men's hearts and souls,
That they may sift the false from true
And help us thus to our right goals.

He asked no special colors for the painting
Of those lov'd pictures which adorn our hearts,
But took the common run of men and children,
Just as they were, and made them play their parts
Just as such parts will always here be played—
Hence, his works cannot fade!

Nor is he dead. Last night I went with him
To hear the frail, sweet voice of Tiny Tim
Say—as through Dickens God has surely done—
"God bless us every one!"

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

North American, 4th February, 1912.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MRS. GUMMIDGE

By ROLAND CORTHELL
The Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship

IS there a better story in the world than *David Copperfield* ? I doubt it. What a host of varied characters who, whether you like them or not, grip your interest and keep it. David himself, so lovable ; Peggotty, so loyal ; Steerforth, so false ; Ham, so true ; Uriah Heep, so " umble " ; Dora, so childish ; Agnes, so womanly ; and many more all so vitalized by the Master Storyteller that they are as real to us as our neighbours and friends.

Among them is one of whom I have never heard much said, but who, as I have lately thought about her, has become in my own mind one of the outstanding characters in fiction. You will smile when I speak her name—Mrs. Gummidge. She was, you remember, the widow of Mr. Peggotty's partner. Left poor and friendless, he in the goodness of his big heart, took her into his own house and made his own home hers, for life She turned out to be a poor, miserable, whining, selfish old woman, living in a world of which she was the centre and those about her only satellites bound to consider her comfort, and hers only. To use her own words, " I am a lone, lorn cretur and everythink goes contrary with me." When reminded that the others suffered the same inconvenience that so troubled her, her reply was always, " I feel it more." But Mr. Peggotty, noble soul, never blamed, but always pitied her, for he thought she was thinking of the " old un." *i.e.*, the deceased Mr. Gummidge. But when the moral earthquake came that shook the Peggotty home to its foundations, it, at the same time, shook poor old Mrs. Gummidge out of her whining selfishness and in a night transformed her into a self-forgetting, loving, sympathetic, helpful, loyal friend. As Dickens says, " She was another woman. She was so devoted, she had such a quick perception of what it would be well to say, and what it would be well to leave unsaid ; she was so forgetful of herself and so regardful of the sorrow about her, that I held her in a sort of veneration. As to deploring her misfortune, she appeared to have entirely lost the recollection of ever having had one," Mrs. Gummidge was *transformed*. The sorrow of others had swept from her heart her own petty griefs. In an hour she had become a heroine, and the passing years only deepened her sympathy and strengthened her loyalty.

I can recall no other of Dickens's two thousand characters where such a splendid regeneration occurred. Except, indeed, Scrooge and the haunted man, where the element of the supernatural is called in to effect similar transformations.

All the rest change, if they change at all, by an orderly development. Mrs. Gummidge, simple, self-centred soul, was honoured by the great novelist with this crowning literary touch than which there is nothing finer and more striking, and yet nothing more true to the fundamental laws of human nature.

DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS CAROL AND OURS ALSO

By J. H. McNULTY

DICKENS'S *Christmas Carol* is nearing its seventy-seventh birthday, for it appeared in December, 1843, and during the greater part of its long and happy life it has held, and still holds, a place which is, I believe, almost unique in the literature of the World. It shares its peculiar position with the Bible, and with the Bible alone. It is, for instance, almost the only book of which it is safe to assume that those to whom you are speaking have some knowledge, for everyone knows this book, if they know no other. It is quite easy to know the story well without ever reading it, for it is read publicly and recited many times in the course of the year. No one will deny it is good literature, but equally no one reads it for its literary beauty, and if anyone did, he would read it entirely for the wrong motive; and if, by some extraordinary cataclysm, every copy of the book were destroyed, it could be instantly re-written, for it is stamped, word for word, on the minds of many, and its message imprinted deep in the hearts of all. In a word, it is a good Englishman's version of the Angel's song " Peace on earth to men of Good Will."

By the side of the great novels it is a tiny volume, a mere midget among giants, written, as one would say of any other author, in the intervals of a busy life; but there were no intervals in the life of Dickens. The thirty odd years of his literary life are packed full of activities, one book treading on the heels of another, sometimes, indeed, three novels going forward at the same time, and jostling each other in their effort to get written. During these years, he was in incessant motion, travelling, writing books, reading in public—working at almost superhuman speed.

To say that he burned the candle at both ends is a feeble figure of speech, rather he cut the candle of life into half-a-dozen pieces and burned each piece with eager haste, and the brightest flame of all was *A Christmas Carol.* You cannot think of any of his great novels apart from its author, but you can imagine Dickens marching down to posterity with one or another of the novels unwritten; he would still be Dickens even if he had not written *Dombey and Son* or *Barnaby Rudge*, and the same is true of many of the others; but you cannot for an instant think of Dickens without *A Christmas Carol.* While there is much of Dickens in all the novels, the *Carol is* Dickens—Dickens pure and undiluted; his very heart and soul; and being here so very much himself, he becomes, by that wonderful transformation which is the secret of all great literature, very much of everybody else. There are probably not many pure Scrooges in the world, but there are many half Scrooges, and even the best of us have a touch of Scroogish nature in us, though we are careful to hide it from our friends. Many of us are, or have been, Bob Cratchits, and we all know scores of Tiny Tims.

As the changing year draws to a close we too are visited by the three Spirits.

The " Ghost of Christmas Past " brings back to us old memories, memories tinged with sadness yet not untouched with joy, sorrows which have lost their anguish, but not their beauty, or rather the anguish has been changed into beauty, hopes unfulfilled, and disappointments which, though bitter at the time, are lovely in retrospect. " Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of fact," said Emerson, and it is true.

Age has draped whatever was ugly in the past with the moss of partial forgetfulness.

" God keep my memory green " is a good prayer, but thank God it is not green, not too fresh and vivid. Yet though time has mercifully dimmed the past, it has not, and will not, obliterate it ; the light of other days can never be quenched, " though Scrooge pressed the extinguisher down with all his force, he could not hide the light." Even he had a past not all unhappy ; he was happy with the Fezziwigs. It was in his neglected boyhood, we fancy, that the germs of the disease which spoiled his after-life were sown. This moral disease was not selfishness ; even a miser does not love himself as much as his money, and in a perverted fashion practises self denial, for he denies himself, among other luxuries, the luxury of doing good. Scrooge was proud of having killed his affections, pleased to think the world worse than it was, and himself harder than he was, delighted to deprive others of the pleasures of which he had robbed himself.

For the average man, who is not a Scrooge, the past is nearly always beautiful, sadly beautiful. We are never as happy as we used to be and never shall be. The golden Christmases are all in the past, when even a fog was a jolly mystery, a snowfall a miracle of beauty and every star the Star of Bethlehem.

The " Ghost of Christmas Present " is not truly a ghost at all ; he is too real ; he is a spirit, but not all spirit ; he has a merry face and a warm heart. One who can walk bare-foot in deepest snow and take no hurt, and if we but follow closely in his footsteps, we may brave the fiercest cold and yet keep warm, like the good King Wenceslas of another carol. His presence makes the dark days of December brilliant with the light of love and laughter. He is the most potent of all the spirits, for he has great power over the " Ghost of Christmas yet to come," and can make of him either a friend or enemy, and in a short time his power will also be great with the " Ghost of Christmas Past." The dismal Phantom of Christmas yet to come, when no one will wish to remember us, or think kind thoughts of us, when we shall lie unthought of and uncared for in a neglected grave is the only ghost who is, or may be, a fraud. He has not right to exist, and he does not exist unless we wish it.

He is explained away as in a common ghost story, and proves to be nothing more terrible than a bed post, " and the bed post was Scrooge's own."

The dream is over, but what a wonderful change has taken place in the night. The thick yellow fog has given place to a clear crystal morning, all white and blue. Christmas Eve has become Christmas

Day. To a child there is a world of difference between these two days, and in celebrating Christmas we should all be children. " Bright, jovial, stirring cold is in the air," and who would have it otherwise. The colder the better. " A cold hand, a warm heart," says the proverb, and for one day at least it shall be true, for if winter insists on the first part of the proverb, we will look after the second. Yes, a warm heart even for Scrooge; his meanness had been colossal, it was so whole-hearted and complete that it seemed almost generous in its amplitude. But if his meanness knew no limits, neither did his liberality; that's what the " portly gentleman who had walked into his counting house on Christmas Eve " thought, and so did the boy who fetched the Prize Turkey from the poulterers. What a pity the Cratchits didn't know where it came from, but, of course, they must have found out afterwards. And " Tiny Tim did not die "; the only person who died was the Old Scrooge. He, like his former partner, Marley, " was as dead as a door-nail," and in his place was a new Scrooge, possessing the benevolence of Father Christmas and the youth and vigour of Charles Dickens.

The book, too, has undergone a change, and from the humble name of *A Christmas Carol* which Dickens gave it, has become " *The* Christmas Carol." The Carol whose happy notes ring out across the years, awakening with its music pleasant memories of the Past, giving laughter and merriment to the Present, and sounding a note of hope for the still shrouded and unknown years of the Future.

THE LIVERPOOL PICKWICK CLUB

I WAS invited recently to visit an organization, the existence of which I had hitherto been ignorant, viz., " The Liverpool Pickwick Club." The members, whose numbers are strictly limited, meet twice monthly, at an old-fashioned hostelry, the room allotted to them being already embellished with many articles and pictures of an interesting Dickens character, the gifts of members and wellwishers.

They have been in existence barely eight months, and so far have confined themselves more to the social side, but the Charitable is not forgotten, as the box for that purpose, in addition to regular contributions, is handed to the delinquent for any breach of regulations, especially when a member is addressed by other than his Pickwickan name. The proceedings are conducted in quite a Dickensian spirit; even the fair damsel who is herself a keen Pickwickian, and who administers to the material comforts of the members, rejoices in the name of " Arabella Allen."

They have worthy schemes for extending the usefulness of the Club in a philanthropic and literary direction, and judging by the enthusiasm shewn should accomplish much.

I entered the room as the humble Secretary of the Liverpool Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. I am pleased to say that I am now entitled to wear the silver badge of the Club, and bear the illustrious name of

SOLOMON PELL.

DICKENS AS SENSATIONALIST*

By J. CUMING WALTERS

THE sensation novel provides a very curious chapter in literary history. Its origin, its development, and its abuse can be plainly traced. Our forefathers delighted in those laborious and artificial romances which told of knights and dames who belonged to fairyland rather than to reality; the stories were almost interminable, and the adventures were purely imaginary. Some had moral purpose and some had none; some deserved classic rank, but most of them deserved the ridicule with which Cervantes pursued them. Then came the early novelists who brought their heroes from the clouds to the earth, but in so doing made them of the earth earthy, and thus we had the full blooded Roderick Random and Tom Jones, who amused us, though they could not compel admiration.

A new vein had to be tapped; the emotions had to be reached in other ways; and there presently came the story, in prose or verse, that was to "thrill," that excited terror, that appealed to fear. The supernatural and the grisly were combined. "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radclyffe did their work crudely; Horace Walpole did it ingeniously; Mrs. Shelley did it artistically; Byron did it sublimely. We had lurid romances, with picturesque scoundrels, and impressive scenery; but whether the work were ill or well done it all belonged to the same school. Out of that school came another class of writers, the realists, with melodramatic methods, and Dr. Walter C. Phillips, in his interesting volume, informing and analytical, quite justly takes three men as its representatives—Charles Dickens in his earlier novels, and Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade invariably. They were the best of a large group, far superior to Lytton with his sentimentalism and grandiloquence, and they worked with definite purpose. The model may not have been good, but they themselves were not debased by it. It was after their time that degeneration set in, until eventually we reached the screaming absurdities of the "Shilling Shocker," and eventually the putridity of the sex problem.

Dickens, in portions of *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, came at times near the danger-line, but he was saved and redeemed by his genius, which rose far above gory melodrama and theatrical effect. Reade in *Griffith Gaunt* and Collins in *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone* were also preserved by their art from the stupidity of excess; yet how perilous the sensation-system always was can be seen by observing the results when meaner hands dabbled in it. This is Dr. Phillips's theme. He does not decry the three authors, nor would he have been justified in doing so; he only examines and expands their methods, and points to the final results—sheer vulgarity and cheap extravagance.

Dickens, greatest of the three, showed wisdom by departing—except

* Dickens, Reade, and Collins, Sensation Novelists. A study in the conditions and theories of novel writing in Victorian England. By Walter C. Phillips, Ph.D. (London: Humphrey Milford. 8s. 6d. net).

for occasional lapses—from the early model. The masterpieces on which his fame rises to its height are not sensationalism, they are narratives of deep and abiding interest and charm, into which dramatic intensity is wrought. *David Copperfield, Bleak House, Martin Chuzzlewit, Our Mutual Friend, Dombey and Son,* and all the chief works of his mature age, stand out so distinctly from—say—*Oliver Twist* and *Barnaby Rudge,* that, so far as plot and style are concerned, we might almost think they were by different authors. In his principal books the chapters do not finish off with a " bang " in order to set the reader palpitating to know what will come next. But Collins and Reade could not liberate themselves from this banal tradition. They always had an eye to stage-effect, to a " good curtain " ; they wanted their auditors to gape and gasp ; they worked up to a breathless climax. It is not good art. Servile imitators could also supply the " bang " and cause the gasp, but they did little else. And the pity of it is that the public became so habituated to thrills, that Jane Austen seemed tame, George Eliot seemed tedious, and even to this day there are Dickensians who prefer a Sikes and Nancy chapter, or a Quilp monstrosity, to old Peggotty's search for Little Em'ly, or Joe Gargery's visit to Pip. Yet the former are Dickens at his worst, and the latter are Dickens at his best.

But Dr. Phillips does not wholly acquit Dickens. As he was one of the exponents of the sensation-novel, he has to accept a certain amount of responsibility, together with Reade and Collins. " Their example found numerous imitators, most of whom lacked their facility and power, some of whom were quite destitute of their sense of the responsibilities of the artist. In the hands of these, sensation writing became the reproach and abomination of Victorian popular literature. Critic and moralist alike descried in it the collapse of taste and truth in the novel, and pointed their finger at Dickens with the accusatory—' Thou art the man.' "

But, with a frank admission of this, we must also remember the other side. Dickens's error—if theatrical sensation is to be so described—dates to his first years of authorship ; the time came when he not only changed in style himself, but condemned the excess into which he had been led. There is no melodrama in his chief works. Nor was he the slave to realism and history, though he might use them—and here we have so illuminating a passage from Dr. Phillips, that it should be quoted :—

> For Dickens and his followers, romance had little to do with history. The master himself experimented with it upon any extended plan but twice—once with the Gordon riots in *Barnaby Rudge,* and again with the Paris of the Revolution in *A Tale of Two Cities.* Reade wrought only one genuine historical novel ; for the historical elements of *Griffith Gaunt* and *The Wandering Heir,* both stories of English life in the eighteenth century, are casual and subordinate. Collins never reverted to the materials of the experimental *Antonina.* One prime reason for thus confining romance practically to the present, Reade stated cynically enough. In revulsion from the extraordinary labours demanded by *The Cloister*

and the Hearth, he declared to Coleman that he should never attempt a similar story. "I write for the public, and the public don't care about the dead. They are more interested in the great tragi-comedy of humanity that is around and about them and environs them at every crossing, in every hole and every corner. An aristocratic divorce suit, the last great social scandal, a sensational suicide from Waterloo Bridge, a woman murdered in Seven Dials, or a baby found strangled in a band-box at Piccadilly Circus interests them more than Margaret's piety or Gerard's journey to Rome.

The three great novelists gave romance—"the romance of the here and now"—their preference, and they adopted distinctive narrative methods. With Dickens the plot was not the main thing, but character and purpose. When he became the intense realist, it was because he had a strong and definite object in view. He and his great confreres had decided that a blending of fact and imagination was needed, and then the novel was not only good entertainment, but of living importance.

"Hence," writes Dr. Phillips, "Dickens spends a season in Yorkshire before he draws the Squeers family and their establishment at Dotheboys Hall; Reade shuts himself up in Dedham Jail as preparation for the campaign against prison regimen in *Never Too Late*; and Collins explores the dead house, which is to furnish capital for *Jezebel's Daughter*. Hence, Dickens's authorities for the spontaneous combustion of Krook; the assertion of precedents for the will that makes Noddy Boffin wealthy and for that which gives rise to the chancery suit of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce; the defence of Jenning's strange experiment in *The Moonstone*, the declaration of physiological authority for the deaf mute Madonna in *Hide and Seek*, and the references to title and page for the occultism of *The Two Destinies*." We are made to feel that these authors are never writing at random, and that they have sound authority for all they state; but they have ceased to become sensation-mongers, and their main interest is domestic. Think of *Copperfield*, *Chuzzlewit*, and *Our Mutual Friend*, and the case proves itself. Yet the domestic novels never lacked dramatic quality—indeed, drama of the most compelling sort, appealing straight to the emotions, was the dominant note; but in the course of Dickens's career a complete revolution had been accomplished, and the old régime which included Mrs. Radclyffe and Harrison Ainsworth passed entirely away. If Dickens can be accused of initial error, it was nobly repaired, and he must be all the more honoured as a reformer in the end.

DICKENS AND HANS ANDERSEN

By E. C. E. SHAW

COMPARISONS, as we know, are invidious, but a comparison of the works of Charles Dickens and Hans Andersen is interesting and somewhat instructive.

It may be urged at the outset, that the operation is somewhat akin to comparing the works of a painter of miniatures with those of a painter of enormous canvases; and, to carry on the simile, it may be

pointed out that the two artists use a different medium. The reply to this is, that whether a painter executes a portrait on canvas with oils, or with a burnt stick on a whitewashed wall, the spirit of the picture remains the same. Thus, Andersen's tales are invariably alluded to as " Fairy Tales." The word " fairy " is really a misnomer—a case of *lucus a non lucendo*, if we are thinking of fairies in the strictly conventional sense of the term. Andersen's tales cannot, any more than those of Dickens, be appreciated to their fullest extent by children ; that is, they are not simple fairy tales, like those of the Brothers Grimm. We must, therefore, interpret this word " fairy " to mean the spirit of life, the perpetual freshness, very difficult to define, that permeates his tales and renders them immortal. And it is simply that Dickens's stories are " fairy " stories in this sense, that they, too, are immortal.

One illustration of this perpetual freshness that I have alluded to is found in the fact that, just as Hans Andersen's tales can be read in any order, so that the volume seems to have no " Finis " written at the end, so in the same way Dickens's chapters may be read where and how you please. And it is felt that the few pages at the end of his books, in which he gathers all the characters together, and rules a line under them, so to speak, is only a concession to the conventions of novel writing. Can anyone really believe that the career of the fairy-godfather Pickwick ends with the *Pickwick Papers* ?

After thus stating their broad characteristic. let us turn to a closer examination of their individual styles, where we shall find some remarkable similarities.

In the first place, they are both apt to mistake sentimentality for sentiment, though this failing, of course, is found in other great writers.

They are also both adepts at that style of fairy-tale anthropomorphosis (a ghastly word, but the only one available), which renders their descriptions so vivid. For instance, every reader is familiar with the magnificent passage at the beginning of *Martin Chuzzlewit* which describes the wind chasing the leaves, and routing them out when they try to hide in the sawpit, or cling desperately to the eaves, and finally, after tiring of this sport, going out to sea where he met several other winds as boisterous as himself, and they made a night of it. Does not one feel a conviction, which is almost a certainty, that these Winds were very closely related to Hans Andersen's Four Winds, who conversed with one another—and to that South Wind who warmed himself before the fire, and was subsequently clapped into a sack for misbehaving himself ?

Compare also these two passages :

> They were a gloomy suite of rooms in a *lowering* pile of building up a yard where it had so little business to be that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a very young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten its way out again.—*Christmas Carol.*
>
> All the other houses in the street were so neat and so spruce with their large window panes and flat, smooth walls ; it was quite plain

they would have nothing to do with the old house; you could see so well they were saying among themselves: "How much longer is that heap of rubbish to stand here," etc.—Hans Andersen, *The Old House.*

Then there is that delightful story of the goblin whose diet consisted of such choice dishes as "hemlock soup, rusty nails, bits of coloured glass, and such like dainties for dessert—and bright saltpetre wine." Cannot one after reading this, conjure up a vision of the goblin Quilp, who ate "hard eggs, shell and all, devoured gigantic prawns with their heads and tails on; chewed tobacco and watercresses at the same time, and drank boiling tea without winking"?

I am convinced too, that that black, shining beetle who crawled about on his travels, was a twin to that black, shining Josiah Bounderby who crawled about Coketown. One was born on a dunghill; the other in a ditch. Golden shoes was the ambition of the one, and golden coins of the other. Both were equally impressed with a sense of their own importance, and intended that other people should know it. This is an excellent illustration of Hans Andersen's use of medium, which I have spoken of above. A lamp-post, a tin soldier, a needle, a shirt collar, a bottle neck, a snail—these are a few of the things he uses; and they resemble those used by Dickens in that they are common things that the common man can understand, and they are all by skilful treatment endowed with the spirit of life. As for example:

"Now you should also see my little earwigs," said a third and a fourth mother. "They are lovely little things and highly amusing. They are never ill-behaved, excepting when they are uncomfortable in their insides, which, unfortunately, often happens at their age."

. . . . .

Then the beetle stepped down into the rich mud, where sat three young lady-beetles, who tittered because they did not know what to say. "None of them are engaged yet," said their mother, and the beetle maidens tittered again, this time quite in confusion."

Have we not met these mothers and these maidens scattered throughout the pages of Dickens?

One more extract. Readers are doubtless familiar with the story in Hans Andersen of the little match-girl who died in the streets of cold and hunger. Into this story is introduced a description of the festivities of Christmas. Does not this little vignette seem to be a page stolen from *A Christmas Carol?*

. . . . .

Dickens's works will live, because they are fairy tales. And just as Dr. Faustus in Marlowe's play, saw the Spirits of the Seven Deadly Sins embodied and walking before his eyes, so we see Dickens's characters pass over his pages. For Mr. Pecksniff is not simply a hypocritical man. He is the Spirit of Hypocrisy. Mr. Dombey is the spirit of Pride, Uriah Heep of False Humility, Mr. Pickwick of Benevolence, Mark Tapley of Jollity, and so on. And as long as vices and virtues live in the hearts of mankind, so long will these Spirits endure.

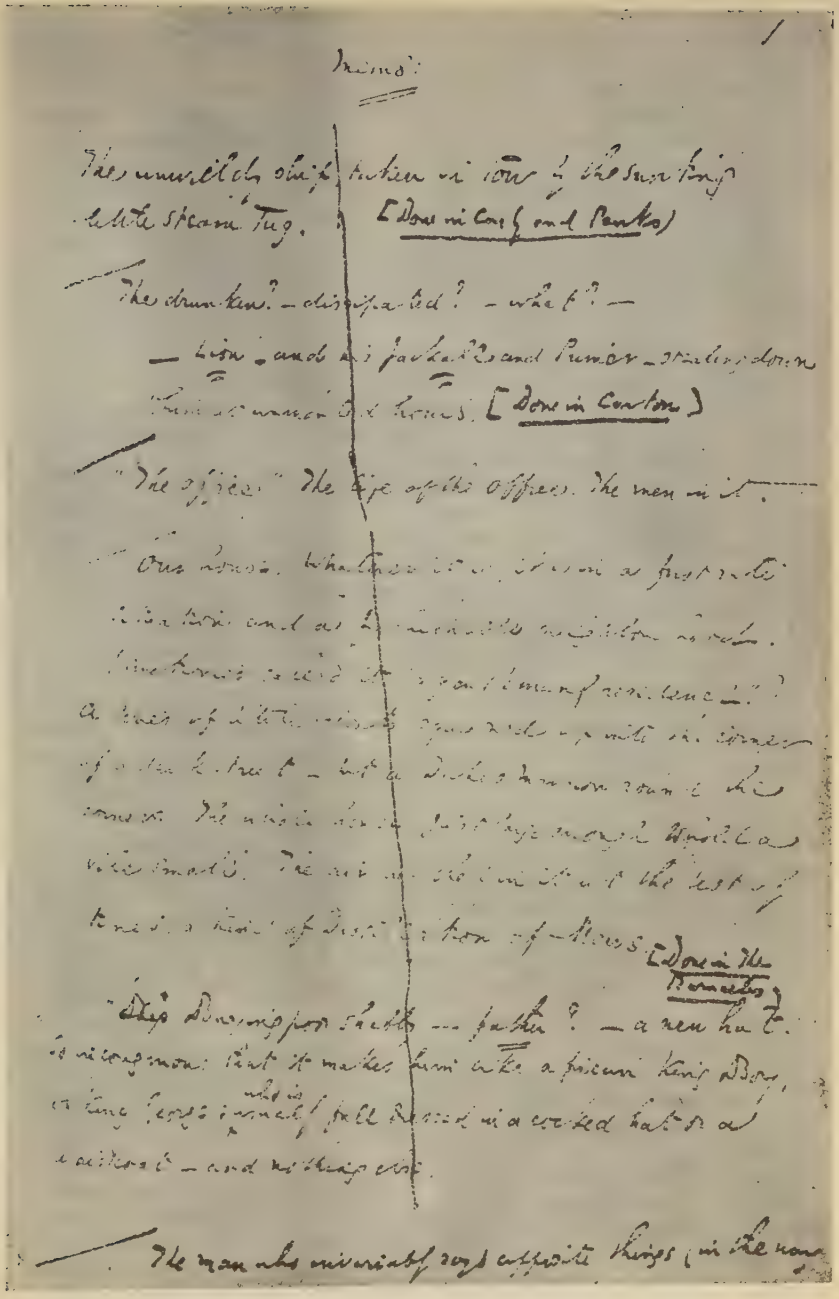
A NOTABLE DICKENS COLLECTION

By B. W. MATZ

THERE is offered for sale in London at the present time the Dickens collection of rarities owned by Dr. R. T. Jupp, for which Messrs. H. Sotheran and Co., the Piccadilly booksellers, have prepared an illustrated catalogue. A good deal of attention has been drawn to it by the London press, and in each case the writer has devoted his article to the copy of the volume entitled "Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell," the volume of private correspondence which passed between the two when they were young lovers before the novelist became famous. This volume was privately printed by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, U.S.A., in 1908, in a limited number of copies, and formed the subject of scores of articles at the time. We presume it was picked out of this collection for special treatment on the principle that next to a wedding, the most attractive subject for the curious-minded is the story of a jilted lover, and if that lover be as famous as Dickens, the details are glorified in with added relish and intensity. Dr. Jupp's copy has some additional MS. matter by the compiler, Mr. J. H. Stonehouse. For our part it is by no means the most important or interesting item in this attractive collection of Dickensiana. To the Dickens student it is naturally important as linking up the novelist's boyhood with his manhood, for this book, together with the volume of letters to his friend Kolle, which accompanies it, supplies the chapter in his life missed or slurred over by John Forster, his biographer.

To us, however, the item in the collection of the most intrinsic value is Dickens's manuscript book of memoranda: the veritable book fully described by Forster which the novelist commenced in 1855 and continued to use for ten years. In it he made entries of fanciful things that came to his mind, odd thoughts, outlines of characters, bits of descriptions of scenery or places, names of characters, their curiosities of speech and mannerisms. Many of these ideas were used as opportunity arose, and were duly marked off with an added note such as "Done in Casby and Pancks," "Done in Carton," "Done in Barnacles," and so on. Amongst other entries is one for the plan of "A Tale of Two Cities," with a dozen or so of alternative titles for the story, that of "Memory Carton" as one indicating that this character was to be the chief in the story, as it is known to have been also one of the greatest the novelist created.

Silas Wegg, Mr. Boffin, Podsnap are also developed from a note in this memoranda book, whilst there are heaps of other ideas in it evidently not made use of. The book, therefore, has a very intimate association with Dickens and his writings, and constitutes a real personal relic, a literary treasure, a scrap-book to fascinate all lovers of the novelist as well as collectors. Written in Dickens's own hand, all the thoughts emanating from his brain, it forms something more than a mere curiosity: it is an unique tool of a master worker, and a precious heritage which in our opinion should be with those other precious documents: his manuscripts now in the safe keeping of the nation in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM DICKENS'S MEMORANDA BOOK

By permission of Messrs. Sotheran and Co.

Another curious and interesting personal item is a set of nine numbers of "The Gad's Hill Gazette," the private little paper circulated in the home of the novelist and among a few chosen friends of the family, which was edited by his son, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, and set up from a small toy fount by him and his brothers. With this are three letters written by the editor, one announcing his resignation of that post.

Even apart from these two unique items, Dr. Jupp's collection may be said, in a general way, to be quite comprehensive. It contains first editions of the various works in very good state. Where the novels were issued in parts, Dr. Jupp has secured what may be described as "nice" sets. His *Pickwick* is a really fine copy, with all the points necessary to give it value to compete with the three or four famous copies now known to exist. And in addition to the better known books there are copies of "The Strange Gentleman," with the rare frontispiece by Phiz; "Sunday under Three Heads"; "The Village Coquettes"; pamphlets, speeches, reprints, plays, and all the such like minor, but nevertheless valuable, ana.

Many of the books are presentation copies, and include the set of the library edition given by Dickens to Wilkie Collins with the signed inscription pasted in the first volume. There is an extra-illustrated "Life" and "Letters" extended to nineteen volumes, a good collection of "Imitations" and "Continuations" of the works; a splendid array of seven hundred contemporary play bills, music, songs, relating to Dickens's books, and one hundred and sixteen letters of Charles Dickens to his various friends dealing with his literary work, his private theatricals, readings, American tours and many other topics, in addition to letters from distinguished men, in which reference is made to Dickens.

The most notable of these is the one written by Robert Louis Stevenson, which runs:—

> "I wonder if you have ever read Dickens's *Christmas Books*? . . . . they are too much perhaps. I have only read two yet, but I have cried my eyes out, and had a terrible fight not to sob. But oh, dear God, they are *good*—and I feel so good after them—I shall do good—and lose no time—I want to go out and comfort someone—I *shall* give money. Oh, what a jolly thing it is for a man to have written books like these and just filled people's hearts with pity."[1]

one of the finest tributes ever paid by one author to another.

Dr. Jupp's collection is also rich in illustrations, the well known, yet very rare, extra ones done contemporaneously with the book they illustrate, and a miscellaneous assortment of others including original drawings of such artists as F. Barnard, Pailthorpe and Phiz, and several portraits.

The excellent catalogue containing the details of this collection also contains other items of interest to Dickensians, notably the copy of William Thomson's book of travel in Italy, to which Mr. J. H. Stonehouse adds a note proving Dickens revised and edited it for the author, who was a relative of his; and a copy of Holcroft's Memoirs, with another valuable note pointing out its connection with the novelist.

SOME EVENINGS WITH DICKENS IN NEW YORK

[By EDWIN W. COGGLESHALL

WHEN Dickens came to America in 1867, I was not only familiar with all that he had written, I was steeped in it; and the anticipation of seeing and hearing him filled me with delight. Over fifty years have passed, and yet the occasions are as vivid in my remembrance as though they happened yesterday.

I stood on line in snow and slush for half-a-day to secure seats for his first course of readings at Steinway Hall (still standing, though altered interiorly) and my enthusiasm was not dampened. The long anticipated night—December 9th, 1867, came at last.

It was a notable assemblage that welcomed Charles Dickens to New York—men and women who stood for the best in the great city, in science, literature and art; the foremost in its professional and business life were there to do him honour—there was no vacant seat. The great audience had gathered early, and there was an atmosphere of repressed excitement that could be felt as it waited for the coming of the Master.

A door opened, and quite unattended, a gentleman in evening dress walked briskly across the platform and opening his book, simply said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am to have the pleasure of reading to you first to-night a Christmas Carol in four staves—" "Stave one—Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that."

There was a shade of disappointment at first—it took a short time to become accustomed to Dickens rising inflection, but only a short time, and after that it was rapt attention and wonder and perfect enjoyment.

The audience was instantly responsive, as the familiar characters appeared before it in the person of their creator, and when in the trial scene from *Pickwick*, the words "Call Samuel Weller" were uttered by him who had called that inimitable being into existence, there was one long round of enthusiastic applause, repeated over and over again, that must have warmed the heart of the reader to his brethren across the sea.

It was simply marvellous how this quiet gentleman, standing on a platform bare of everything save a reading desk, by voice and facial expression, brought before us the scenes which he described and the characters he personated.

The genius of author and actor were combined as perhaps never before. His characters were real to us, because they were so real to him. As he wrote of them or read of them, they were not so much creations of his brain as persons whom he knew.

I was glad to find his own confirmation of my impressions of that night, and the second night, in a letter to his daughter from New York:—

> December 11th.—Amazing success here. A very fine audience; far better than that at Boston. Great reception, great, "Carol and

Trial" on the first night; still greater Copperfield and Bob on the second.

With the lady who was afterwards my wife, and who, throughout her life, fully shared my love for the man and his books, I heard Dickens read every selection that he read in America—some of them more than once—the "Carol" and "Trial," December 9th; "Copperfield" and "Sawyer," December 10th; "Nickleby" and "Holly Tree Inn," December 12th; "Dombey," December 13th; "Marigold," January 9th, 1868; "Marigold," and "Gamp," April 13th, 1868, and the "Carol" and "Trial" on April 20th, 1868, the farewell night.

The winter of 1867-8 was an extremely severe one, as Dickens knew to his cost, but we lost none of those wonderful evenings with him. We were living in Brooklyn at that time, and I remember one night coming to New York in a driving snow storm and meeting friends at Steinway, who said to us in astonishment: "Why we wouldn't have come over from Brooklyn on such a night as this to hear the Apostle Paul." "No," I said, "neither would we, but we came to hear Dickens." Like Scrooge, "Foul weather didn't know where to have us," when it was a question of a Dickens reading.

The last reading in America was in Yew York on April 20th, 1868, the press dinner having been given to him on Saturday the 18th, at Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue, and Fourteenth Street (still standing, but altered interiorly); I think no one who was fortunate enough to be present at the farewell reading could ever forget it.

I have before me the notice laid on each seat which reads:—

"Mr. Charles Dickens Reading."

I certify that Mr. Dickens is suffering from a neuralgic affection of the right foot, probably occasioned by great fatigue in a severe winter. But I believe that he can read to-night without much pain or inconvenience (his mind being set on not disappointing his audience) with the aid of a slight mechanical addition to his usual arrangements.

Fordyce Barker, M.D.

We did not know then; but, alas! this was the foreshadowing of the end that was but two years away.

He limped slowly to his table, and with his foot supported read with his usual life and spirit the "Carol" and the "Trial." The Audience was thoroughly appreciative, no part of it more so than that which filled the cheaper seats, set apart by Dickens's express direction, in the upper gallery.

The thought was impressed on every heart, and expressed in every face, that this was the farewell to a dear friend, to a great benefactor. There was perfect silence as he closed his book, then as he slowly retired, the great audience broke into tumultuous applause, which continued until he returned, leaning on the arm of the faithful Dolby.

With great feeling, he spoke these words: "Ladies and gentlemen—The shadow of one word has impended over me this evening, and the time has come when the shadow must fall. It is but a very short one,

but the weight of such things is not measured by their length, and two much shorter words express the round of our human existence. When I was reading *David Copperfield* a few evenings ago, I felt there was more than usual significance in the words of Peggotty: 'My future life lies over the sea,' and when I closed this book just now, I felt most keenly that I was shortly to establish such an alibi as would have satisfied even the elder Mr. Weller.

"The relations which have been set up between us while they have involved for me something more than mere devotion to a task, have been by you sustained with the readiest sympathy and the kindest acknowledgment. These relations must now be broken forever. Be assured, however, that you will not pass from my mind. I shall often realise you as I see you now, equally by my winter fire and in the green English summer weather. I shall never recall you as a mere public audience, but rather as a host of personal friends, and even with the greatest gratitude and tenderness and consideration. Ladies and gentlemen,—I beg to bid you farewell. God bless you and God bless the land in which I leave you."

A solemn pause, and then, as Dickens moved slowly across the stage, the audience rose as by a single impulse, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, cheers given, and "God bless you" rang out from all parts of the house—loudest from the upper gallery.

We had looked upon Charles Dickens for the last time; "and nothing stirred in the room"; the spell of his presence was still upon us; the sound of his voice was still in our ears, and our hearts echoed the farewell of Curtis at the press dinner: "Old ocean, bear him safely over! English hedges welcome him with flowers of May! English hearts, he is ours as he is yours! We stand upon the shore and say farewell; and as he sails away, we pray with love and gratitude, 'May God bless him'!"

And so he returned, the conqueror of the gratitude and reverence of another world, gratitude and reverence that still live, though it is nearly fifty years since "his tomb became his throne."

ORIGIN OF THE PORTERHOUSE STEAK

THE venerable hostelry that appealed so much to Charles Dickens, when he visited Sandusky in April, 1842, and to many others nearly, if not quite as well known who came and went through the decade following Dickens's visit, and which, in the early eighties, became, according to the story told, the birthplace of the porterhouse steak, has lately been reopened.

Shortly after Dickens left Sandusky the Steamboat hotel was sold to one, A. M. Porter, who named the hostelry Porter House. Porter and his wife made a specialty of steaks. Mrs. Porter enjoyed a reputation as a cook.

It seemed, however, that the chef presiding during Dickens's stay in Sandusky had a knack of preparing steaks among other things, in a manner that was appealing to an unusual degree and that Dickens,

having partaken of one of his meals of which a well-prepared steak was the basis, remarked after he had arrived in Buffalo, that he would like to have another steak like the one that was served to him in Sandusky.

The landlord of the Buffalo hotel at which Dickens stopped was anxious to please his patrons. He had no hope of getting the recipe in time to meet the fancies of the noted Britisher, for in those days the mails were slow, and the telephone and the telegraph were unknown, but he was desirous of tickling the palates of others who might be his guests later. Accordingly he instituted an investigation. Unbeknown to him the Steamboat hotel had changed hands and was the Porter House. However, he was given information as to what part of the beef it was that had been served to Dickens and how it had been prepared.

So it was that what is known to-day as the Porterhouse steak came into being. At least this is the story as it is related.

From *The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"LITTLE DORRIT" ON THE FILM

ONE always approaches a film version of a Dickens novel with a certain amount of trepidation and fear, for it is rarely that a filmed version does not contain anachronisms to which a Dickensian is naturally a great deal more sensitive than the average member of the audience. However, it may be put at once to the credit of Mr. Stanley Morgan, the producer, that the film of *Little Dorrit*, presented by the Butcher's Film Service, Ltd., for the first time on the 24th August last at the London Pavilion, is free from such defects, and from this point of view is probably the best Dickens film that has yet been produced. The story follows the book well and consistently, but presents few opportunities for that dramatic movement that is essential to successful motion pictures, and as a result it tends to become tedious at times, a tendency which could be lessened by the elimination of some of the minor scenes. Very great care has been taken by the actors, no less than by the producer, to preserve the Dickens atmosphere, and the acting throughout was excellent. While drawing attention to the performance of Mr. Arthur Lennard as Old Dorrit, a masterpiece of portraiture, Miss Joan Morgan as Little Dorrit, full of quaint charm, Lady Tree as Mrs. Clennam, with an effective death scene, and Langthorne Burton as Arthur Clennam, one must not omit to mention the very capable performance of such minor characters as Flintwich, Frederick Dorrit and Pancks, by Messrs. Arthur Walcott, George Bellamy and Compton Coutts.

The film suffers somewhat in the lighting, and, moreover, although not within our province, we feel compelled to draw attention to the unfortunate defects in spelling revealed in the screen " script," a fault which could easily be corrected, but which, left unremedied, brings discredit on an otherwise notable accomplishment.

A. E. B. C.

THE OLD TIME TWOPENNY POSTMAN

By the late JOHN SUDDABY

WHEN in these days taxation is rampant and to the fore, and we are having our old cheap postage interfered with, let us put our mental clock back nearly a century, and have paraded before us the once Twopenny Postman. At that period Dickens was but a boy, and letters came and went by the stage coaches or by the slower stage or carriers' wagons. Envelopes were little known or used, and letters were folded and fastened with sealing wax. The seals on watchguards were not mere ornaments, but much used. As London grew into a great centre, and letters became abundant, it was arranged to have a twopenny post over a defined area of the city and its suburbs, and there came into being with it a service body of postmen with probably their distinguishing apparel hats and badges, who were much eyed and talked about. Dickens, in his works, several times mentions the twopenny post. And what more certain than in days when happenings and characters were the topics of song, that the postman should become the theme of a song? Well, we find our old friend Thomas Hudson provided the needful. It will be recalled that he was the London humorist whose versifications Dickens was merry over in quoting his Guy Fawkes song to his children. And as further recently explained he was mine host of the Kean's Head hostelry in Russell Court, Drury Lane, Covent Garden—subsequently that great Dickens centre where the Bleak House burial ground existed, and the locality where Dick Swiveller blossomed. Hudson's was probably the home of the Philanthropic Harmonists, named in his song annuals and having, of course, their mighty gatherings of the talents and associates. It would follow that when Host Hudson had penned his song over the City's new character, "The Twopenny Postman," its reception on the "new song" Night would be a decided draw; and as the poem was warbled to the assembled company, of course a crowded house, the Swivellers, the Chucksters and others akin would be in high and boisterous glee, encore! encore! would be the cry, and the final scene would be glasses filled and held aloft before being drunk off, in honour of Hudson. Some of the poet's songs were racy in character, and this one published in his 1824 annual told of a cobbler's wife being enamoured of a postman. It went to the tune of Garry Owen, and had as a forecast of its lines the shoulder headline quotation—

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

Very near the west-end, tho' I must not tell where,
A shoemaker married a maiden so fair;
Who a month after wedlock, 'tis true, I declare,
Fell in love with a twopenny postman!
Her person was thin, genteel and tall,
Her carrotty hair did in ringlets fall;
And while her spousy work'd hard at his stall,
She watch'd this twopenny postman.

He was just four feet six in height,
But a well made figure to the sight,
He walk'd like a Beefeater, bolt upright,
Mr. Walker, the twopenny postman.
His toes turn'd out, he had bright black eyes,
His nose was more than the common size;
And he really look'd without any lies,
Too genteel for a twopenny postman!

Resolved she was to get in his way,
So without any trouble she met him one day,
And says she "Have you got e'er a letter, I say,
For me, Mr. twopenny postman?"
Said he, "I don't know you." Says she, "good luck,
"I lives next door, in the two pair back;
"My husband's a Cobbler—'tis all in your track,"
"It's all right," says the twopenny postman.

Next morning, I can't tell you what she was at,
She felt her heart suddenly beat pit-a-pat,
When she heard at the street door a double rat-tat,
And in came the twopenny postman:
"Here's a letter," said he,—the cunning elf,
"The postage is paid, so it needs no pelf;"
In fact, he'd written the letter himself,
And brought it, the twopenny postman.

And so on, misfortune ultimately overtaking the cobbler's wife.

BOB CRATCHIT

IN his dismal, grimy "tank," with fire diminished to a spark,
Toiling for a grinding master, sits a poor half-frozen clerk.
"CRATCHIT-cratchit-cratch-it-cratch-it!" hissing goes the mocking quill,
Plied by fingers scarce obedient to their shivering owner's will.

"Foggier yet and colder:—piercing, searching, bitter cold" the night:
Through it hurries poor Bob Cratchit—spirits heavy, pockets light;
Homeward, there to drown his sorrows, and forget his usage rough
In the bosom of his household—in the game of "blind man's buff."

Cheer up, Bob!—the Ghost of Christmastide hath "smiled" upon thy porch;
"Stopped to bless thy humble dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch"—
Bless it with a timely offering "twice the size of Tiny Tim."
Bless it, too, dear, kindly spirit, with a genial change in him—

Scrooge—no more the "scraping, clutching covetous old human briar,"
"Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had struck out generous fire."
May the Ghost of Christmas Present ne'er a human dwelling shun,
Rich and poor alike remembr'ing "smile," and "Bless us every one."

From *Weekly Dispatch*, 27th December, 1885.

DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTICS

By FRANCESCO BERGER

(SERIES C, No. 7)

Two Characters in one of Dickens's Books.

He packed up his traps, to escape,
if perhaps he might dodge her;
But the little chaps caught him, elate,
and brought him back as her lodger.

1.—To city fair I give my name,
I take my share in our just fame.
To learned sons she may lay claim,
But on my back they sport their game.
2.—Before me many a couple stands,
To join their lives I join their hands.
3.—This end of letter is sometimes better
Than all the rest, for value and zest.
4.—"God bless us every one"
He joins in Christmas fun.
5.—Land of scents and spices,
Not all of which are "nicies."
6.—Sweetest blossom of Spring,
Its head, here, has taken wing.
7.—Without us where would Music be?
And with us you pay music's fee.
8.—Dickens could not stand it,
He fought until he banned it.
9.—Halve the last,
Your mate here cast.
10.—It is his art to strut his part,
To mirror life, its joys and strife.
11.—With rag and tail of Bob
At home I am, with mob.
12.—Do it, and let others do it,
Do it well, so not to rue it.
13.—It never began, it cannot end,
'Twas always so, for aye 'twill extend.
With prefix S and final E
No joke indeed in me you'll see.

(SERIES C, No. 8)

Two characters in one of Dickens's Books.

1.—Though I'm struck I don't resent.
Heroes' breasts I oft frequent.
Change my central D to T,
Then my substance prompt you'll see.
2.—Famous historic name
Of lovely Italian dame.
3.—To win it, anxious hours and sore.
When muchly worn 'tis worn no more.
4.—In secret born I shun the light,
Yet on the boards I cause delight.
5.—Of Music I'm the soul,
Time and distance I control.

6.—Holy gift from gods to man
For use, not abuse, through life's brief span.
7.—Wear it with your gown,
Portent of renown.
8.—Prayer and acclamation
Curtailed for this occasion.
9.—Commence with B, insert a T, and end with men,
Strong smelling matter in me find then.
10.—Common, but healthy,
Nor poor, nor wealthy.

NOTICE.—Solutions to the above Acrostics (Nos. 7 and 8, Series C) must reach the Editor not later than the 30th November, 1920.

SOLUTION OF No. 5, (SERIES C)

ThameS, HydrA, (g)OssiP, MosS, AntidotE, SophiA.

Correct solutions have been received from: C. —. Botfield (Findon); F. Dearsly (Crouch End); "Punchinello" (Chelmsford).

SOLUTION OF No 6 (SERIES C)

MilL, AI, NelL, TilL, AY, LoV, IcI, NoC, InK.

Correct solutions have been received from: "Punchinello" (Chelmsford); Mary Bibley (Oundle); "J.S.U."; Miss Moses (Mass., U.S.A.).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor acknowledges with thanks more than one contribution from readers. Correspondents are respectfully reminded that each Double Acrostic distinctly sets forth whether *one* character or *two* are involved. In cases which apply to *only one*, it is for the solver to discover whether the surname has been *divided* (as in Steer—forth), or whether *both* names are hidden (as in Samuel Weller).

DICKENS ESSAY COMPETITION IN LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SCHOOLS

FIFTY schools again competed for the prizes awarded by the Dickens Fellowship for essays on "Charles Dickens." To each school competing a prize and three certificates were allotted. The "*Old Curiosity Shop*" was the book awarded as a prize to the girls, and *Great Expectations* to the boys, the Universal edition in each case being selected. The uniform standard of the essays made the selection of the prize winners a somewhat difficult matter, and the work throughout showed careful preparation and appreciation of the subject chosen. The greater number of the essays dealt with the life of Charles Dickens, and hence were simple, though well arranged statements of facts, rather than evidences of descriptive power and the personal taste of the writers. In those essays, in which characters from the novels had been chosen as subject, more imagination and originality were shown. There was throughout a pleasing absence of attempts at "fine writing." The girls' essays on the whole showed better literary style, and more imagination than those of the boys. In only one instance were the essays submitted below the standard of the work hitherto received, but the Council decided that no exception should be made on this occasion in awarding the prize and certificates in this case.

The Council again desire to express their thanks for the assistance accorded to them by the London County Council and the various Head Teachers and staffs in the carrying out of this annual competition.

JOHN SUDDABY

WE have only recently learned that Mr. John Suddaby, a frequent contributor to our pages, has passed away, in the seventy-second year of his age. Mr. Suddaby was a native of Hull, and a journalist. He started on the "Hull Packet and Hull Times," and soon became associated with the "Eastern Morning News," and afterwards with the "Hull Express" and "Daily Mail." Mr. Suddaby was keenly interested in the Victorian times, and had a full knowledge of the period which he put to excellent and appropriate use. His contributions under his own name to our pages will be recalled by our readers. For many years past he has habitually sent us articles for what he called our "Stock drawer," which we use as occasion arises. One such appears in our present issue on the "Twopenny Postman." He was deeply versed in the old songs of a bygone age, particularly those made reference to in Dickens, and the series of articles on "Dickensian Songs," which has formed a feature in our pages were chiefly from his pen, some under assumed names. We have several in our locker to-day, and other general articles from his pen waiting to be used when opportunity arises.

Mr. Suddaby was a member of the Hull Branch, but possessing full knowledge as he did of curious and interesting Dickensian odds and ends, and having a ripe acquaintance with all that pertains to the novelist, we believe he was of such a reticent nature, that he never could be persuaded to lecture or read a paper to the members. Yet he loved to write down his ideas and put on record his knowledge as our pages bear full evidence.

THE CHARLES DICKENS HOME FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

IT has not yet been possible to arrange for the formal opening of the Institution. Labour troubles and the enhanced cost of building material have combined to delay the necessary alterations of the building, although these are now in full swing.

Practically the whole of the main building is to be devoted to the men, and a new wing is being built for bath and lavatory accommodation. This will be available for each floor separately, and there is also a separate installation for the new sick ward, so that it may be shut off completely from the main building. The drainage has been brought up to date, and iron fire staircases provided. These improvements naturally have been costly and have taxed the resources somewhat heavily. They have been necessary, however, and we are sure that they will be justified in the increased usefulness of the institution. As showing how much it is wanted, we may mention that before any alterations were made, and immediately after the Red Cross officials had vacated the Home, St. Dunstan's sent down some thirty or forty men for periods ranging from a fortnight to three months.

DICKENS FROM DAY TO DAY

Compiled by A. E. B. C.

Many of Dickens's phrases and characters have by now become part of the language—as for instance the phrase "waiting for something to turn up," and "I never will desert Mr. Micawber" as applied to politics and political parties; Oliver Twist "asking for more," as applied to Labour and its demands, the synonym Bill Sikes for burglar; Bumble and Bumbledom for municipal officers and parish politics; Fagin for receivers of stolen goods—that it is a work of supererogation to repeat them, and this fact being established, no further reference will be made in this column to applications of so trite a character.

The fact that "viz" is usually read as "namely" reminds one of the German professor who quoted, as an example of the vagaries of English pronunciation, the fact that a word could be spelt "Boz" and pronounced "Dickens."—*Daily News*, 31st May, 1920.

Mr. Asquith's success in prophesying the Derby winner simply by reading up about the horses recalls Tony Weller's verdict:

> One o' the wery best judges of a horse you ever know'd. . . . The man as can form a ackerate judgment of a animal can form a ackerate judgment of anythin'.

Does it work the other way round?—"Under the Clock," *Daily News*, 2nd June, 1920.

Dog Roses.—And why should the charming wild rose of the June hedges be consigned to Mr. Mantalini's "demnition bow-bows"? Yet this derogatory nickname, however unjust, is of immense antiquity, and can be traced back to Theophrastus, the disciple and successor of Aristotle, who wrote the first known scientific treatise on botany.—*Manchester Guardian*, 7th June, 1920.

"I am afraid you have been getting among bad companions," said Mr. Clarke Hall to Oliver Twist Hales, a costermonger, of Old Bethnal Green Road, who was charged at Old Street with attempting to break into a lock-up shop in Bethnal Green Road. "It is another case of Oliver Twist among the Fagins. (Laughter.) I hope, like Oliver Twist, you will do better if I give you a chance," to which Hales agreed.—*Star*, 22nd June, 1920.

"I wants to make your flesh creep," said the fat boy in Pickwick. Such is the mental attitude of many men and women, who seem to be cut out for the task by possessing, or rather, being possessed by a mind hospitable to all things frightful.—*Montreal Witness*, June 22nd, 1920.

Though the police did not know him, wrote an anonymous man to the vicar of All Saints', Pontefract, he was the great Sydney Carton, hero of the *Tale of Two Cities*.—*Daily Sketch*, 6th July, 1920.

The English holiday-maker has the optimism of Mark Tapley, blended with the pathetic faith of Micawber.—*Daily News*, 6th July, 1920.

. . . . who abhorred love, as the Civil Servant in *Pickwick* ate crumpets, "on principle."—"Books of the Week," *The Times*, 6th July, 1920.

Of Mr. Buckle's "Life of Disraeli" it is permissible to say, with Mr. Silas Wegg: "I haven't been, not to say right slap through him very lately, having been otherwise employed, Mr. Boffin."—*Daily News*, 9th July, 1920.

. . . . and yet this is exactly what people in a Tchetov play cannot do. They cannot hold their tongues. We have been accustomed to

the same thing in novels of Dostoievsky. The characters are all saying, as it were, in the immortal words of Mrs. Cluppins: "My Lord and jury, I will not deceive you."—*The Nation*, 17th July, 1920.

The radiant figure of Mark Tapley, invented by England's greatest and most incorrigible preacher of the creed of Cheerfulness, has caught the imagination of the whole world. It almost ceases to be comic at all—in the common acceptance of the word—and becomes the eternal embodiment of all those unnumbered men and women, and children, too, who perform the daily miracle of being cheerful "under the most depressing circumstances"—and they alone know what that convenient term implies.—*Daily News*, 28th July, 1920.

I regard abuse as the wrong way of taking the climate. The right way of treating Mrs. Gummidge and all women of weeping tendencies is to see smiles instead of tears: "Well, my dear, it's nice to see your cheery face again. You put a bit of heart into a man. What a thing a bright face is !—a bright face and a laughing eye, and a heart that makes the best of everything !"

The Mrs. Gummidge who rules the weather office is always convinced by that of her indomitable cheeriness and charm, and turns her face to set fair.—Canon Langbridge in *Daily News*, 30th July, 1920.

And though speaking in Quebec, he proposed to make Montreal his peculiar care. As to that, one might say as the Yorkshireman says: "Reasons why !" Mrs. Micawber said she never would desert Mr. Micawber. If the credit of the province is good, and if it is to be made better, Montreal is the big asset on which that credit must rest. *Montreal Witness*, 3rd August, 1920.

During the hearing of a case at Willesden to-day a solicitor made frequent reference to a Mr. Dick. Finally, the magistrate, unable to resist the temptation any longer, inquired: "Anything to do with King Charles's head ?" "I am not so instructed," replied the solicitor. *Evening Standard*, 7th August, 1920.

The language of diplomacy is privileged. When the French Foreign Office, a day or two after the official "Denikinisation" of General Wrangel, emphatically repudiates "any intention of departure from Anglo-French unity of purpose," it makes a Pickwickian use of language. But perhaps the Dickensian example of this sort of thing is better, because it is simpler and franker. It was at the famous meeting of the Pickwick Club, at which the distinguished general chairman read a paper entitled "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds," that Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate) made an offensive observation. "The hon. gentleman was a humbug," he said. Chaos was reduced to order by Mr. Blotton's explanation that he used the word "in a Pickwickian sense." Whereupon Mr. Pickwick calmed down and "felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend." *The Observer*, 15th August, 1920.

So far as the more reputable Labour leaders are concerned it is a cheap exhibition of progressive zeal, intended to convey to the troublesome and self-assertive left wing that Codlin's the friend as well as Short. Like Sim Tappertit, Mr. Thomas gloomily suggests that something will come of it—and, like that famous revolutionary, he hopes it may not be human gore.—*Daily Telegraph*, 17th August, 1920.

"The process of digestion, as I have been informed by anatomical friends, is one of the most wonderful works of nature. I do not know how it may be with others, but it is a great satisfaction to me to know when regaling on my humble fare that I am putting in motion the

most beautiful machinery with which we have any acquaintance. I really feel at such times as if I was doing a public service."

Mr. Pecksniff, delivering these words as a kind of grace after meat, was merely anticipating scientific discovery. It gives a new zest to eating when one reads in the meteorological notes of the Royal Botanic Society that the peculiar climate of London, which suffers from no extremes, may be attributed to its miles of houses, its fuel consumption, and its millions of people, all consuming food, and as a result giving out an appreciable amount of heat.—*Daily News*, 20th August, 1920.

Nicholas Nickleby, in six acts, was shown the Parisians early in the year 1842. That Smike should have been renamed Smilke was of no moment, but his elevation to the peerage in the last scene, under the title of Lord Clarendon, was a surprising departure from the orthodox.—*Swings and Roundabouts*, T. McDonald Rendle.

It seems that a lady at Bushey, seeing that poor folk could hardly pay for the hire of Mr. Mould's long-tailed prancers, gave a wheeled bier to the parish of Bushey, not considering at all the professional feelings of Mr. Mould. For eighteen years there have been Walking Funerals at Bushey. At last Mr. Mould has turned against those vulgar rites. He is now a member of the Undertakers' Association, and that is a powerful guild. Mr. Mould and the other members of the Association have written to the Rector of Bushey, telling him what Mr. Mould told Mr. Tacker long ago. "It is undesirable for wheeled biers to be used for funerals." The long-tailed prancers must and shall be harnessed. "Our members will decline to use a bier outside any church, churchyard, or cemetery." Or, as Mr. Mould once put it: "Much too common. Nothing to say to it." Those people will go on telling us that Mr. Dickens's characters are like nothing in life, although there be so many Mr. Moulds that they have formed an Association in defence of his principles.—"Londoner," *Evening News*.

DICKENSIAN SONGS

XVIII.

DRINK OF THIS CUP

By J. S. P. GROVE

WE find that out of 230 or so songs which are mentioned in Dickens's works there is a larger number of Tom Moore's than any other author. In the section of *Pictures from Italy* dealing with Pisa, Dickens says of its leaning tower it was but a shadowy original of the old pictures in school books setting forth the wonders of the world. Like most things connected in their first associations with school books and school times it was too small. He felt it keenly, and it was another of the many deceptions practised by Mr. Harris, bookseller, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, London. "*His* tower was a fiction, but this was a *reality*—and by comparison a short reality."

The quotation is founded upon the opening lines of Tom Moore's song of "Drink of this Cup," and it gives us an insight as to one of Dickens's school books. The Harris publication referred to, printed before 1823, was large 12mo size, good thickness, running to about 300 pages, and was really interesting and stimulating to

the then youth—evidently it was to Dickens. Scenes of British Wealth in Produce and Manufactures for the Amusement and Instruction of little Tarry-at-home Travellers was published in 1823 by the Rev. J. Taylor, being printed for Harris and Son, St. Paul's Churchyard, by Cox and Baylis, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The advertisement page of the book mentions five previous issues, being Scenes in England, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and the one of Europe was probably that in which Dickens read of the leaning tower of Pisa, and it was in its sixth edition.

It is in Chapter 61 of *The Old Curiosity Shop* that Dickens gives his quotation from "Drink of this Cup." Readers will readily recall the picture of Kit in prison—evidently in great anguish and trouble—having an affecting interview with his mother and Barbara's mother at the iron caging in the corridor, and how at the close an officer comes up to him with a pint pot of porter, which he says has been left for him, and adds, "You're to have it every day, he says." A letter is given to him explaining who is the donor; he being none other than the generous and sympathetic Dick Swiveller! Kit, when once more under lock and key, read the letter, as under :—

> "Drink of this cup. You'll find there's a spell in its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
> Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen! *Her* cup was a fiction, but this is a reality. (Barclay and Co.).
> If they ever send it in a flat state, complain to the Governor.
> Yours, R.S.[23]

The continuation of the song is as under :—

> Would you forget the dark world we are in,
> Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
> But would you rise above earth till akin
> To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
>
> Never was found philter formed with such power
> To charm and bewilder, as this we are quaffing;
> It's magic began, when in Autumn's rich hour,
> As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
> There, by Nature's enchantment been filled
> With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
> This wonderful juice from its core was distilled
> To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
> Then drink, etc.
>
> And though perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
> Like cauldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
> In secret the philter was first taught to flow on,
> Yet—'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
> What though it may taste of the smoke of the flame
> Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
> Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
> Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
> So drink of this cup, etc.

Another mention of the quotation is in Chapter 31 of *Barnaby Rudge*, when Tappertit the apprentice descends from his elevated place, takes down his piece of looking-glass, plants it against the wall upon his bench and looks closely at his legs, remarking, "If they're *a dream* let sculptors have such visions and chisel 'em out when they awake. *This is a reality.* Sleep has no such limbs as them. Tremble Willet and despair. She's mine! She's mine!"

Also refer to London Churchyards in *The Uncommercial Traveller* and read:—"They remain like the tombs of the old citizens who lie beneath them and around them, monuments of another age. They are worth a Sunday exploration now and then, for they yet echo, not unharmoniously, to the time when the City of London really was London; when the 'Prentices and Trained bands were of mark in the state; when even the Lord Mayor *was a reality—not a fiction* conventionally bepuffed on one day in the year by illustrious friends, who no less conventionally laugh at him on the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days.

SOME FORTHCOMING DICKENS BOOKS

MR. CECIL PALMER announces that he has in the press for early Autumn publication a book entitled "The Murder of Edwin Drood, Recounted by John Jasper." It is an attempt at a solution of the Mystery based on Dickens's MS. and Memoranda, by Percy T. Carden, and contains an Introduction by B. W. Matz.

The last chapters of Dickens's novel were to have been written by Jasper in his condemned cell "as if told of another." Following out this hint of Forster's, Mr. Carden has caused Jasper to tell his tale himself with all the vivid detail of first-hand knowledge, but as if he were a mere spectator all the while. Taking his departure from the established fact of murder, Jasper discloses the how, the when, the where, and all his simple yet elaborate preparations for the crime. The subsequent developments are dealt with next, and then the ultimate exposure is explained. The volume will be illustrated by means of a large-scale plan of the Cathedral Precincts, excellent seaplane photographs of Rochester, and other pictures. Finally, by means of Appendices and Notes, Mr. Carden expounds the conclusions at which he has arrived, touching the Datchery Assumption, the interpretation of the Cover, and other cognate topics of interest to Droodists.

Mr. Cecil Palmer also announces that he is adding to his "Vellum Perpetual Calendar Series," one devoted to Dickens, compiled by Mr. B. W. Matz, Editor of *The Dickensian*. This little volume has a three-colour decorative cover, and a frontispiece photograph of Charles Dickens. The Calendar is in book form, and being perpetual, is never out of date. It is issued at 2s. net. This new title brings the list of Perpetual Calendars up to 28, including such well-known names as G. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Oscar Wilde, Hilaire Belloc, Eden Phillpotts, Sir J. M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Pinero, etc., etc.

A further item in Mr. Cecil Palmer's list is a dainty new series of Christmas Books, entitled "The Charles Dickens Christmas Booklets." F'cap 8vo, 1s. 6d. net. This series consists of the lesser known of the short stories by Charles Dickens, produced in dainty coloured covers, with paste-on coloured plate by Doris M. Palmer, containing also decorative title-page and other decorations throughout the text by Doris M. Palmer. Four volumes are now in course of production, and others to follow: (1) Holiday Romance; (2) The Seven Poor Travellers; (3) A Child's Dream of a Star—Holly Tree; (4) A Christmas Tree—What Christmas is as we grow older. These unique booklets will make charming and inexpensive Christmas gifts.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SIR ARTHUR PINERO ON DICKENS

SIR.—The July number of *The Dickensian* comes as a reproachful reminder that I have not yet sent a message to your readers to mark my sense of the compliment paid me by my election as a Vice President of the Fellowship. It is a compliment I value very highly. *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *David Copperfield*—I think in that order—were my first novels. Agnes Wickfield was my first love in the pages of fiction, and—I truly believe as a result of this boyish impression—a young lady whose christian name was Agnes was my first love in real life. Stress is laid upon the claims of Dickens as a social reformer. For myself, I don't care a rap whether he was a social reformer or not. It is enough for me that he was a great observer and a great literary artist. In some of his writings he may have had a deliberate "purpose," but it seems to me that his finest work is that part of it which springs naturally and spontaneously from his whimsical brain and his kind, overflowing heart. Charles Dickens will never die.

115A HARLEY STREET, W.1. Yours faithfully,
6th July, 1920. ARTHUR PINERO.

WHO WAS THE LADY?

SIR.—The extracts from Stoddard's *Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens* to which your correspondent, James Westley, refers, are from an article which originally appeared in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* for June, 1871. In that magazine it was entitled *Reminiscences of Charles Dickens, from a Young Lady's Diary*, but was not signed. The article was afterwards published in *Temple Bar*, April, 1888, under the title of *Recollections of Charles Dickens, His Family and Friends*, and was there signed "Eleanor E. Christian." The lady must have borne Dickens a great deal of malice, for the article in question is venomous to a degree, and shows throughout very bad taste. On the first appearance of the article the names were disguised, but in its publication in *Temple Bar* they are given in full, and I am able to furnish the information your correspondent seeks. Mrs. S— was Mrs. Smithson, and if he will refer to the article in *Temple Bar* he will discover other names familiar to the readers of Forster's "Life of Dickens."

Yours faithfully, W. MILLER.

[Mr. Burgess C. Tower, of Boston, U.S.A., has also replied to James Westley in similar terms.—EDITOR.]

DICKENS AND MEDICINE

SIR.—I am trying to " run down " the author of the opinion (which you will find on page 173 of Theo. Taylor's " Charles Dickens: the Story of his Life ") about Dickens's intimate knowledge of medicine. It is only referred to there, and I want to find who was the " eminent medical authority " quoted. Having hunted far and wide for it I hope for success with you.

Very truly,

" The Magazine of History," W. ABBATT.
TARRYTOWN, N.Y., U.S.A.

DICKENS, DIAGNOSTICIAN

The following letter appeared in " The Sun and New York Herald," of 5th May.—ED.

SIR.—One of your correspondents wants to know who was the doctor and at what time and place he made the statement about Dickens's diagnosis of a paralytic in one of his stories. I think I can give him some information.

The year of Charles Dickens's death, 1870, there were several conventions held in Great Britain, that of the British Scientific Association for one, also that of the British Medical Association. Liverpool or Bradford, I forget which, was where the medical association met. The president, whose name I forget, in passing a vote of condolence with the nation in its loss and eulogizing Dickens, mentioned the remarkable fact to his associates that Charles Dickens, with no scientific medical training, correctly diagnosed the symptoms of every invalid in his books. A famous physiognomist of that day also stated that the delineations of Dickens's characters were scientifically true. I am sorry I cannot be more specific, but hope I am giving some light on the subject.

Staten Island Hospital, *May 4th.* GEORGE F. FAGAN.

THE PICKWICK PEN

SIR.—In his essay on " Literature of Advertisements," Mr. E. V. Lucas raises a very interesting question which, so far as I know, has never been raised in *The Dickensian*, but is of curious interest. Remarking that the new advertisement seems to lack concentration, he says: " Nothing done in this way for a long while can compare with the classic example put forth by a firm of nib makers; but that indeed is more than an advertisement, it is probably the best known short poem in the world. Who wrote it? What genius constructed the first line? "

" They come as a boon and a blessing to men ? "

Perhaps Messrs. Macniven and Cameron could tell us ? "

I wonder if they could. If so, perhaps you, Mr. Editor, will obtain the information and publish it in the most appropriate of all places—the pages of *The Dickensian*. That advertisement is more than an advertisement, it is literature, it is immortal. I wonder if it's author's name is known. If Messrs. Macniven and Cameron do not know, perhaps Mr. Miller knows. If neither can tell, I suppose we shall have to " give it up."

Yours faithfully,

J. W. T. LEY.

A DICKENS SCENE WITH A SCOTT PROTOTYPE

SIR.—The episode at Clennam's lodging described in Chapters XIII. and XIV. of *Little Dorrit* somewhat closely parallels the occurrence in Chapter XXXVIII. of "Rob Roy." In each case the hero is sitting in the evening by an expiring fire soliloquising on the vanity of human wishes, when the heroine unexpectedly appears, accompanied by a chaperon.

On reperusing "Rob Boy," it seemed that there was a printer's error—"And this," said I alone—ought to have been "And this," said I aloud. It was subsequently found by the publishers that my surmise was correct, as the word "aloud" stands in Scott's manuscript while the error has persisted through every edition of the novel.

"*Rob Roy.*"

As twilight was darkening the apartment, Andrew had the sagacity to advance his head at the door, not to ask if I wished for lights, but to recommend them as a measure of precaution against the bogles, which still haunted his imagination. I rejected his proffer somewhat peevishly, trimmed the wood-fire, and, placing myself in one of the large leathern chairs which flanked the old Gothic chimney, I watched unconsciously the bickering of the blaze which I had fostered. "And this," said I alone, (*sic*) "is the progress and the issue of human wishes! Nursed by the merest trifles, they are first kindled by fancy, nay, are fed upon the vapour of hope till they consume the substance which they inflame; and man, and his hopes, passions, and desires, sink into a worthless heap of embers and ashes."

There was a deep sigh from the opposite side of the room, which seemed to reply to my reflections. I started up in amazement. Diana Vernon stood before me, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often mentioned, that I looked hastily at the frame expecting to see it empty .... It was Diana herself .... and .... beside her .... Sir Frederick Vernon ....

"*Little Dorrit.*"

Therefore he sat before his dying fire, sorrowful to think upon the way by which he had come to that night, yet not strewing poison on the way by which other men had come to it. That he should have missed so much, and at his time of life should look so far about him for any staff to bear him company upon his downward journey and cheer it, was a just regret. He looked at the fire from which the blaze departed, from which the after-glow subsided, in which the ashes turned grey, from which they dropped to dust, and thought, 'How soon I too shall pass through such changes, and be gone!"

To review his life was like descending a green tree in fruit and flower, and seeing all the branches wither and drop off one by one, as he came down towards them.

"From the unhappy suppression of my youngest days, through the rigid and unloving home that followed them, through my departure, my long exile, my return, my mother's welcome, my intercourse with her since, down to the afternoon of this day with poor Flora," said Arthur Clennam, "what have I found?"

His door was softly opened, and these spoken words startled him, and came as if they were an answer:—

"Little Dorrit."

Arthur Clennam rose hastily and saw her standing at the door . . . . "My poor child ! Here at midnight ? "

"I said 'Little Dorrit,' sir, on purpose to prepare you. I knew you must be very much surprised."

"Are you alone ? "

"No, sir, I have Maggy with me."

Yours truly,
E. Basil Lupton.

10 Himboldt Street,
Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

DORA

Sir.—I desire to take strong exception, not only to Miss Rebecca West's summing up of "Dora as a 'semi-idiot'," but also to Mr. William Archer's feeble defence of Dora as being "sarcastically drawn," and that she is "killed off" because she is manifestly unfit to live. Dickens had *no* terror of "such women." Dora is made to come out splendidly in the end. Although the only and spoilt child of a doting father, she had splendid characteristics. She soon saw that Agnes was the wife David should have had, and on her death-bed she made her young husband promise to marry Agnes. It was magnanimous. If Miss Rebecca West and Mr. William Archer had taken the trouble to remember the times in which Dickens wrote, they would have spared the readers of *The Dickensian* their feeble criticism and left room for more sympathetic criticism. Agnes saw what Dora really was, and loved the little thing as she deserved to be loved.

Yours, etc.,
Ada Shurmer.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BIRMINGHAM.—On June 12th a pilgrimage was made to Tong, the pretty Shropshire Village associated with the story of Little Nell. In spite of the un-June-like weather conditions the outing proved an entire success. The excursion was taken in motor char-a-banc and traversed some charming country, avoiding from choice the dreary black country through which Nell and her grandfather reached the delectable village. On arrival tea was taken at the Bell Inn, and afterwards the party visited the cottages where Nell and the Schoolmaster dwelt and the beautiful Church, so well described in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and stood for a few moments by the supposed grave of the ill-fated little heroine. The successful issue of the whole affair was largely due to the excellent arrangements and unfailing enthusiasm of the Hon. Secretary, Miss Annie Bennett.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—The Winter season opened on Friday, September 3rd, at the West Hackney Lecture Hall, with the customary Social. After welcoming the members, the chairman appealed for support in making the forthcoming Whist Drive in November a financial success, and thereby enable the Branch to clear off the small deficit remaining at the close of last season. During the evening, Mr. Frederick Harry delighted those present with some exceedingly fine impersonations from Dickens characters, including

Grandfather Smallweed, Little Nell's Grandfather and Newman Noggs, and, in response to numerous calls, Wackford Squeers. The pleasure of these performances was enhanced by Mr. Harry's remarkably life-like make-up for the various characters. Other appreciative items were the fine singing of Miss Evans and Mr. Arthur Scott, and the humorous entertainment of Mr. Droughton Baker. Miss Darnborough very ably presided at the piano.

LONDON.—Between forty and fifty members of Headquarters and of the Hackney Branch took a London ramble on July 10th under the guidance of Mr. T. W. Hill, starting from the Duke of York's steps. The party went up Waterloo Place, Regent Street and Portland Place to Dickens's home in Devonshire Terrace and Marylebone Church, where Mr. Dombey was married, thus preserving the Dickensian interest. St. James's Church, Piccadilly, was visited and its objects of interest pointed out by Mr. Edwards, the assistant parish clerk; then St. Thomas's, Regent Street (once a chapel-of-ease to St. James's) was also inspected. At Marylebone Church and its chapel-of-ease (the old parish church) the party was received by Mr. Morgan the churchwarden, and the Rev. James Weller, who gave a most interesting historical and descriptive account of the two churches. On Saturday, July 24th, another enjoyable ramble was taken to Chigwell. A good party met at Loughton Station, and under the guidance of Mr. Brookes-Cross walked across the fields to Chigwell Church, where the Rector gave an interesting lecture upon its history and associations. They then crossed to the King's Head (the Maypole of Barnaby Rudge) and had tea in the Chester Room. The summer holidays have interfered somewhat with the continuation of the series of rambles around Dickens's London, inaugurated for the benefit of the scholars of the County and Secondary Schools. The rambles which have so far taken place have been most satisfactory, and it has been gratifying to find that the girls and boys who took part in them evinced an intelligent knowledge of the writings of Charles Dickens, and a keen interest in all that was shown to them. From the number of enquiries which have been received, it is anticipated that with the re-opening of the schools a fuller advantage will be taken of the invitation extended by the Fellowship, and that there will be an increase in the number of schools participating in future outings. Further particulars will be found on page 121 of the July issue. Another enjoyable ramble took place on the 11th September, when Mr. S. J. Rust conducted a party through Richmond to Ham House, the residence of the Earl of Dysart, reference being made in passing to the few places of Dickensian interest. The privilege of going through Ham House is a rare one, and the visit was much appreciated. The beautiful house, built in the early years of the seventeenth century, the choice furniture, and above all, the almost priceless collection of pictures by the world's masters, will remain among one's treasured memories. After tea the party visited the simple old parish church of Petersham, under the guidance of the Vicar, and then the modern sumptuous building with its magnificent marble chancel and other beauties. A second visit to Chigwell was made on the 10th September by motor-coach under the guidance of Mr. Walter Dexter. The itinerary included Epping, Theydon Bois and Abridge. Tea was taken at the King's Head, after which Mr. B. W. Matz read a paper on the association of the inn with Dickens. The company then paid a visit to the Church.

MANCHESTER.—On Saturday, July 10th, about fifty members and friends took part in an excursion to Knutsford, the scene of Mrs. Gaskell's famous novel "Cranford." The weather could scarcely have been more unfavourable, nevertheless the party displayed the true spirit of Mark Tapley, and a firm determination to be "jolly," rain it never so hard. The Rev. G. A. Payne, author of "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford," met the members on arrival and conducted them to the chief places of interest in the quaint old Cheshire town. He also gave a very instructive address, dealing with scenes and incidents described in "Cranford," and pointing out the close association of Charles Dickens with the authoress.

MELBOURNE.—The meeting for June was held at the Austral Salon on the 7th of that month. The meeting, however, was in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Dickens. There was a full attendance of members and friends, the majority of those present wearing a geranium bloom. The programme was arranged so as to admit of as many people as possible taking part therein. The result was a great success, as several impromptu contributions were amongst the best of the evening. The proceedings opened with an appropriate address from the President, Mr. W. A. Callaway, which was followed by papers and addresses in appreciation of Dickens and his work by Mrs. Brandt, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Dixon and Messrs. Allison, Crowther and Sullivan. The elocutionary numbers were contributed by Messrs. Coppin and Brooks and were of a high order. Mrs. Lindsay presided at the piano. It may be interesting to record that all the Melbourne daily papers noticed the 50th anniversary of Dickens's death, and published appropriate articles in connexion therewith.

PHILADELPHIA.—The second annual inter-branch conference was held at the Musical Art Club, April 28th. Judge John M. Patterson, president of the Philadelphia Branch, occupied the chair, and welcomed the delegates in a felicitous speech. The following representatives were present:—R. Louis Lloyd, president Chester; Mrs. E. Blackmar Van Deusen, treasurer New York; Amos W. Rideout, president Boston; and Rev. F. E. Lennox, Bethlehem. Reports of Branch activities were made by the representatives, and various schemes proposed for closer relations among the Branches. All voiced an interest in propaganda work and urged a united effort to create renewed interest in the Fellowship, with a view to organizing Branches in near by towns. A plan for the interchange of papers on Dickensian subjects was heartily approved. There were songs by Miss Lora Birmingham, and violoncello selections by Miss Ruth Sutphin. At the close of the conference the officers and delegates adjourned to the Arcadia restaurant where refreshments were served. The last regular meeting of the season took the form of an outing at Belmont Mansion, Fairmount Park, May 22nd, when about fifty members spent a pleasant afternoon. For the purpose of carrying on charitable work on a broader scale than heretofore, a committee of twenty was appointed at the last meeting of the Council. This committee, with Miss M. Louise Woodward, chairman, held a meeting at the home of the secretary to discuss ways and means for such activities in the coming season. One result of the meeting was a proposition to give an outdoor sale at Llanerch in aid of the Babies Hospital. A sub-committee composed of Miss Julia F. Andrews, chairman, Mrs. J. K. Thompson and Miss Elizabeth

G. Sparks volunteered to take charge of the affair. This "Tiny Tim Benefit" was held in June 19th, and $200 thus raised for a most deserving institution. The Branch suffered a great loss on August 4th in the death of John P. Coughlin, chairman of the Executive Council. For twelve years he has been an active member, faithful and zealous in the cause of the Fellowship. He had endeared himself to the membership by his delightful readings, and his impersonations of Dickens characters, his most notable appearance being as John Jasper in the famous "Trial" at the Academy of Music in 1914. A lawyer by profession, an amateur actor of distinction, an elocutionist of rare ability, and possessing withal a charming personality, he leaves a host of friends to mourn his going.

ST. PANCRAS.—A large number of St. Pancras residents assembled in the Town Hall on July 26th to form a new branch of the Fellowship. The Mayor of St. Pancras had kindly placed the Hall at the disposal of the conveners, and the Mayoress, Mrs. A. E. Reeves, ably filled the chair. After Mr. S. J. Rust and Mr. W. B. Warren had explained the aims and history of the Fellowship, the motion that a Branch of the Dickens Fellowship be formed in St. Pancras was moved by Major R. W. Barnett, M.P., and seconded by Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr. These old political rivals, who opposed one another at the last general election, were most happy in their common admiration of Dickens, and all Dickensians were interested in Mr. Comyns Carr's reference to his father's dramatisation of Edwin Drood and Oliver Twist, to his own Office at Dickens's old school house (Wellington House Academy), and to the Dickens's Note Book which he formerly possessed, but gave to the Red Cross Sale. After wholehearted support by the Mayoress, the motion was carried with enthusiasm. Happy speeches by Mr. C. H. Green, the Mayor of St. Pancras and Mr. T. W. Hill, concluded a most successful meeting. Mr. Rust was elected President of the Branch; Mrs. Reeves, Vice President; Councillor Chas. Coleing, J.P., O.B.E., Hon. Treasurer; and Miss P. G. James, Hon. Secretary. On September 4th, the members took a ramble to Highgate, conducted by Mr. Rust, and finishing at "Avalon," the Mayoress's Home for Sick Poor Children of St. Pancras, where they were entertained to tea.

SYDNEY.—The members gathered in force at their last meeting at the Allora Tea Rooms, to bid farewell to the late Secretary, Mrs. C. A. E. Peterson, who is about to take up her residence at the Solomon Islands. His Honor Judge Backhouse presided, and after a song or two the main business of the evening was reached. In a few well-chosen words the president, on behalf of the members, wished Mrs. Peterson farewell and presented her with a very handsome clock, bearing a silver plate inscribed with her name, which concluded with the appropriate sentiment, "the wing of Friendship never moults a feather." Mr. William Welch added his tribute of affection and esteem in which the late Secretary was held, and Messrs. Frank Walker, Aubrey Halloran, and Major Digby echoed the sentiments that had been given utterance to. Mrs. Peterson in returning thanks for the gift, expressed her sorrow at severing her connection with the Fellowship, and said that when far away from Sydney the many happy hours she had spent with the members, and the valued friendships she had made, would always remain with her as a happy memory. Refresh-

ments were then partaken of and a very pleasant evening, tinged somewhat with the sadness of parting, was brought to a conclusion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"I didn't know, and now I do know, and that shows the advantage of asking, don't it?"—ROSA DARTLE.

QUESTION

GILLINGWATER. The following sentence occurs in one of Dickens's books:—"One night after a day's sport, in which he had outdone Nimrod or Gillingwater, and slaughtered 'another fine bear.'" Who and what was Gillingwater?—K. F. MAURICE.

ANSWER

GILLINGWATER was the name of a very respectable tradesman in the perfumery line, hanging out, as Dick Swiveller would phrase it, in Bishopsgate Street Without, in the City of London, who use to keep young bears in the arena under the shop, where they could frequently be seen and their growls could often be heard. Outside the shop was often to be seen the announcement—"another young bear slaughtered this day." Gillingwater and his brother were both country barbers, both alike attached to antiquarian lore. While in business at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, one of them wrote the history of that town.—EDITOR.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Charles Dickens." *Melbourne Age*, 5th June, and *Melbourne Argus*, 5th June.

"Charles Dickens," by A. Chesnier du Chesne. *Journal des Debats*, 10th June.

"Le Cinquentenaire de Charles Dickens," by Jean de Pierrefeu. (Illustrated). *Le Monde Illustre*, 26th June.

"Dickens, L'instruction Publique," by Henry Salt. *La Tribune de Geneve*, 18th June.

"Charles Dickens." By Raphael Cor. Paris: *Le Mercure de France*, 1st July.

"Fifty Years of Dickens: His Associations with Bristol and the West," by Kingston James. *Bristol Observer*, 3rd July.

"The Art of Mr. Slum: Poets as Advertisers," by H. Greenbough Smith. *John o' London's Weekly*, 10th July.

"A Love Affair of Dickens," by Louis J. McQuilland. *Daily Express*, 15th and 16th July. *Daily Sketch*, 15th July.

"G. K. Chesterton as Tony Weller" full-page plate. *Sketch*, 21st July.

"I Remember VIII.—An Intimate portrait of Charles Dickens," by Francesco Berger. *Evening News*, 26th July.

"The World of Books" (about Pickwick). *The Nation*, 7th August.

"Love Affairs of Charles Dickens." Interview with Mr. J. H. Stonehouse. *Muswell Hill Record*, 13th August.

"Dickens: A Bibliographical Query," by H. F. W. *Bookman's Journal*, 13th August.

"How Miss Jennie Lee first staged 'Jo.'" *Evening News*, 17th August.

"Bill Sikes's House," Leader. *Daily Telegraph*, 18th August.

"Dickens Never Dies," by a Returned Englishman. *Daily Express*, 20th August.

"Charles Dickens and English Kings," by Harry Beswick. *The Clarion*, 20th August.

"Charles Dickens," letter from Whitaker Collis. *Sheffield Telegraph*, 29th July.

"The Reflections of a Londoner: on Shakespeare and Dickens," by T. Wilkinson Riddle. *Western Daily Mercury*, 31st July.

"Dickens and Thackeray: Coincidences." *Saturday Review*, 31st July. Letter on 7th August.

"The Music and Musicians of Dickens," by C. Edgar Thomas. *Musical Times*, 1st August.

"In Dickens's Land, Rochester and Maidstone," by Mary C. Fair. (Illustrated). *The Car*, 4th August.

"Verses and Blacking: a Dickens Link." *The Times*, 4th August.

"Mr. F's Aunt: Why not a Statue." *Morning Post.*

"Inns of Chancery." Leader in *Daily Telegraph.*

"Dickens and Walking" (under title of "Books"), by W. Teignmouth Shore. *Colour*, August.

"Dickens, Perennial and Incomparable," by Roland Corthell. *Boston (U.S.A.) Evening Transcript*, 28th August.

"Southwark Bridge and the Boy Dickens." *Morning Post*, 11th September.

"On Flute Players and Wooden Legs," by "Penguin," *Observer*, 19th September.

"Reflections of a Londoner: on Dickens as an Editor," by T. Wilkinson Riddle. *Western Daily Mercury*, 20th September.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

All meetings at 8 o'clock unless otherwise stated.

OCTOBER

1. Hackney and Stoke Newington: Lecture, "Architecture and How to Enjoy It," by T. W. Hill, at West Hackney Lecture Hall, Evering Road, N.16, at 7-45.
   Manchester: Lecture, "Dickens and His Readers," by Mr. Richard Bagot, at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
2. London: Quarterly Council Meeting at Headquarters, at 2-30.
6. Liverpool: Paper by Mr. T. N. Philip, "Abraham Lincoln," a man of the people, at Royal Institute.
11. St. Pancras: Lecture, "Dickens and St. Pancras," by Mr. S. J. Rust, at the Orphanage, Hampstead Road, at 7-30.
12. London: Lecture by Mr. B. W. Matz, chairman Mr. John Galsworthy, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street.
14. St. Pancras: Ramble to Bill Sikes' House. Meet at Monument, 2-30.
16. St. Pancras: Ramble to Bill Sikes' House. Meet at Monument, 2-30.

22. Hull: Recitals—"A Poet's Banquet," by Mr. Herbert Brereton, at The Metropole, at 7-45 p.m.
27. Liverpool: Paper by Mr. Thomas White, "Liverpool in Fiction," at Royal Institute.

NOVEMBER

2. London: Reception by the Lady Mayoress, at the Mansion House. Invitation cards on application to the Secretary.
5. Hackney and Stoke Newington: Whist Drive. Admission to members and friends, 2/6 each. Apply to the Secretary.
   Hull: Visit of the Hull Devonian Society, at the Metropole, at 7-45 p.m.
   Manchester: Dickensian Pot-Pouri. Short Papers on "My Favourite Character in Dickens's Works"; Recitations; Items of Dickensian Interest, etc., at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
8. St. Pancras: Lecture, "London's Dickens Land and how to see it," by Mr. W. J. Roffey, at the Orphanage, at 7-30.
10. Liverpool: Paper by Mr. J. H. Milton, F.G.S., F.L.S., "Dickens's place in English Literature," at the Royal Institute.
11. St. Pancras: Ramble, "Inns of Court." Meet at Holborn Hall, 2-15.
13. St. Pancras: Ramble, "Inns of Court." Meet at Holborn Hall, 2-15.
19. Hull: Lecture, "The Man of Letters as Artist (with special reference to Dickens)," by Rev. J. M. Falconer, B.Litt., at The Metropole, at 7-45 p.m.
    Manchester: Social Evening at the Clarion Cafe, Market Street, at 7-30. Supper at 8-30.
22. Liverpool: Dickens Evening at Y.M.C.A., Mount Pleasant.
24. Liverpool: Paper by Mr. Jas. T. Lindsay, B.A., "Dickens as a Dog lover," at Royal Institute.

DECEMBER

3. Hackney and Stoke Newington: Lecture, "Stage Characters in Dickens," by Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, West Hackney Lecture Hall, Evering Road, N.16, at 7-45.
   Hull: Red Ruffs Costume Party, at The Metropole, at 7-45 p.m.
   Manchester: Papers: "Dickens as a Letter-writer," by Mr. F. R. Dean, and "Dickens as a Speaker," by Mr. A. Humphries, at Milton Buildings, at 7-15.
8. Liverpool: Members' Meeting, arranged by Mr. Harry Helsby, at Royal Institute.
9. St. Pancras: Ramble at Hampstead. Meet at Hampstead Tube Station, 2-15.
11. St. Pancras: Ramble at Hampstead. Meet at Hampstead Tube Station, 2-15.
13. St. Pancras: Junior Members' Evening at the Orphanage, at 7-30.
15. London: A Dickens Christmas Party at Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6 p.m.
17. Hull: Lecture, "Hull in Dickens's Time," by Mr. T. Sheppard, F.G.S., at the Metropole, at 7-45 p.m.

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